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THIRD READING BOOK.

SCRIPTURAL

AND

MISCELLANEOUS LESSONS.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE JOINT SANCTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, AND OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY.

LONDON:—

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NOTICE TO TEACHER.

Each of the New Series of Reading Books has two distinct parts, the one containing Scriptural and the other Miscellaneous Lessons. They are to be considered separately.

The Miscellaneous Lessons are arranged so as to present successively a variety of subjects, with Poetry interspersed. They are also, upon the whole, progressive, so that the easiest lessons come first in each book. It is from the Miscellaneous Lessons that the pupils should be taught to read and spell; care being taken not to make the Scriptural Chapters mere spelling or reading lessons.

The Scriptural Lessons in each book are intended to supply lessons in the highest and most important of all branches of education, adapted to the capacity of those for whom that book is intended. Thus, in the Second Book, the child should first learn to read with ease, intelligence, and expression, the earlier of the Miscellaneous Lessons; and then he will be prepared to apply the power he has gained in reading the Scriptural

Lessons with understanding and profit. In the more advanced Books, references are made in each Lesson to the Chapters of Holy Scripture from which it is taken. For it is not intended to dispense with the study of the Sacred Volume itself; but to present, in a connected form, and in Scriptural language, the most striking portions of the Sacred Narrative.

The Scriptural portions of the whole series of Reading Books present consecutively the history of mankind from the Creation to the establishment of David upon the throne of Israel; while they give brief selections from the Gospels, and an abridgment of the history of the Acts of the Apostles, with some illustrations from the Epistles. As the several portions of this Scriptural Series occur in books of various degrees of difficulty, they are treated severally with different degrees of fulness. It will, however, be readily seen that the subjects which each book contains are such as very naturally fall in with this variety of treatment.

THIRD READING BOOK.

PART I.

SCRIPTURAL LESSONS.

LESSON 1.

THE PASSAGE OF THE JORDAN.

AFTER the death of Moses, Joshua, the son of Nun, became the ruler of God's people. Joshua was now to rule the children of Israel as the Lord should teach him, and to lead them into the land which God had promised to their fathers. "And Joshua was full of the spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his hands upon him."

Joshua led the children of Israel to the banks of the river Jordan, and they encamped there; and after three days the officers of the children of Israel went through all the camp, and commanded the people, that when they should see the priests the Levites take up the ark of the Lord their God, and bear it onwards, they should rise up and follow it; for the ark was to lead them the way that they were to go.

And Joshua said unto the people, "Sanctify your selves, for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you." The children of Israel were now to sanctify themselves—to be careful to put away all that was unholy, or displeasing to God—for the Lord was about to lead them, as His own people, into the land which He had promised to them.

NEW SERIES.

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these nations that remained, because the Lord their God would drive them out from before them, and would give them their land also to possess, as He had promised.

Then Joshua charged them to love the Lord their God, and to be very courageous to keep and to do all that was written in the law of Moses; not to turn therefrom to the right hand nor to the left, nor to come among the nations that remained in their land. And he warned them, that if they should disobey the commands of God, and make marriages with these nations, or have any dealings with them, the Lord would no more drive out any of these nations from before them; but that they should be "snares and traps unto them, and scourges in their sides, and thorns in their eyes, until they themselves should perish from off the good land which the Lord had given them."

Then Joshua said, "Behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth: and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you. Therefore it shall come to pass, that as all good things are come upon you which the Lord your God promised you; so shall the Lord bring upon you all evil things, until He have destroyed you from off this good land, when ye have transgressed the covenant of the Lord, and have served other gods, and bowed yourselves to them."

And after this, Joshua again called for all the elders of Israel, and for their heads, and for their judges, and for their officers; and they presented themselves before the tabernacle of the Lord. Then Joshua set before them all that God had done for them and for their fathers, from the time when He called their father Abraham from his own country,

and promised that He would give the land of Canaan to his seed, till he had brought His people over the Jordan, and given them that land for which they had not laboured, and cities which they had not built to dwell in. And then he bade them fear the Lord their God, and serve Him in sincerity and truth.

And the people answered and said, "God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods; for the Lord our God, He it is that brought us and our fathers up out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage, and which did those great signs in our sight, and preserved us in all the way wherein we went, and among all the people through whom we passed: and the Lord drave out from before us all the people which dwelt in the land: therefore will we serve the Lord; for He is our God."

And after these things, Joshua, the servant of the Lord, died, being an hundred and ten years old. And they buried him among his own tribe, the tribe of Ephraim.

Lesson 4.

THE OCCUPATION OF THE PROMISED LAND.

For some time after the death of Joshua, the children of Israel had no ruler over them in his place. The Lord had given them the land which He had promised to their fathers, and they possessed it, and dwelt therein. So they needed none to guide them now, as Moses had done, in the way that they should go, nor to lead them forth together against their enemies, as the Lord had led them by the hand of Joshua.

Each tribe had now its own portion of the land, and each man had a home for himself and his household, with corn-fields, or vineyards, or pasture for his cattle. And they had but to keep the command-

ments and statutes of the Lord their God, that it might go well with them, and with their children after them for ever, in the land which He had given them. They had but to love the Lord their God, and to walk in His ways, and then, as He had promised, He would open unto them His good treasure, and bless them in all that they did. Then the Lord would establish them as an holy people unto Himself, and all the people of the earth would see that they were called by the name of the Lord, and would be afraid of them; and Israel would dwell safely.

The Lord God of heaven was the ruler and the king of His people Israel. They learned His will from the Book of the Law which He had given them by Moses, or from the priests whom He had appointed to instruct them in that law. And when they wished to know what God willed that they should do, and could find no rule to guide them in His written law, the high priest asked counsel before the Lord for them, and the Lord made known His will by him. In all that they did, the will of God was to be their guide; in all their troubles the Lord was to be their refuge. They were not to do their own will, nor to trust in their own strength, for the Almighty God was their defence, and His will was to be their will.

In every city among the tribes of Israel there were officers and judges, to judge between the people when there was strife, and to punish those who broke the commandments of God. The chief men in every tribe, such as were wise, and known among them as men of truth and men that feared God, were chosen to be judges over them, to judge the people at all seasons. But if there arose a matter too hard for the judges to decide, they were to go to the place where the tabernacle of God was, to inquire of the priests; and the priests with the judges were to show them "the sentence of judgment." And if a

man would not hearken unto the priest that stood to minister there before the Lord, or unto the judge, he was to be put to death.

Thus the Lord was the ruler of His people, for He ruled them by His holy law and by His priests.

Each of the twelve tribes dwelt in its own portion of the land, and each tribe had its own judges. But the tribe of Levi dwelt among all the tribes, in the cities which had been allotted to them by Joshua; for the children of Joseph were two tribes, so there were twelve tribes besides the tribe of Levi. The tribe of Levi had no portion of the land, for the tithes and offerings made to the Lord were their portion.

But although each tribe dwelt alone, and had judges of its own, the children of Israel were all one people—the people of the Lord. They had one Lord God, and one holy law, and one high priest, and one tabernacle, where the Lord had put His Name. And to the one place which the Lord had chosen to cause His Name to dwell there, they all went up, to bring their free-will offerings, their sacrifices, and their tithes, which they offered to the Lord.

LESSON 5.

THE THREE GREAT FESTIVALS.

GOD had commanded that the children of Israel should keep three solemn feasts in every year for ever, that they might bless the Lord their God always for all the good things which He had given them.

These three feasts were:

1. The Feast of the Passover: this was sometimes called the Feast of Unleavened Bread.

2. The Feast of First-fruits: this was also called the Feast of Weeks, and afterwards the Feast of Pentecost.

3. The Feast of Tabernacles.

The Feast of the Passover was kept every year, on the fourteenth day of the first month, in the evening. On that night the Lord had passed over the houses of the children of Israel, and saved them alive, when He smote all the first-born of the Egyptians. Therefore that day was to be a memorial for ever to the children of Israel, to remind them how the Lord had saved them, and had brought them forth from Egypt with a mighty hand, that they might serve Him and be His people.

At this feast the children of Israel were to take for every house a lamb, and to offer it as a sacrifice before the Lord, and then to roast it with fire. They were to break no bone of it, but to roast it whole. And they were to eat it with unleavened bread, and with bitter herbs, as their fathers had eaten it on the night when they stood ready to set forth from the land of Egypt. That night the blood of the lamb, sprinkled on their door-posts, had saved their first-born alive.

The Feast of First-fruits was kept on the fiftieth day after the Feast of the Passover, in the time of harvest.

For forty years the children of Israel had been in the wilderness where no corn grew: there God had fed them with manna from heaven. But when they should have come into the promised land, where they would sow corn and reap harvests, they were to keep a feast to the Lord every year at the time of harvest, that they might remember that it was God who gave them the fruits of the earth, and the increase of their seed, and might thank Him for His goodness towards them. This feast was called the Feast of First-fruits, because they were then to offer the first-fruits of their harvest as an offering to the Lord.

This feast was also called the Feast of Weeks,

because it was kept seven weeks after the Feast of the Passover. Afterwards it was called the Feast of Pentecost, because it was kept on the fiftieth day after the Passover, for Pentecost means "fiftieth."

The third great feast which the children of Israel kept, was called the Feast of Tabernacles.

At this feast they were to cut down branches from the trees, and make tents for themselves, and all the children of Israel were to dwell in these tents for seven days. They were to dwell in tents, or tabernacles, for seven days, that they might remember the time when their fathers dwelt in tents in the wilderness, where the Lord had led them for forty years, and had given them bread from heaven to eat. And at this feast they were to bring free-will offerings to offer to the Lord, and to offer burnt offerings and sacrifices.

At all these three feasts every male of the children of Israel was to come up to the place where the ark and tabernacle of the Lord should be. And each man was to bring with him an offering to offer to the Lord.

Lesson 6.

THE JUDGES.

After all that the Lord had done for His people by the hand of Joshua, He had still left them a work to do for themselves: they had a work to do as well as a law to observe. They had to drive out from among them the remnant of the heathen nations, which Joshua had allowed to remain within their land. The Lord had given to His people all the promised land of Canaan, and had divided the portion in which the Canaanites still dwelt, to be an inheritance for their tribes; their enemies were given into their hands, but they were still within their land, and had to be driven forth. When the people

of Israel should have grown in strength and numbers, they had to arise, and take for themselves, by the help of God, this other portion also, and dwell therein. They had to fight against the Canaanites that remained, until the last remnant of the sinner and the heathen had been utterly rooted out and destroyed from among them. And if they had been obedient to the voice of God, and had gone forth in faith to war against their enemies, with a bold heart and patient spirit, until they had destroyed them, then the Lord would have expelled them from before them, and driven them from out of their sight. Then Israel would have possessed in peace the whole land of Canaan, as the Lord their God had promised to them.

This was the trial of the people of the Lord in the land of their inheritance; and they failed under the trial. They were not, as they were required to be, "very courageous to keep and to do all that was written in the book of the law of Moses." Nor did they fight boldly against the remnant of the wicked Canaanites that remained in their land, until they were destroyed. They made peace with the sinners of the land of Canaan—the enemies of the Lord—and dwelt among them as friends. Therefore, they forfeited the blessings which God had promised to them, and the Lord brought upon them all the evil things, that were written in their law, according to the words of Moses and Joshua. The Lord did not drive out from before them the remnant of the Canaanites, but they remained to be "snares and traps to them, and scourges in their sides." Then they fled before their enemies, and were subdued before them. They were given over into the hands of the heathen, and they that hated them were lords over them. "Their enemies oppressed them, and had them in subjection;" and the fruit of their land and of their labours was given unto them. For

eight years they served the king of Mesopotamia; for eighteen years they served the Moabites and Eglon their king; for twenty years they served Jabin, the king of the Canaanites; for seven years they served the fierce people of the land of Midian; for eighteen years they served the Ammonites; and for forty years they were subject to the Philistines.

Yet for His great mercy's sake, the Lord did not utterly consume His people when they sinned, nor cast them off for ever. Though they had forfeited His love and favour, His promise did not come utterly to an end for evermore. The Lord chastened and corrected them, but He did not forsake them. When they were in trouble and called upon the Lord, the Lord heard them. When they repented and returned unto the Lord, the Lord returned unto them. He gave them deliverers—Othniel, and Ehud, and Deborah, and Barak, and Gideon, called also Jerubbaal, and Jephthah, and Samson, who delivered them out of the hand of their enemies. These deliverers were called Judges; they were raised up from time to time in various parts of the land of Canaan.

Though the children of Israel served their enemies for many years in sorrow and in suffering, yet they had very many more years of rest and peace. After all their wickedness, God gave His people very many blessings; for He is a gracious and a merciful God. He was still their Strength and their Defence, their Saviour and Redeemer, their Lord and their King.

Lesson 7.

GIDEON.

Gideon, of the tribe of Manasseh, was one of the Judges or Deliverers, whom God raised up to rescue His people. The children of Israel, after serving the Midianites seven years, had cried unto the Lord, and

the Lord sent His angel to Gideon. Gideon was threshing corn in a wine-press to hide it from the Midianites; and the angel of the Lord appeared to him, and commanded him to go forth and save Israel from the hand of the Midianites. And Gideon said, "O my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? behold my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house." And the Lord said unto him, "Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man." Then Gideon besought the angel to give him a sign that he might know who it was that talked with him; and he prayed him not to depart until he should bring him a meat-offering. So he went and made ready a kid and cakes of flour, and brought them, and set them down on a rock before the angel. Then the angel of God put forth the staff that was in his hand, and touched the flesh and the unleavened cakes, and fire came forth from the rock and consumed it: then he departed out of his sight. And when Gideon knew that he had seen an angel of God face to face, he was greatly afraid.

And the same night the Lord commanded Gideon to throw down the altar of Baal which his father had, and to cut down the grove of trees that was beside it. And He said that Gideon should build an altar to the Lord his God on the rock near the place where the angel had appeared, and offer thereon a bullock for a burnt sacrifice. So Gideon took ten men of his servants, and threw down the altar of the idol Baal and burnt the grove, and offered the sacrifice as the Lord had commanded. He did it by night, and not by day, because he feared his father's household and the men of the city in which he dwelt.

And when the men of the city arose in the morning, behold, the altar of Baal was cast down, and the grove was cut down that was by it, and the

bullock was offered on the altar that was built to the Lord God of Israel. Then they said one to another, "Who hath done this thing?" And when they had heard that Gideon the son of Joash had done it, they went to Joash and said, "Bring out thy son that he may die: because he hath cast down the altar of Baal." And Joash said, "Will ye plead for Baal? will ye save him? He that will plead for him let him be put to death. If he be a god let him plead for himself, because one hath thrown down his altar." Therefore Joash called his son Jerubbaal, saying, "Let Baal plead against him, because he hath thrown down his altar."

And from that day Gideon was called by the men of Israel, Jerubbaal, which means, Let Baal plead.

Lesson 8.

THE DELIVERANCE OF ISRAEL.

When Gideon had obeyed the command of God, and had thrown down the altar of the idol Baal, the Spirit of the Lord came upon him. And he blew a trumpet and sent messengers throughout the land of Israel, and the people gathered themselves together after him. Then Gideon prayed to the Lord to give him a sign that He would save Israel by his hand. And he said, "Behold, I will put a fleece of wool on the floor, and if the dew be on the fleece only, and it be dry upon all the earth beside, then shall I know that thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as thou hast said." And when he rose up on the morrow the ground was dry, but the fleece was wet with dew; and he wringed the dew out of the fleece, a bowl full of water. And Gideon prayed again to God, and said, "Let not thine anger be hot against me, and I will speak but this once; Let me prove, I

pray thee, but this once with the fleece; let it now be dry only upon the fleece, and upon all the ground let there be dew." And God did so that night: for it was dry upon the fleece only, and there was dew on all the ground.

Then Gideon believed that the Lord would surely save Israel by his hand, and he led forth the people, who had gathered themselves together after him, towards the place where the Midianites were encamped. The number of the children of Israel who followed Gideon was thirty-two thousand; and they pitched their camp by the well Harod, near Mount Gilboa, not far from the place where the Midianites were.

Then the Lord told Gideon that the people who were with him were too many; He said that He would not deliver the armies of the Midianites into the hands of so great a number, lest Israel should think that their own strength had saved them. So He commanded Gideon to speak to the people who were with him, and say, "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart." Then twenty-two thousand of the people returned, and ten thousand only remained with Gideon.

Then the Lord spoke again to Gideon, and said that the people were yet too many; and He commanded him to lead them down to the water to drink, and said that He would try them there, and show him whom he should take with him, and whom he should send away. And when Gideon had brought the people down to the water's edge, they all bowed down on their knees to drink the water, except three hundred men, who stood and lapped up the water, putting their hand to their mouth. Then the Lord commanded Gideon to take with him the three hundred men who had stood and lapped up the water with their hands, and to send the rest away; and He said that He would save Israel and destroy the Mi-

dianites by these three hundred men. So Gideon took the three hundred men, as the Lord directed him; and he sent away the rest of the men of Israel, to return to their own homes.

Now the Midianites were encamped in the valley of Jezreel, in the land of the children of Israel, and the Amalekites and all the people of the east countries were with them; they were a vast multitude, as the sand of the sea-shore in number. And Gideon and his three hundred men were gathered together on a mountain that overlooked their camp. Then Gideon divided his three hundred men into three companies; and when it was night he put a trumpet into the hand of every man, and an empty pitcher with a lighted torch hid within it; and he led them down in silence to surround the army of the Midianites. And when they stood every man in his place round about the camp, Gideon blew with his trumpet; and at the sound of the trumpet each man of the three companies, as he had been commanded, broke the pitcher, and held the torch in his left hand and blew the trumpet in his right hand, and cried, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" And when all the hosts of Midian heard the cry, and the sound of the trumpets, and saw the lights on every side, "they ran, and cried, and fled;" for in their fear they thought that they were surrounded by a great multitude of the children of Israel. And the Lord set every man's sword against his fellow throughout the host. In the darkness of the night, they mistook their own friends for the men of Israel, and fought against them; so they destroyed one another. And they fled from Gideon in fear.

Thus the people of Midian were subdued before the children of Israel: and there was rest and peace in the land of Israel for forty years in the days of Gideon.

Lesson 9.

SAMSON.

After the time of Gideon, the people of Israel again sinned, and were again delivered by other Judges. Some years later, they did evil in the sight of the Lord, and He gave them into the hands of the Philistines. They remained subject to the Philistines for forty years.

The Philistines were a strong and brave people, who dwelt by the sea-shore, on the border of the land of Simeon and Dan. They held many strong cities in the land of Israel, and had kept possession of a large part of the lot of the tribe of Simeon.

During the time that the children of Israel were subject to the Philistines, the angel of the Lord appeared to the wife of a man of the tribe of Dan, whose name was Manoah. Now Manoah's wife had no children; and the angel said that she should bear a son, who should begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines. And he commanded her to train up her child as a Nazarite unto God. A Nazarite was bound to drink no wine nor strong drink; to keep himself at all times from all unclean things; and the hair of his head was to remain uncut from his childhood up. The wife of Manoah had a son as the angel had said; and she called his name Samson. She trained him up as the Lord had commanded, to be a Nazarite from his birth; and the child grew, and the Lord blessed him.

When Samson was about twenty years old, the Spirit of the Lord began to move him to go forth against the Philistines. And the Lord gave him so great strength and courage, that with his own arm he slew very many of the enemies of Israel. He wasted their corn-fields and vineyards with fire, and smote them with a great slaughter, and then he

returned and dwelt on the top of the rock Etam, in the land of the tribe of Simeon.

Then the Philistines gathered together an army, and came up into the land of Judah to seek Samson. And the men of Judah were afraid of the anger of the Philistines, for the Philistines were rulers over them at this time. So they went up to the rock Etam with three thousand men to seek Samson, and give him into their hands. And they took him and bound him with new cords, for Samson did not resist them; and they led him away to the camp of his enemies.

When the Philistines saw Samson brought bound to their camp, they shouted for joy. But when Samson heard the shout of his enemies, the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he burst the cords that were upon his arms as if they had been flax burnt with fire. And he took a jaw-bone of an ass which he saw upon the ground, and with it he slew of the Philistines heaps upon heaps, even a thousand men. And after this Samson ruled as chief judge in Israel for twenty years.

Whilst Samson was chief judge in Israel, the people were still subject to the Philistines; for they would not follow him to fight against them. But so long as he obeyed the command of God, and lived as a Nazarite, his strength was so great that his enemies could not stand before him; and they feared to provoke his anger.

But a time came when Samson fell into sin, and broke the commands of God. He loved a woman of the Philistines, whose name was Delilah; and he did not flee from the company of the wicked as he should have done. And when the lords of the Philistines knew that Samson loved Delilah, they promised to give her money if she would show them how they might bind him. So Delilah deceived him with fair words, and won from him the secrets of his heart.

He told her of the angel's message, and of the law of the Nazarite, which he was bound to observe, and he said that, if the hair of his head was shaven, his strength would depart from him, and he should be like any other man.

Then Delilah sent for the lords of the Philistines, and told them to come and take Samson, for she would deliver him into their hands. And when Samson was with her in her house, she caused the seven locks of his head to be cut off while he slept. As soon as the hair of his head was shaven, the Lord departed from Samson, and he became weak, and was like any other man. So the Philistines took him and bound him, and carried him away into their own country; and they put out his eyes, and bound him with chains, and made him grind corn in their prison.

After a while, the Philistines made a great feast to their idol Dagon; and the lords of the Philistines, and a great multitude of people, were gathered together in the house of Dagon. Then they sent for Samson that they might make sport with him; for their hearts were merry, because they had taken their enemy, who had slain so many of their people.

Now the roof beneath which the lords of the Philistines were seated, rested upon two large pillars; and upon the roof were three thousand men and women, who had come to see Samson. When they had brought Samson to the house of Dagon, he asked the lad who led him to place him near the pillars, that he might lean upon them. Then he prayed earnestly to the Lord to remember him, and give him back his strength only this once; and the Lord heard his prayer. And Samson stretched forth his arms, and took hold of the two pillars on which the roof rested, and said, "Let me die with the Philistines." So he bowed himself with all his might, and drew

together the two pillars, and overthrew them. And the roof of the house which rested upon the pillars fell upon the lords of the Philistines, and upon all the people that were in it. "So the dead which Samson slew at his death, were more than they which he slew in his life."

Then the brethren of Samson, and all the house of his father came down, and took him, and brought him up, and buried him near to Zorah, in the burying-place of Manoah his father.

Lesson 10.

RUTH.

In the days of the Judges there was a famine in the land of Canaan. And a man of Bethlehem-Judah, named Elimelech, left his native city with his wife, Naomi, and his two sons, Mahlon and Chilion. And they came into the land of Moab and dwelt there. Mahlon and Chilion took to them wives of the daughters of Moab, Orpah and Ruth. They had not been long in that country before Elimelech died, and after ten years his sons died also. So Naomi was left, bereaved of her husband and her two sons. But her daughters-in-law, Orpah and Ruth, continued with her. At last Naomi heard that God had given his people bread, and she determined to return home from the country of Moab. So she said unto her daughters-in-law, "Go, return each to her mother's house, and the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me." "And they said unto her, Surely we will return with thee unto thy people." But Naomi still pressed them to leave her, as she had nothing to offer them, and was returning home poor and destitute Then

they wept again, and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her. And Naomi said, Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people: return thou after her. But Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if ought but death part thee and me." When Naomi saw that Ruth was stedfastly minded to go with her, she left speaking unto her. So they went until they reached Bethlehem. And Naomi said, I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty, for the Almighty hath afflicted me.

They came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest. And Ruth said to Naomi, Let me now go into the field and glean ears of corn. And Naomi said, Go, my daughter. And Ruth went and gleaned in the field after the reapers; and her hap was to light on part of a field belonging to Boaz, who was a near kinsman of Elimelech. When Boaz came into the field he inquired who the damsel was. And when he knew that it was Ruth, he was very kind to her, and gave her leave to glean in his fields. And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not: and let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not. So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned; and brought it to her mother-in-law. Then she told Naomi in whose fields she had been gleaning, and said, The man's name with whom I wrought to-day is Boaz. "And Naomi said unto her daughter-in-law, Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath

not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead. And Naomi said unto her, The man is near of kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen. And Ruth the Moabitess said, He said unto me also, Thou shalt keep fast by my young men, until they have ended all my harvest. And Naomi said unto Ruth her daughter-in-law It is good, my daughter, that thou go out with his maidens, that they meet thee not in any other field. So she kept fast by the maidens of Boaz to glean unto the end of barley harvest and of wheat harvest, and dwelt with her mother-in-law."

When barley harvest was over, Naomi told Ruth to go to Boaz, and remind him that she was his near kinswoman. Boaz, who had not forgotten Ruth, received her very kindly, and said that he was desirous of making her his wife. But as there was a kinsman yet nearer to Elimelech, the law gave this kinsman the first right to marry her if he would.

Now it was a custom in Israel, in those days, that if a person wished to transfer such a right he plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbour. So the kinsman, having bidden Boaz to marry Ruth, drew off his shoe.

"And Boaz said unto the elders, and unto all the people, Ye are witnesses this day, that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, and all that was Chilion's and Mahlon's, of the hand of Naomi. Moreover, Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife. . . . And all the people that were in the gate, and the elders, said, We are witnesses."

So Boaz married Ruth, and they had a child whom they named Obed. This Obed was the father of Jesse, the father of David. Thus a Moabitess became the ancestress of the mighty king David, and so of the Son of David, our Lord Jesus Christ, whose mother was Mary of the house of David, and who was born in Bethlehem.

Lesson 11.

ELI.

After the death of Samson, Eli, the high priest, ruled as chief judge in the land of Israel. He dwelt at Shiloh among the tribe of Ephraim, because the ark and tabernacle of the Lord were there.

Eli had two sons, Hophni and Phinehas. They were priests of God, because they were of the family of Aaron, and they ministered before the Lord in His Tabernacle, and offered sacrifices for the people, and burnt incense. But they were lawless and wicked men; they neither loved the Lord nor feared Him. And when the children of Israel came up to the Tabernacle to offer their sacrifices to the Lord, the sons of Eli took from them other portions of their offerings besides those that were appointed for the priests; and when the people would not give them for themselves the fat of the sacrifice, which God had commanded to be burnt upon His altar, they came and took it by force. Therefore the sin of Hophni and Phinehas was very great before the Lord; for they made the people shrink from coming up to offer their sacrifices, as the Lord had commanded. And they did other things yet more wicked, and tempted others to sin with them.

Now Eli was very old, and he heard of all the things which his sons did. Then he said to them, "Why do ye such things? for I hear of your evil doings by all this people. Nay, my sons; for it is no good report that I hear: ye make the Lord's people to transgress. If one man sin against another, the judge shall judge him: but if a man sin against the Lord, who shall entreat for him?" "Notwithstanding, they hearkened not unto the voice of their father, because the Lord would slay them."

The sons of Eli had so long and so greatly sinned against the Lord, that their hearts had grown hard in sin: and God now purposed to punish them for their wickedness before the eyes of all his people, that all might know that there is a God that judgeth the earth, and that the wicked shall not go unpunished.

Eli had reproved his sons when the people told him of their evil doings; but when they would not hearken to his words, he did not punish them. He reasoned with them, and advised them well; but he did not restrain them. He suffered them to remain in the priests' office notwithstanding their sin, and to go on in their evil way, sinning against the Lord, and making others to sin also. Thus the Name of the Lord and His holy worship were dishonoured among His people; and Eli showed that he loved his wicked sons more than God, or that he feared them more than he feared God.

It was a great sin in Eli to let his wicked sons go on unpunished in their wickedness. To suffer others to dishonour God, was to dishonour God himself; and the sins of his sons became his sins, because when they sinned he did not restrain them. Eli was a judge in Israel, as well as high priest of God; and therefore he had the power, and it was his duty, to punish every one who broke the commandments of God, or dishonoured His holy Name; and much more when his own children sinned, should he have punished them.

Then the Lord was wroth with Eli; and He sent a prophet to rebuke him for his sin, and declare his punishment. The man of God came to Eli, and said, "Thus saith the Lord, Wherefore kick ye at My sacrifice and at My offering, which I have commanded in My habitation, and honourest thy sons above Me? . . . Wherefore the Lord God of Israel saith, I said indeed that thy house, and the house of thy father,

should walk before Me for ever: but now the Lord saith, Be it far from Me; for them that honour Me I will honour, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed."

Then the man of God told Eli that the curse of the Lord should be upon all his house; upon his children and their children after them for ever; they should be cut off in the flower of their age, so that there should not be an old man in his house for ever. And he said that Hophni and Phinehas, his wicked sons, should die both of them in one day, and that this should be a sign to Eli, that all the words of the Lord should surely come to pass. And the Lord said that He would raise up for Himself a faithful priest who should do according to His will; and that those who remained of Eli's family should come and crouch to him for a piece of silver and a morsel of bread.

Lesson 12.

SAMUEL.

In the time when Eli was chief judge, there was among the tribe of Levi a man named Elkanah, whose wife Hannah had no children. Hannah grieved very much at this, and when year after year had passed and she had still no child, her heart grew sad. And when she was at Shiloh with her husband Elkanah, at the time of the Passover, she rose up in sorrow from the feast, and went alone to the temple of the Lord, to pray and weep there before the Lord. And there she prayed and vowed a vow, and said, that if the Lord would look upon her affliction, and give her a male child, she would give him unto the Lord all the days of his life, and set him apart from common things, to serve the Lord in His Tabernacle.

While Hannah prayed to the Lord, Eli the high priest sat by the door of the Tabernacle. And when

he knew that she was in sorrow, and poured out her soul before the Lord in prayer, he said to her, "Go in peace; and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of Him." Then Hannah arose and went away from the Tabernacle with a cheerful heart, for she believed that the Lord had heard her prayer. And she returned with Elkanah her husband to her own home; and after a while she had a son, and she called his name Samuel, that is, "Asked of the Lord."

Hannah remained in her own home, and did not go up again to Shiloh until she had weaned her child Samuel. And when she had weaned him, she took him up with her to the house of the Lord, with an offering of a bullock, and of flour and wine. Then she gave the child to Eli the high priest, and said that this was the child for whom she had prayed four years before, and that she had come to give him to the Lord to serve before Him as long as he should live, because the Lord had heard her prayer. Samuel was three years old at this time; and he worshipped the Lord there. And Hannah prayed and praised God, and her heart rejoiced in the Lord. Then she left the child Samuel with Eli the priest, and returned to her own home.

"And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord, and also with men." And the Lord blessed Hannah his mother, and He gave her three other sons, and two daughters.

And Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli the priest. After some time it came to pass, that when Eli was laid down in his place at night by the Tabernacle of the Lord, and the child Samuel was sleeping near him, that the Lord called Samuel. And when Samuel heard the voice of the Lord, he thought that it was the voice of Eli, and said, "Here am I; for thou calledst me." And Eli said, "I called not; lie down

again." And he went and lay down. And the Lord called yet again, "Samuel." And Samuel arose and went again to Eli; and Eli answered as before, "I called not, my son." And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went again to Eli, and said, "Here am I; for thou didst call me." Then Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child; and therefore he said to Samuel, "Go lie down: and it shall be, if He call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came and called as at other times, "Samuel, Samuel." Then Samuel answered, "Speak, for thy servant heareth." And the Lord said, "Behold, I will do a thing in Israel at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin, I will also make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever, for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."

And Samuel lay until the morning; then he arose, and opened the doors of the house of the Lord, but he feared to show Eli the vision. Then Eli called Samuel, and said, "What is the thing which the Lord hath said unto thee? I pray thee hide it not from me." Then Samuel told him all that the Lord had said, and hid nothing from him. And Eli said, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

From this time the Lord was with Samuel: and the Lord appeared again in Shiloh, and revealed Himself by His word to Samuel from time to time, and made known His will by Samuel to His people. "And all Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord."

Lesson 13.

THE LOSS OF THE ARK OF THE LORD

Some years after the Lord had called Samuel to be His prophet, the Philistines again gathered together their armies, and came up against the children of Israel. Then the men of Israel went forth to battle against them; but they were smitten before the Philistines, and they fled back into their camp.

Then the elders of Israel said, "Wherefore hath the Lord smitten us to-day before the Philistines? Let us fetch the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of Shiloh unto us, that when it cometh among us, it may save us out of the hand of our enemies."

The elders of Israel spoke foolishly; for the ark of the Lord had no power to save them from their enemies. The Lord alone could save them. He could save them, and destroy their enemies, by means of the ark, as at Jericho; or without the ark, as at other times, when Joshua, and Ehud, and Barak, and Gideon, and Samson, had prevailed against thousands by the strength of the Lord. But they could not make the Lord to be with them, by bringing the ark of the Lord amongst them.

Instead of humbling themselves before the Lord, and praying Him to forgive them their sins and save them from the hands of their enemies, the men of Israel sent to Shiloh, that they might bring from thence the ark of the covenant of the Lord of Hosts. And the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, came with the ark of the covenant to the army of Israel.

When the ark of the covenant of the Lord had come into the camp, all Israel shouted with a great shout. And when the Philistines heard the noise of the shout, and understood that the ark of the Lord was come into the camp, they were afraid, for they said, "God is come into the camp. And they said, Woe unto us! who shall deliver us out of the

hand of these mighty Gods? these are the Gods that smote the Egyptians with all the plagues in the wilderness." Then they said one to another, "Be strong and quit yourselves like men, O ye Philistines, that ye be not servants to the Hebrews, as they have been to you." And the Philistines fought, and Israel was smitten, and they fled every man to his tent; and there was a very great slaughter, for there fell of Israel thirty thousand men. And the ark of God was taken by the Philistines; and the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, were slain.

Thus the Lord punished His sinful people, and gave them into the hand of their enemies. And He made them know that the Lord God neither dwelleth in temples made with hands, nor in an ark of wood. For the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him.

The same day that the ark was taken, Eli sat upon a seat by the wayside watching; for his heart trembled for the ark of God. And a messenger came from the army, and Eli asked, How things went there? "And the messenger answered, and said, Israel is fled before the Philistines, and there hath been a great slaughter among the people, and thy two sons Hophni and Phinehas are dead, and the ark of God is taken." And it came to pass when he made mention of the ark of God, that Eli fell back from his seat, and his neck brake, and he died. For he was an old man. He was ninety-eight years old, and had judged Israel forty years.

Lesson 14.

THE RETURN OF THE ARK OF THE LORD.

When the Philistines had taken the ark of God from the men of Israel, they brought it from the land of Canaan to the city of Ashdod, in their own land;

and they placed it in the house of their idol Dagon, by the side of the image of Dagon.

And on the morrow, when the men of Ashdod went into the temple of their idol, they saw Dagon fallen upon his face before the ark of the Lord. Then they took the idol and set it up in its place again. And when they arose on the morrow, Dagon was again fallen on his face before the ark of the Lord; and the head of the idol and both his hands were cut off. And the hand of the Lord was heavy upon the people of Ashdod, and He destroyed them, and smote them with sickness.

Then the men of Ashdod said, "The ark of the God of Israel shall not abide with us; for His hand is sore upon us, and upon Dagon our god." So they sent the ark of God from Ashdod; and for seven months they carried it about from one city to another throughout their land. For wherever the ark of the Lord was taken, the hand of the Lord was heavy upon the men of that place, and He smote them with sickness as He had smitten the men of Ashdod.

When the ark of the Lord had been in the country of the Philistines seven months, the people besought the lords and rulers of the land to send away the ark of the God of Israel, and let it go again to its own place. Then they called for the priests of their idols, and asked them what they should do with the ark of the God of Israel. And they said, "Wherefore do ye harden your hearts, as the Egyptians and Pharaoh hardened their hearts? when he had wrought wonderfully among them, did they not let the people go, and they departed?" Then they told the lords of the Philistines to send away the ark, and to give glory to the God of Israel, and send with it a trespass offering of jewels of gold, that He might lighten His hand from off them, and from their gods, and from their land.

And the lords of the Philistines did as their priests had said. They placed the ark of the Lord in a new

cart, and put jewels of gold in a box by the side of the ark, and they took two cows which had calves, and which had never borne a yoke, and tied them to the cart, and brought their calves away from them, and shut them up. And thus they sent the ark away; for their priests had said, that if the cows went away from their calves, and their own home, towards the land of Israel, they should know that it was the God of Israel that had caused all the evil that had happened to them.

And when the cows had been fastened to the cart in which the ark of God was placed, "they took the straight way to Bethshemesh (a city of the tribe of Judah), and went along the highway, lowing as they went, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left; and the lords of the Philistines went after them to the border of Bethshemesh."

And the people of Bethshemesh were in the fields reaping their wheat-harvest; and when they lifted up their eyes, and saw the ark, they rejoiced to see it. And the cart came into the field, and stood where there was a great stone. Then they clave the wood of the cart, and offered the two kine for a burnt offering unto the Lord. And the Levites took down the ark of the Lord, and the box that was with it, in which the jewels of gold were, and put them on the great stone. And the men of Bethshemesh offered burnt offerings and sacrifices the same day unto the Lord. And when the lords of the Philistines who had followed the ark to the field of Bethshemesh had seen the offerings and sacrifices of the men of Israel, they returned to their own land the same day.

Thus the Lord made the Philistines to fear the God of Israel, and to know that He alone is the one true God—a mighty God and terrible. He had suffered them to take His holy ark from the children of Israel, to teach His sinful people that it could not be as a god to them, to save them from their enemies.

But He made the heathen to fear and honour the ark which He had made holy, that they might learn that the great God of heaven and earth, the God of Israel, was not as their idol gods, which were not gods, but images of wood and stone.

While the ark remained on the great stone in the field near Bethshemesh, the men of that city came and looked within the ark. Then the Lord smote many of them, and they died: for He had commanded that no one who was not of the family of Aaron, should dare to look into the ark, or upon the holy things that were within it.

Thus the Lord taught His sinful and rebellious people, that though the ark of the covenant was not to be as a god to them to protect them, or destroy their enemies when they willed, yet it was holy to the Lord their God, and was to be honoured for His sake who had made it holy.

Then the men of Bethshemesh said, "Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God?" And they sent messengers to the inhabitants of Kirjath-Jearim, another city of the tribe of Judah, saying, "The Philistines have brought again the ark of the Lord: come ye down and fetch it up to you." And the men of Kirjath-Jearim came and fetched up the ark of the Lord, and brought it to the house of Abinadab in the hill, and sanctified Eleazar his son to keep the ark of the Lord.

Lesson 15.

THE GOVERNMENT OF SAMUEL.

After the ark of the Lord had been sent back by the Philistines to the land of Israel, many of the people still hardened their hearts against the Lord, and served other gods—the idol-gods of the heathen.

For twenty years they continued to live in sin and

disobedience, and the Philistines still oppressed them. But at length they grew weary of their evil way; they found that it was an evil thing and bitter to have forsaken the Lord their God; and "all the house of Israel lamented after the Lord." Then they turned to hearken to the words of Samuel, the prophet of the Lord. For Samuel had spoken to all the house of Israel, and said, that if they would return unto the Lord with all their hearts, and put away the strange gods from among them, and prepare their hearts unto the Lord, and serve Him only, He would deliver them out of the hands of the Philistines. So the children of Israel put away from them the idol-gods of the heathen—Baalim and Ashtaroth, and served the Lord only. Then Samuel gathered the elders and all the people together to a solemn assembly at Mizpeh. And all the people fasted before the Lord that day, and confessed their sins, saying, "We have sinned against the Lord." And Samuel prayed to the Lord for them.

When the Philistines heard that the Israelites were gathered together at Mizpeh, they went up quickly against them with their army. Then the children of Israel were greatly afraid, and they said to Samuel, "Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that He will save us out of the hand of the Philistines." So Samuel took a lamb, and offered it for a burnt offering to the Lord; and he cried unto the Lord for Israel.

And while Samuel was offering up the burnt offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel. Then the Lord thundered with a great thunder upon the Philistines, and filled their hearts with fear, so that they could not stand before His people. And the men of Israel went out from Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and slew many of them.

So the Philistines were subdued; and for a long time they came no more into the land of Israel.

And the cities which they had taken from the children of Israel were restored to them; and all the land was delivered out of the hand of the Philistines.

Then Samuel ruled in peace over all Israel as chief judge. And every year he went to Bethel, and Gilgal, and Mizpeh, that he might judge the children of Israel in those parts of the land; but his own home was at Ramah, and there also he judged Israel. All those who had committed great sins against the Lord were brought before Samuel to be judged by him. And when the judges who were in every city could not decide in a dispute, because it was too hard for them; or, if the people thought that they had judged wrongly, they came before Samuel, and he did justice, and judged according to the law of the Lord.

Lesson 16.

THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

Our Lord, after He had risen from the dead, had said unto His disciples, "Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high."

The promise was, that when He should go away, He would send unto them the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father should send in His name.

In obedience to this command the apostles abode in Jerusalem. Ten days after the Ascension, upon the day of Pentecost, all the disciples at Jerusalem were gathered together in one place. Suddenly there came from heaven a sound as of a mighty rushing wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting, and cloven tongues as of fire appeared to alight upon the heads of each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak in various languages, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

The Feast of Pentecost, or the Feast of Weeks, was one of the three Great Festivals of the Jews;

and on this account many Jews from different countries were then at Jerusalem. Upon the report of what had happened a multitude came together; devout men, from all the nations of the known world. When every man heard the disciples speak in his own language, they were all amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, "Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans?" (that is, men of Galilee, from which country most of the early disciples came), "and how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?... And they were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this?"

But Peter standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and told them that this was that which was spoken by the prophet Joel. "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy."

Then Peter explained unto them how Jesus of Nazareth had been proved to be the Son of God by miracles and signs; how He had been taken, crucified, and slain by wicked hands—but had risen from the dead, according to the prophecy of David, who spake beforehand of the Resurrection of Christ, when he said, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption;" and of His Ascension, when he said, "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool." "Therefore," concluded St. Peter, "let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ. Now, when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart,

and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation. Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls."

Lesson 17.

THE HEALING OF THE LAME MAN.

We are told by St. Mark that at one of the appearances of our Lord, after His Resurrection, to the eleven as they sat at meat, He said, "These signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Those upon whom the Holy Spirit came on the day of Pentecost, spoke, as we have seen, with new tongues. It was not long before another sign was given, in their power to heal the sick.

Peter and John were going up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, when a certain man, lame from his birth, was being carried in. Every day, at the times of prayer, the lame man was thus brought and laid at the gate of the temple called Beautiful, that he might ask alms of those who came up to pray. The lame man, seeing Peter and John go up into the temple, asked an alms. "And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, Look on us. And he gave heed unto them, expecting to

receive something of them. Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk. And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ancle-bones received strength. And he leaping up stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God. And all the people saw him walking and praising God: And they knew that it was he which sat for alms at the Beautiful gate of the temple: and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened unto him. And as the lame man which was healed held Peter and John, all the people ran together unto them in the porch which is called Solomon's, greatly wondering."

The porch of Solomon was a part of the temple built by Solomon, which had remained standing when the rest was destroyed. Here our Lord Himself used to walk and teach His followers, and in this place the early disciples often assembled.

"And when Peter saw it, he answered unto the people, Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk? The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified his Son Jesus; whom ye delivered up, and denied him in the presence of Pilate, when he was determined to let him go. But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; And killed the Prince of life, whom God hath raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses. And his name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know: yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all. And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers

But those things, which God before had shewed by the mouth of all his prophets, that Christ should suffer, he hath so fulfilled."

Then Peter exhorted them to repent that their sins might be blotted out, telling them that God, having raised up His Son Jesus, sent Him to bless them, in turning away every one of them from their iniquities. And he spoke of the prophecy of Moses, that the Lord would raise up another prophet; and of the promise to Abraham, that in his seed all the families of the earth should be blessed; and of the testimony of all the prophets.

But as they spake unto the people, the Sadducees, who did not believe in a resurrection, with the priests and rulers, came upon them, "Being grieved that they taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead. And they laid hands on them, and put them in hold unto the next day: for it was now eventide. Howbeit many of them which heard the word believed; and the number of the men was about five thousand."

Lesson 18.

PETER AND JOHN BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST.

On the morrow the high priest, the rulers, the elders, and the scribes met together, and when Peter and John were brought before them, they asked, By what power, or by what name, have ye done this? And Peter told them, By the name of Jesus of Nazareth whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, doth this man stand here before you whole. "This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. Now when they saw the

boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus. And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it."

So they called the apostles and charged them to preach no more in the name of Jesus. "But Peter and John answered and said unto them, Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

The rulers then threatened them further, but did not dare to punish them on account of the people, for all men glorified God for that which was done. Peter and John were then released, and they returned to their own company, and told them all that had happened.

"And when they heard that, they lifted up their voice to God with one accord, and said, Lord, thou art God, which hast made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is: Who by the mouth of thy servant David hast said, Why did the heathen rage, and the people imagine vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers were gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ. For of a truth against thy holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed, both Herod, and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together, for to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done. And now, Lord, behold their threatenings: and grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak thy word, by stretching forth thine hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of thy holy child Jesus. And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness."

This miracle gave occasion to Peter to address the Jews, and to show them how prophecy was fulfilled in the person of Jesus. He spoke of the prophets and their predictions to the people. He referred to the 118th Psalm before the rulers; and the believers, in their address to God, applied the 2nd Psalm to our Lord. The Jews had been led to expect the Messiah. So we find that when Andrew first became acquainted with Jesus he came to his brother Peter, and said, We have found the Messias. And Philip, having been called, went to Nathanael and said, We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph—that is, Jesus of Nazareth is the person of whom the prophets wrote. All those who were convinced by Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost, and at the Temple, were Jews; and thus the church of Jerusalem was made up of Jews, who, by a knowledge of the law and the prophets, were brought to acknowledge and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Lesson 19.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

The first believers lived together like one family; they had all things in common. "Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

This was not a rule established by the apostles, but a custom which grew up at Jerusalem. It did not continue long even there, and was not observed in other places. Barnabas, one of the first who joined the apostles, sold his land, and gave it into the common stock.

But there were two persons, Ananias, and his wife

Sapphira, who wished to have the credit of giving up their goods without really doing so. This Ananias sold a possession, "and kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles' feet."

But the Holy Spirit discovered to Peter this wicked fraud. So when Ananias brought the money, and gave it to him, pretending that it was the whole price of his land, Peter said, "Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God. Ananias, hearing these words, fell down, and gave up the ghost: and great fear came on all them that heard these things. And the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out, and buried him. And it was about the space of three hours after, when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in. And Peter answered unto her, Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much? And she said, Yea, for so much. Then Peter said unto her, How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out. Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost: and the young men came in, and found her dead, and, carrying her forth, buried her by her husband. And great fear came upon all the church, and upon as many as heard these things. And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people; (and they were all with one accord in Solomon's porch. And of the rest durst no man join himself to them: but the people magnified them. And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women)."

The fearful and miraculous punishment of Ananias and Sapphira was intended, in the first place, to prevent persons joining the church from unworthy motives. They committed a deliberate act of fraud, and endeavoured to support it by wilful lies. Their example should warn us against all acts of dishonesty, and teach us the solemn duty of keeping strictly to truth. "The devil is a liar, and the father of it." "The lip of truth shall be established for ever, but a lying tongue is but for a moment." "Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight."

Lesson 20.

STEPHEN THE FIRST MARTYR.

It was not long before the disciples were called upon to suffer for the name of Christ. Peter and John were imprisoned after the healing of the lame man. When more people joined them, the high priest and elders seized the apostles and put them in prison. But the angel of the Lord opened the prison doors by night, and charged them to go again, and publicly preach in the temple. They were again brought before the council, and having been scourged were expressly charged to teach no more in this name. But Peter, in the name of the rest boldly declared that they would obey God rather than man.

"And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name. And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ."

The first person who was called upon to suffer death was Stephen. Stephen was not an apostle, but one of the Seven appointed to attend to the daily administration of food to the poor widows belonging to

the church. He was filled with the grace of the Holy Spirit, and endued with power to work miracles before the people.

Then there arose certain Jews from Cilicia, Asia, and other places, disputing with Stephen. "And they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake. Then they suborned men, which said, We have heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses, and against God. And they stirred up the people, and the elders and the scribes, and came upon him, and caught him, and brought him to the council, and set up false witnesses, which said, This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law: for we have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us."

Stephen had probably taught his hearers that the manners of the Jewish nation would be changed by the gospel, and that the Temple itself would fall. But he had, no doubt, shown that this was no dishonour either to Moses or to the Jews, because Moses and the prophets had foretold it, and all nations were to be joined together in worshipping the One true God. The false witnesses did not absolutely invent the words which they charged Stephen with using, but they perverted them, and made them seem to bear a different meaning to that which Stephen had expressed.

But Stephen's face was lighted up with more than human brightness. "And all that sat in the council, looking stedfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." And even his judges were so far confounded by this appearance, that they allowed Stephen to speak in his own defence without interruption.

In his reply, Stephen, wishing to show the truth as to Moses and the Temple, went through the early history

of the Israelites. God had called Abraham, promising to give the land of Canaan to him and to his seed after him. The people having been led into Egypt, Moses had been appointed to bring them out of bondage to the land of Promise. But this Moses had himself spoken of a greater Deliverer. "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me (that is, as He raised me) him shall ye hear." Then after many years the Lord had permitted Solomon to build Him a house. "Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands; as saith the prophet, Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool: what house will ye build me? saith the Lord: or what is the place of my rest? Hath not my hand made all these things?"

Stephen would thus have drawn their minds to the Great Prophet, the Redeemer Jesus Christ, and brought them to understand that the time was come of which Jesus Himself had said, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him."

But remembering all the idolatries and rebellion of the children of Israel, from the time of Solomon, he was prompted by the Spirit to rebuke them in the following terms:—

"Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which shewed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers: who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it." When it is said that the Jews received the law by the disposition of angels, it is meant that God employed angels as His ministers in delivering the law from Sinai.

When the Jews heard the words of Stephen, "they

were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep."

Thus was the holy Stephen made like unto Christ by suffering. False witnesses rose against him, as they had risen against his Master. When he was reviled, he reviled not again—when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously—and with his last breath repeated almost in the same words, the prayer uttered by our Saviour upon the Cross: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

"But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die: and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in peace. For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality." Wisd. iii. 1—4.

Lesson 21.

THE CONVERSION OF SAUL.

Saul was a native of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia. He was born of Jewish parents, and was brought up in Jerusalem as a scholar of Gamaliel, a famous teacher

of the sect of the Pharisees. Saul adopted the opinions which he learnt from Gamaliel with great earnestness, and observed very strictly all the precepts of the Law. He soon became a zealous opponent of the new religion. He was present at the stoning of Stephen, and openly consented to his death. He afterwards describes himself as "of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless."

In the persecution which followed Stephen's martyrdom, Saul showed himself very active and violent; "he made havock of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women committed them to prison."

But Saul was not content with the cruelties he had committed at Jerusalem; but "yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem."

And it came to pass when he journeyed and came near to Damascus about noon, suddenly a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shone abou' Saul and them which journeyed with him. They al saw the light, and fell to the earth confounded ar afraid. But while his companions saw no man and only heard a sound, without distinguishing an words, Saul alone saw the Lord Jesus, and heard the following words spoken in the Hebrew tongue, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

"To kick against the pricks" is "to resist the power of a master," like a horse which kicks to resist the spur.

Then Saul said, Who art thou, Lord? And He said,

I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest. "But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me."

"To receive inheritance among those which are sanctified by faith" means "to become a member of that body of believers who are made holy by faith in Jesus Christ."

"And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened, he saw no man: but they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus. And he was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink. And there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias; and to him said the Lord in a vision, Ananias! And he said, Behold, I am here, Lord. And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth, and hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight. Then Ananias answered, Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem: and here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call on thy name. But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel: for I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my Name's sake. And Ananias went his way, and entered into the house, and putting his hands on him, said, Brother Saul, the

Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales: and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized. And when he had received meat, he was strengthened."

Saul obtained mercy because he sinned ignorantly, and really thought that he ought to do many things against the name of Jesus. But when he became a believer, he repented truly of his past sins, and acknowledged that he had been a blasphemer and wrong-doer, and thought himself the least of the apostles, not worthy to be called an apostle, because he had persecuted the Church of God.

But God saw that Saul was fitted to become a chosen instrument for turning men unto the Lord. And He vouchsafed to call him by a special miracle. The light of the Gospel shines upon us all, and is far brighter than the noonday sun. And although we do not see the Son of God with our eyes, or hear His voice with our ears, He still speaks to us in many ways. The Bible contains the very words which He spoke when He was upon earth, and the Holy Spirit warns us, by a voice within, what we ought to do, and what to avoid. We still receive many calls, drawing us to Christ; and every one who has been brought to believe in Christ, and to endeavour to obey Him, must be ready to confess with the Apostle, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

Lesson 22.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF SAUL AFTER HIS CONVERSION.

After his baptism Saul remained at Damascus for a short time. A few days were spent in quiet, during which he became known to the brethren who dwelt

in that city. These few days passed, he proved his sincerity by boldly coming forward and preaching Christ to the Jews, who had expected him to join in persecuting those who were of that way. "Straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God."

How great must have been the surprise of those who heard him! "But all that heard him were amazed, and said, Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this name in Jerusalem, and came hither for that intent, that he might bring them bound unto the chief priests?"

Having thus proclaimed his conversion, Saul was called away into Arabia, where he remained the greater part of three years. During this time of retirement, the Lord was pleased to instruct him by special revelation, preparing him in this way to preach the Gospel to the heathen. He now returned to Damascus, confirmed and strengthened in knowledge, and confounded the Jews, proving that Jesus was the Messiah. The Jews, as might have been expected, were exceedingly angry at this new preacher; and after he had remained sufficient time to make himself generally known, they took counsel to kill him. "But their laying await was known of Saul. And they watched the gates day and night to kill him. Then the disciples took him by night, and let him down by the wall in a basket."

Three whole years had elapsed since Saul had quitted Jerusalem, breathing threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord. He now for the first time since that day revisited the city. He came back a believer in Him whom he had persecuted, ready to suffer, and having already suffered for His sake. Instead of seeking the high priest and the Pharisees, who had before been his associates, he proceeded to the humble dwellings of the once-despised followers of Jesus of Nazareth. He endeavoured to join himself to the disciples. But they, remembering

the errand on which he had gone forth, were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple. One man, however, received him. This was Barnabas, his future companion in many dangers. Barnabas, having learnt all that had happened to Saul, took him and brought him to Peter and James, who were the only apostles then at Jerusalem, "and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that He had spoken to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus. And he was with them coming in and going out at Jerusalem."

Saul boldly proceeded as he had begun at Damascus. "And he spake boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus, and disputed against the Grecians: but they went about to slay him. Which when the brethren knew, they brought him down to Cæsarea, and sent him forth to Tarsus."

Cæsarea was a city on the sea-coast in the north of Judæa, where the Roman governor resided. It is probable that Saul embarked at Cæsarea, and went by sea to Seleucia, and thence to Antioch in Syria, and travelled by land through Syria to Cilicia, continuing to preach the Gospel, wherever he came. It is of this period of his life that he says, when writing to the Galatians, "Afterwards I came into the regions of Syria and Cilicia; and was unknown by face unto the churches of Judæa which were in Christ: but they had heard only, That he which persecuted us in times past now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed. And they glorified God in me."

And he probably at this time founded the churches in Syria and Cilicia, which he afterwards visited in company with Silas, going through Syria and Cilicia confirming the churches.

Saul now abode for some time at his native city of Tarsus.

Lesson 23.

THE REST OF THE CHURCH.

Seven years had passed since the Ascension of our Lord. Great events had happened during this interval. Multitudes both of men and women had joined themselves to the Church. The number of disciples in Jerusalem had multiplied greatly, and even a great company of the priests were now obedient to the faith. This wonderful success had taken place in spite of the opposition of the rulers of the Jews. The apostles had been imprisoned and scourged, and the holy Stephen had been barbarously put to death. This act of cruelty had been followed by a general persecution of the Christians, and many were forced to leave the city and wander in various parts of the earth. Those who were thus scattered went everywhere preaching the word. One of these, Philip, who had been appointed, together with Stephen, to minister to the widows of the Church, went down to Samaria and preached Christ unto them. "Now when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John: who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost: (for as yet he was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.) Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."

The conversion of Saul, which took place at the close of these seven years, was followed by an interval of rest. "Then had the churches rest throughout all Judæa and Galilee and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied."

The apostles were no less active in the time of

peace than they had been in the midst of dangers. The word of the Lord having been spread throughout Palestine, Peter proceeded to make a journey to different parts of that country, for the purpose of visiting and instructing the disciples. In the course of this journey he came to Lydda, a large village in the north of Judæa, not far from Joppa. "And there he found a certain man named Æneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy. And Peter said unto him, Æneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately. And all that dwelt at Lydda and Saron saw him, and turned to the Lord."

Saron was a great plain, extending along the coast of the Mediterranean from Joppa to Cæsarea. While Peter was at Lydda a certain disciple named Tabitha, or Dorcas, died at Joppa. She was a very good woman, and had been very active in acts of mercy to the poor. "Then as Lydda was near to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them. Then Peter arose and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber; and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them. But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed; and turning him to the body, said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes: and when she saw Peter, she sat up. And he gave her his hand, and lifted her up; and when he had called the saints and widows, he presented her alive. And it was known throughout all Joppa; and many believed in the Lord. And it came to pass, that he tarried many days in Joppa with one Simon a tanner."

PART II.

MISCELLANEOUS LESSONS.

Lesson 1.

ANIMALS.

Cir-cum-stance	dis-tin-guish	par-tic-u-lar
crea-ture	e-spe-cial-ly	pro-nounce
dif-fer-ence	gi-raffe	spe-ci-men
dis-cov-er-y	mas-ti-cate	tol-er-a-ble

Every living creature is an animal. Birds, and beasts, and fishes—insects, and creeping things—are animals; and we ourselves are animals too. But we are also something much more and better than animals, for God has put within us a soul which will live for ever, and which cannot die like our bodies. That is the great difference between man and all other living creatures; he has a soul, and they have none.

Animals are, first of all, divided into two sorts: those which have a backbone, and those which have not. You know you have a strong bone, reaching down the middle of your back; it is that which makes you sit and stand firm and straight. And I dare say you know that the cat, and the dog, and horses, and cows, have a backbone; it reaches from the head to the tail. Perhaps, too, you may have seen the bone which reaches all through the middle of a herring or a sole. Most fishes which are not covered with a shell have a backbone, and all birds and beasts have one; so have frogs and snakes. But an oyster has no backbone; a snail has none; and spiders and flies have none.

Animals which have four feet are called quad-

rupeds; but the feet of some kinds of four-footed beasts are very different from those of others. You know that a cat has claws on her feet; so has a dog, and those fierce creatures, lions, and tigers, and bears, have claws. But horses, and cows, and sheep, and pigs, have no claws; their feet are covered with a hard, horny case, which we call a hoof. Some creatures have fingers and a thumb upon all their feet instead of toes, and are for this reason called four-handed. Monkeys have such feet, so they can either walk upon their four feet, or lay hold of things with them.

Different animals live in different parts of the world, and are supported by different kinds of food. The wise and merciful Father who created all things has given to each animal a body and members exactly fitted for the place it occupies upon the earth. The long upright neck of the tall giraffe enables it to browse upon the tender leaves of forest trees, while the low bending neck of the cow and sheep fit them to crop the grass and herbs of the plain. Every part of every animal is adapted with equal wisdom to the circumstances in which it is placed. Some persons who have carefully studied these things, when a bone or part of a bone is placed in their hands, can tell to what kind of animal it belongs. From the end of a shank, for instance, they know the size and shape of the leg-bones and the muscles by which they are moved. Then they conclude that an animal with such a leg must have been a grazing animal, and by this can tell the form of its neck. It must also have had a particular kind of teeth to masticate such food, and a particular kind of stomach to digest it. Hence they learn the nature of the brain and of the skull; and can determine with a tolerable degree of certainty the shape of its body, and even form some notion of the hide which covers it.

Professor Owen, a very distinguished man of the present day, has discovered the shape and habits of more than one animal from a small part of one of its bones. He has done this in one case by means of a few neck-bones, in another by a small portion of the skull. But the most curious of his discoveries was made by means of a piece of bone, not more than six inches long, broken at both ends, which was offered for sale by a person, stating it to have come from New Zealand. This Mr. Owen at once pronounced to be a thigh-bone belonging to some bird, and inferred that it was of the ostrich kind, but of a heavier and more sluggish nature than the common ostrich. He also drew on paper a sketch of the whole bone of which he had this small part. Persons were directed to search throughout New Zealand if they could find any such bird. At last a large box of specimens was sent over, and among these was the skeleton of the animal they had been seeking for. As bone after bone was taken out, each proved such as Professor Owen had described them. The thigh-bone in particular was laid upon the drawing which he had made from the fragment, and was found to fit it exactly. Living birds of this kind have since been discovered. They differ much from all birds hitherto known especially in having no wings. The name given to the tribe is Apteryx, or the Wingless Bird.

Lesson 2.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

All ye works of God the Lord,
Praise and bless His holy Name;
Praise Him ye who at His word
Forth from out of nothing came.

Praise Him in the height above,
Praise Him in the depth below;
Sun and moon proclaim His love,
Stars of heaven His goodness show.

Light and darkness, wind and storm,
Fire and vapour, frost and thaw;
Clouds and lightnings, that perform
Your Almighty Maker's law.

Praise Him earth, with dew and shower,
Rocks and mountains, land and sea;
Hill and valley, fruit and flower,
Grass and herb, and shrub and tree.

Whales that in the waters move,
Worms that creep and birds that fly;
Beasts that through the forest rove,
Praise and bless the Lord on high.

O, ye men, whom God has given
Lips and tongue, His Name to sing,
Praise and bless the God of heaven,
Praise and bless the Lord your King.

LESSON 3.

THE ELEPHANT.

Af-fec-tion-ate	dis-charg-ed	pro-spect
A-fri-ca	do-cile	re-pre-sent
as-sis-tance	el-e-phant	sin-gu-lar
cin-na-mon	en-clo-sure	ter-ri-ble
de-ceiv-ed	ex-treme-ly	tra-vel-led

THE elephant is the largest of our land animals; he is often ten or twelve feet high, sometimes more, but it is many years before he attains his full growth. His skin is of a very dark grey colour, and extremely thick; his legs are large and solid like pillars, fit to support such a huge heavy body, and the hoof of the foot is divided into four parts. The elephant's ears are very large; but the most singular feature is the

long hollow trunk which is placed above his mouth instead of a nose, and which he can turn about as he pleases. This is the most useful member of his body: he can take up anything with it, large or small; it is strong enough to break down branches, and to pluck up young trees by the roots: and at the same time it is both a pump and a drinking vessel, for when the elephant wishes to drink, he first sucks up water with it till the trunk is full, and then bends it to his mouth and pours the water in. When the elephant is angry, and in a wild state, his strength makes him terrible; but when he is tame no animal can be more docile and affectionate, and none is so wise. In old times, the princes of the East used to employ elephants in war; towers were placed upon their backs full of men, who discharged their arrows at the enemy. Now, they are often used to ride upon. An Englishman who travelled a great deal in India, says, "I performed many long journeys upon an elephant; and if ever I wished to enjoy a prospect or to sketch, the docile creature would stand perfectly still till my drawing was finished: if I wished for ripe mango-fruit which was growing out of my reach, the elephant would select the most fruitful branch, break it off, and offer it with his trunk; and whenever I gave him some of the fruit for himself, he used to thank me by raising his trunk three times over his head, making a gentle murmuring noise as he did so. When branches of trees came in my way, he broke them off at once, twisting his trunk round them, but he often broke off a leafy bough for himself, and used it as a fan to keep off the flies, waving it to and fro with his trunk. When I was at breakfast in the morning, he always came to the tent door to be cheered by my praise and caresses, and to receive fruit and sugar-candy."

The elephant is by no means indifferent to an

affront, though he punishes it in a gentle manner. Some years ago, an elephant was being conducted through the streets of London: a man came behind him and pulled his tail; the elephant suddenly turned round, grasped him in his trunk, and placed him against the iron rails of a house, and there he held him prisoner for some time before he would let him go. A painter wished to take a likeness of another elephant in a very uncommon attitude. He was to be represented with his trunk raised in the air, and his mouth open; and in order to entice the elephant to stand in this posture, the painter directed his boy to throw fruit into his mouth. The boy, however, deceived the elephant so often, by only pretending to throw, that at last he lost patience; but he seemed quite to understand that the picture was the occasion of his being so teased, and instead of punishing the boy, he took up a quantity of water in his trunk and threw it all over the drawing which the painter had begun.

Wild elephants are very numerous in South Africa, and we receive from that country very large elephants' tusks, which are valuable for their ivory. But the finest race of elephants is in Ceylon, that island where the cinnamon-trees grow, to the south of India. It is a favourite sport in Ceylon to hunt the wild elephants, that they may be caught and tamed, but this could not be done without the assistance of the tame elephants. The hunters fence in a piece of ground in the midst of the forest, and then they surround the wild elephants and drive them gradually forward to the enclosure. They are full of rage at first, casting the earth up into the air, and breaking down the trees; but when their fury has spent itself, and they are weary, the hunters go in with their tame elephants. They fasten one end of a strong rope round the neck of a tame one, and make a noose at

the other end, which they contrive to slip over the hind leg of one of the wild elephants. It is in vain that he struggles to get free, the tame one pulls with all his might at the other end of the rope, till the prisoner is brought close to a tree, and the men have tied his legs firmly to it. Sometimes the poor animal moans sadly, and even weeps, when he finds himself thus bound. He is afterwards put into a stall, with a tame elephant on each side of him, and when he is brought out, once a day, to the water that he may wash himself, his two tame friends keep so close to him, that he cannot turn round, much less run away. At the end of three months he is generally quite subdued, and ready to learn whatever his masters wish to teach him.

LESSON 4.

THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK.—PART I.

Black-ber-ry	ex-pres-sion	naught-y
cler-gy-man	fa-vour-ite	op-po-site
com-pan-ion	fright-en-ed	search-ing
de-for-mi-ty	hunch-back	shame-ful-ly

ONCE upon a time, in a pretty village, there lived a little girl whose name was Ellen. She was six years old, and was a good child, and a favourite with everybody. One day, little Ellen was standing at the door of her father's cottage, watching her brothers and some other boys who had just come out from school, and were playing at marbles opposite. Whilst they were in the height of their fun, there came down the street a little girl whom Ellen had never seen before. She was a hunchback; that is to say, she had a large hump between her shoulders. Her face was very thin and pale, but her eyes were large and bright, and had a strange, mournful expression. She was very lame, too, and walked with a crutch. Now when the boys

saw her coming, they set up a cry of "Little Humpy!" "Here comes Little Humpy!" and they left their play and followed her down the street, teasing her by imitating her movements, and putting up their shoulders to look as if they were humpbacked. Little Ellen thought this was good fun, and ran on with the boys, laughing as loud as any of them at the strange figure of the little girl. The poor child looked frightened, and tears stood in her eyes; she said nothing, but hurried on as fast as her lameness would allow her. Just as she came to the corner of the next street, she met the good clergyman of the village, coming down it. When he saw what was going on, he stood a moment, and he looked very angry. "For shame," he said at last, "you naughty, cruel boys; is it not enough that this poor child has to suffer from the pain and deformity with which it has pleased God to afflict her, but that you should so shamefully ill-treat her? you ought rather to try with pity and kindness to make her forget her affliction, and to do all in your power to assist her. If any of you were like her (and you have to thank God's mercy and goodness that you are not), none would be more ready to show you kindness than this poor child." When the clergyman stopped, his eye rested for a moment on Ellen, and though he did not speak to her, he looked shocked and sorry to see her there, and she cast down her eyes and felt very much ashamed. Then he took Susan's hand (for that was the name of the little hunchback), and said, "Come with me, my dear child; no one will tease you when I am with you." The tears were running down her cheek, now, but she looked up fondly into his face, for he was always kind to her, and so they walked off together.

Not many days afterwards, little Ellen went out with some other children into a wood to gather blackberries. Ellen strayed a little farther into the wood

than her companions, and when she turned round to look for them, they were nowhere to be found. She called out, but there was no answer. She wandered about a long time, searching for them, but could not see them, and at last she had got so far into the wood that she could not find her way out of it again. Her frock was torn by the brambles, and her arms and legs scratched. Then she sat down to cry; but that did not help the matter. Getting up again, she walked on, and at last found herself on the borders of the wood, by a long dusty road. She was a long way from home, and could not tell which way to turn, for she had never been here before. She would have begun to cry again, but just then she saw a cottage a little further down the road, where she thought she might find some one who would tell her her way to the village. It was a cottage made of mud, dried and hardened by the sun, such as one often sees in the country, and was thatched with straw. It was very simple and poor, but looked perfectly neat. There was a little garden before it, which was kept in very nice order. As Ellen came nearer, she saw a little girl at work before the open door, but she felt rather frightened and inclined to run away, when she saw that it was Susan the hunchback, for she remembered how ill she had behaved to her. Susan, however, who saw her crying (for her tears had now begun to flow again), left her work, and came to meet her. "What is the matter, little girl?" said she. Ellen did not answer, and turned to run away, but Susan took her hand, and said again, "What is the matter; why are you crying?" Ellen looked up into her face, and when she saw how sweet a smile she had, and what a mild gentle look there was in her eyes, she no longer felt afraid of her; so she said, "I have lost my way;" and then she told Susan how she had been lost in the wood, and she showed her the

scratches on her arms and her torn frock, for which she said she feared her mother would scold her. "Well," Susan said, "you must not cry any more, and I will take you home, but first you must come in and rest a bit, for you are, I am sure, very tired." So they went into the cottage together.

LESSON 5.

MORNING.

AWAKE, little girl, it is time to arise!
Come, shake drowsy sleep from your eye;
The lark is loud warbling his notes in the skies,
And the sun is far mounted on high.

Oh! come, for the fields with gay flowers o'erflow,
The bright dew-drop is glist'ning still;
The lowing herds graze in the pastures below
And the sheep-bell is heard from the hill.

Oh! come, for the bee has flown out of his bed
To begin his day's labour anew;
The spider is weaving her delicate thread,
Which brilliantly glitters with dew.

Oh! come, for the ant has crept out of her cell,
Her daily employment to seek;
She knows the true value of moments too well
To waste them in indolent sleep.

Awake, little sleeper! and do not despise
Of insects instruction to ask;
From your pillow with good resolutions arise,
And cheerfully go to your task.

MISS J. TAYLOR.

Lesson 6.

THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK.—Part II.

Af-flic-tion	heal-ing-salve	op-por-tu-ni-ty
en-e-mies	in-ter-rupt-ed	ques-tion
en-trance	mis-for-tune	se-pa-rate

In the cottage they found an old woman with a snow-white cap on her head, who, Susan said, was her mother. "Mother," said she, "this little girl has lost her way, and I am going to take her home; but as she is very tired, she will rest a little first." "I dare say she is hungry too," said Susan's mother; so she brought out some bread, which was all the food they had in the house, and gave Ellen a good slice of it. When she had eaten it, Susan sat down to mend the torn frock, which she did very neatly, and then she washed the scratches on her arms, and put some healing-salve on them. As soon as Ellen was rested, they set out together, for Susan was afraid that her mother would be looking for her, and they had a long way to go. For some time neither of them spoke, till at last Ellen said: "Susan, why have you a hump on your back?" Now, had Ellen been a little older, she would have known that she ought not to have asked that question, because it would give pain to Susan; but she was a very little girl, and knew no better. Susan coloured, and did not at first answer; but soon she said, with her usual sweet voice: "I will tell you, dear Ellen. When I was a little girl, I was as straight as you are, but when about your age, I fell down a flight of stone steps, and the bone of my back was much hurt, and then this large hump grew between my shoulders. I was lamed, too, on one side, so that I have never since been able to walk without a crutch. I suffered dreadful pain at the time, and poor mother thought that I should die; even now, though it is four years since, I have great pain sometimes." Ellen looked

up with wonder and pity, whilst tears filled her eyes. Susan went on. "It is very hard to bear sometimes, and I used to wonder why God should have punished me in this way, for I was too young to have committed any great sin; but now He has taught me not to complain, and that He does all things for our good. If this affliction had not fallen upon me, perhaps I should not have learned to seek God as I have done. I have some kind friends: my dear mother, I think, loves me the more for my misfortune, and does all she can to save me trouble and give me pleasure; but it distresses me that I can do so little to help her, for I have not strength for hard work. I have been taught to work little babies' caps and collars, and these the clergyman's wife sells for me. She is, indeed, one of my kindest friends, and so is her husband. They come often all this long way to see me and my mother, and the clergyman reads to us, and tells us of the love of Jesus; and it is such a comfort to me to hear of Him, for I know that He is a friend that will always love me, and that does not despise me, as many here do, because I am ugly; and I know that if I love and serve Him, I shall hereafter throw off this deformed body, and become an angel of light as beautiful as any." She remained silent for a few minutes, and then said: "When the boys followed me, and laughed at me in the village the other day"—Little Ellen suddenly interrupted her: "Oh! dear Susan, I was one of those that laughed at you, but I am so sorry." "Never do so again, dear Ellen," said Susan, "it is wrong and cruel; you did not, I am sure, wish to give me pain, and yet you did give me great pain; but I tried to think of Jesus, and when I thought of Him looking down upon me with love, I did not care so much for the boys teasing me; and yet I was very glad when the clergyman came up and stopped them. Then he took me to walk with him, and talked to me so kindly. He said it was a hard trial for me to bear,

and that I should have many such trials to bear in the world, but that I must pray to God to give me strength to take them patiently. And then he began to talk to me of our Saviour, and of all that He had suffered for our sakes, and how meek and patient He had been; and he told me that if I would try to act as He had done, I should show myself worthy of His love. He told me, too, how Jesus forgave His enemies, and how on His cross He had prayed for those who had so cruelly used Him, and that if I wished to be like Him, I must not feel angry with these children, but that, I should, if I ever had the opportunity, return them good for evil, and if I would do so, they would soon give up teasing me, and learn to love me. And so, dear Ellen, I am glad to have been able to do you some little good, to show you that I bear you and the others no malice for laughing at me."

They had come now to the entrance of the village, and Ellen's home was not far distant; so Susan said: "I will leave you now to find your way home alone, for mother will be anxious for me to get back again." Ellen threw her arms round Susan's neck and kissed her; "I thank you, dear Susan, for bringing me home; I will never laugh at you again, and I will try to prevent others from doing so too." "Do so, dear Ellen," Susan replied, "and you will be a good child." So they separated, and Ellen went home to her mother, who was getting much frightened, because she thought she had lost her; and Ellen told them all that had happened to her, and how kind Susan the hunchback had been to her; and her brothers who were there, listened, and felt very much ashamed of their conduct in teasing her. They promised Ellen, whom they were very fond of, that they would not do so again. And Susan, by acts of kindness, soon made all the children of the village love her, and when she came there, they would all flock round, not to tease her, but to help her.

Lesson 7.

EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course he has run,
Though he rôse in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.
Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array. WATTS.

Lesson 8.

THE LION.

Com-fort-a-bly	In-di-a	tre-men-dous
crutch-es	man-a-ged	scorch-ed
fi-er-y	qui-et-ly	up-right
gen-e-ral-ly	rest-ing-place	won-der-ful-ly

THE lion is an animal of the same kind as the tiger, and he is a very grand-looking creature, though he has not a beautifully-striped and glossy skin like the tiger. His roaring is like the sound of distant thunder, and when he is angry, he lays his head to the ground, and growls so terribly, that the animals which hear it are often too much frightened to run away from him. He has large fiery eyes, and a long shaggy mane, which he can make stand upright if he pleases, though it generally falls over his neck. His body is about eight feet long, and covered with short

hair of a brown-yellow colour, and he is between four and five feet high. Lions are found in India, and in Africa, but the largest and strongest are the African lions. People who travel over the hot sandy plains, which are found in the south of Africa, often hear at night the lions roaring after their prey; for those plains abound in deer, and other wild animals which the lions eat. Here and there is seen a stream of water pouring down from the side of a rock, and a few trees and bushes growing about it, and sometimes the lion goes there in the daytime, to seize the deer when they come to drink. Sometimes he springs upon men and women, and carries them off, but not always.

One day, a man had been out with his gun, trying to shoot deer; he was very hot, and tired, and thirsty, and when he saw a small spring of water before him he gladly went up to it to drink. Near the spring there was a sloping rock, where he thought he should find a resting-place, for everything around looked safe and quiet. So he sat down, and soon fell asleep. But the middle of the day drew on, and the sun rising higher and higher made the air so hot, that the man could not rest comfortably, and he awoke. And what do you think he saw before him? A large lion, crouched upon the ground so near to him that it almost touched his feet, and its fiery eyes glared terribly in his face. He was too much frightened to move or to cry out, and there was no man near to hear or help him. But God was there, and the poor man prayed to Him in his heart, that He would save him from the fierce beast. Then he looked at his gun, which he had laid down upon the ground before he fell asleep, and began to move his hand slowly towards it, but the lion raised its head and gave a tremendous roar, so the man was quite still: this lasted all day; the lion did not stir from the spot, and if ever the poor man tried to move, the

lion roared terribly. The rock on which the man's feet were resting became so very hot with the burning sun, that he felt as if they were being roasted before the fire: I do not know which was the worst, the scorching pain, or the fear he was in of the lion. At last the sun went down, and night came on, and the man hoped the lion would move, but he did not, and his large round eyes glared like fiery coals in the darkness. The sun rose again, and the morning passed away, without either the man or the lion stirring from the place; but at noon-day the lion rose and walked to the water, looking behind as it went lest the man should move, and when it saw him stretch out his hand to take his gun, it turned in a rage, and was going to spring upon him. But God saved him still, and the lion came quietly back, and crouched down as before. And all that day, and the next night, the lion never went away, and if ever the poor man, tired, and faint, with hunger and thirst and watching, closed his eyes for a few moments in sleep, he awoke again to find the lion before him. At last, in the middle of the third day, the lion went again to the water, and there he stopped for a minute, and seemed to listen to some noise a long way off, then turned and went away to some bushes, and the man saw him no more. And now, at last, he stretched out his hand, and laid hold of his gun, then he tried to get up, but he dropped down again, for his feet had been so badly scorched that he could not walk upon them. But he managed to raise himself upon his hands and knees, and to crawl a little way, till he met a man who was kind to him, and took him to a place of safety. There he could rest, and thank God, who had saved him so wonderfully from the paw of the lion, but he was never able to walk again without crutches.

Lesson 9.

THE BRITISH ISLES.

An-cient	Eu-rope	Lan-ca-shire
Bir-ming-ham	ex-cel-lent	Liv-er-pool
Brit-ain	Glas-gow	man-u-fac-tu-red
E-din-burgh	Ire-land	West-more-land

You know that you must look on the western side of Europe to find the British Isles; they are Great Britain and Ireland, and several little islands which lie near these larger ones. Great Britain is divided into Scotland, on the north; England, on the south; and Wales, on the west of England. In Scotland and in Wales the land rises up into high hills and mountains, much more than it does in England: the north and the west of Scotland are full of mountains, and of open waste lands, called moors. There are not many towns or villages there, for people generally choose to live where they can find food most easily, and corn will not grow upon the moors and the mountains, so, in the north of Scotland most of the people live near the sea, where they can catch plenty of fish; and sometimes, as many as three and four, and even six hundred boats full of fishermen sail out together to the fishing-place. Some of the mountains have trees growing a long way up their sides; others are quite bare and stony, with sharp rough rocks jutting out from them; and many are covered with grass and with the purple heather-flower. There is a great deal of water amongst the mountains, both in lakes spread out wide with the hills rising up round about them, and in rivers which fall from rock to rock, foaming and making a loud noise. The south and east of Scotland are much less mountainous, and the hills there are generally covered with pasture and flocks of sheep. Edinburgh, the chief city, is on the east, near the sea;

it is a beautiful city, built upon three hills, the highest hill in the middle. Edinburgh is divided into the old town and the new. In the old town the streets are narrow, and the houses ancient and very high; some of them have ten or twelve stories: in the new town the streets and squares are wide, and the houses are built of fine white stone. A long way to the west of Edinburgh you will find Glasgow, on the banks of the river Clyde. Glasgow is the chief place of trade; it has many cotton-mills and iron-works, for much coal and iron are found in that part of Scotland.

Our English mountains and lakes are chiefly in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and they are very beautiful; but all along the west side of England the land is hilly; towards the east the hills become lower and lower, and that part of the country which lies near the great bay, called The Wash, is quite flat. You see the course of the river Severn marked upon your map; it flows through one of the most beautiful valleys in England. The southern counties also are very fruitful and pleasant; and in most parts of the country we have more corn, and more meadows and orchards, than our Scottish neighbours. Yet in some places the wealth of the land lies underground more than above. In the north, much coal, iron, and lead, are found in the earth; in the west, a great deal of salt as well as coal and iron; and quite in the south-western corner of the island, in Cornwall, tehre are famous tin and copper mines. Wherever much coal is found, people set up steam-engines, by the help of which many things are manufactured for use and for clothing; and where iron and other metals are dug out of the earth, the country is generally darkened with the smoke of furnaces and forges in which the metals are melted and prepared for use. The largest coal-mines are in the north-east of England, near the

rivers Tyne and Wear; the chief manufacturing towns are in Lancashire and the south of Yorkshire; and the great iron-works are mostly near the towns of Birmingham and Wolverhampton. You must look at the great rivers to find the towns which have the most trade with foreign countries. London on the river Thames, Liverpool on the Mersey, and Bristol on the Avon, are the three largest; and each of these towns is near the place where the river flows out into the sea, so that ships can go and come continually. London, you know, is the chief city of Great Britain; it is the largest, and has the most wealth and trade, and the Queen holds her court there. But it is not so beautiful as Edinburgh, for in London the buildings are spoiled by the smoke, which rests like a cloud over the city.

Wales is more famous for the beautiful prospects which are seen amongst its mountains than for anything else. Not much corn will grow there, but the Welsh ponies, and the small black cattle and sheep find pasture on the mountains; and in South Wales there are very large iron and coal mines.

Ireland is often called the Green Island, because the grass is of so fresh a colour. A very long time ago it was covered with woods, and when these were cut down or burned, the ground on which they had stood became soft and damp, and covered with grass and moss. Such ground as this is called a bog. The Irish pare off the top of their bogs, and it makes excellent fuel for their cottage fires, for it is made up of the old roots and pieces of the trees which used to grow there. The land is very fruitful; but the country does not look so pleasant as England, because the people do not care much to have their gardens and cottages neat and comfortable: indeed, many of the poor live in very wretched huts without window or chimney, and let their pig walk in and out as if he were one of

the family. But there are some very lovely places in Ireland; one of these is Killarney, which is famous for its lakes and their beautiful islands. The chief city is Dublin, on the banks of the Liffey; some parts of Dublin are very fine. Belfast is the town of most trade; it is very pretty, and stands near the sea, a long way north of Dublin. Both Dublin and Belfast are on the east of Ireland.

LESSON 10.

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

A GRASSHOPPER, whose sprightly song
Had lasted all the summer long,
At length, when wint'ry gales assail her,
Perceiv'd her old resources fail her—
No tiny worm, or slender fly,
Can now her ready food supply.
Of neighbour ant, in mournful strain,
She begs a little loan of grain.
The prudent, cautious ant, 'tis said,
Holds borrowing in a sort of dread:
With importunity* grown weary,
She checks it with this single query:†
"Pray, neighbour, how d'ye spend your summer?"
"I charm, an't please ye,‡ every comer;
All through the seasons, every day,
I dance and sing the hours away."
"Oh," cries the ant, and bars the door,
Which safely guards her winter's store—
"I'm glad such sports your means allow,
You'd better practise dancing now!"

* *Importunity.*] Troublesome begging.
† *Query.*] Question.
‡ *An't please ye.*] If it please you.

Lesson 11.

SILK.

Cat-er-pil-lar	Cov-en-try	Man-ches-ter
chrys-a-lis	hand-ker-chief	ma-te-ri-al
co-coon	im-por-tance	pro-test-ant
con-se-quence	in-dus-try	Spit-al-fields

We find sometimes that persons and things, which seem to us of little importance, are really of more use than those which look as if they were of greater consequence. Any one who has seen the small greyish-white silkworm, or the little moth into which it changes, will know that it cannot be compared for beauty with the elegant butterflies which flit about in the sunshine, or even with the striped and spotted caterpillars which prey upon the plants of the garden. But those beautiful butterflies can only please our eye, and the caterpillars, however gaily they may be dressed, do so much mischief, that we are obliged to destroy them; while almost all of us owe some article of daily use to the silkworm, though it may be but a ribbon or a handkerchief; and even the richest robes of kings, and the costly hangings of their palaces, are furnished by the industry of these little creatures. The silkworm moth lays about two hundred eggs. A worm comes forth from them which feeds upon mulberry-leaves for a few weeks, till it has cast its skin four times. Then it leaves off eating, and in nine or ten days begins to spin its silken ball or cocoon. People who rear silkworms generally give them some little bits of heath or broom, or of paper rolled up, to which the worm fastens a thread on every side. But this is only a loose flossy covering for the outside, under which it spins a fine strong silk, and soon covers itself up entirely like a little oval ball; and inside of all it makes a coating of gum and silk. After this, the worm changes to a chrysalis; and if it were now

left alone, the chrysalis would turn into a moth, which would eat its way through the silk, and after living a very little while, and laying the eggs of future silkworms, would die. But as the silk is wanted for our use, most of the cocoons are thrown into hot water, that it may be more easy to wind off the silk from them. The loose floss on the top, and also the innermost part, which is much mixed with gum, are not wound, they are only carded, and go to make some coarser kind of stuff. It is the middle of the ball which is so useful; and when its silken thread is wound off without breaking, it is found to be from six hundred to a thousand feet long—the worm, too, always spins the thread double, so that it is, in fact, twice that length. And yet all the silk of one thousand cocoons does not, in general, weigh half a pound. Think what silkworms without number must be at work, even to supply the silk which is used in England, to say nothing of other countries! When the silk has been wound off upon a reel, it is still too soft for the weaver to use it in his loom: in this state it is called raw silk. It must be spun and twisted before it can be woven. When ready for the loom it is called thrown silk, and the "thrown silk" is woven into silks and satins, velvet, and other beautiful materials for dress or furniture. All silk was brought at first from India and China, and it was then so dear that even the rich and powerful Emperor of Rome refused to give his wife a silk robe; but about twelve hundred years ago, two monks, who had travelled to one of the countries where the worms were found, brought home some eggs in the inside of a cane: these eggs produced plenty of silkworms, and, by degrees, the people of Turkey, Spain, Italy, and other warm countries, began to rear them. You may like to remember that in the country of St. Paul, Cilicia, in the south-west of Asia, many of the people now maintain themselves by

rearing silkworms and selling the silk. A traveller, who visited them, says it was a pleasant sight, the clean cottages standing in the midst of orchards and mulberry-trees, people sitting at their work in the shade, and the men and boys busy plucking leaves for the silkworms. The climate of England is not warm enough for silkworms to thrive in it: we get the raw silk from warmer countries, and it is spun and woven here. But the English did not weave silk so well as the French, until a number of French Protestant weavers, having been cruelly driven out of their own country, settled in England, in the year 1685, and taught the English how to make those beautiful silks which they had been used to buy of the French. The French patterns still exceed ours in beauty. Silk weaving is mostly carried on at Spitalfields in London; at some places in Cheshire and Staffordshire; and at Manchester; but ribbons are made at Coventry.

Lesson 12.

THE TWO COATS.

De-ci-ded	en-deav-our	hap-pen-ed
dis-po-si-tion	ex-a-mine	judg-ment
e-du-ca-ted	ex-change	pun-ish-ed

Cyrus was a little boy of a very good disposition and a humane temper. He had many masters, who endeavoured to teach him everything that was good, and he was educated with several little boys about his own age. One evening, his father asked him what he had done or learned that day. "Sir," said Cyrus, "I was punished to-day for deciding unjustly." "How so?" said his father. *Cyrus.*—"There were two boys, one of whom was a great and the other a little boy. Now, it happened that the little boy had a coat that was much too big for him; but the great

boy had one that scarcely reached below his middle, and was too tight for him in every part. The great boy proposed to the little boy to change coats with him, 'because then,' said he, 'we shall be both exactly fitted; for your coat is as much too big for you, as mine is too little for me.' The little boy would not consent to the proposal; upon which the great boy took his coat away by force, and gave his own to the little boy in exchange. While they were disputing upon this subject, I chanced to pass by, and they agreed to make me judge of the affair. But I decided that the little boy should keep the little coat, and the great boy the great one, for which judgment my master punished me." "Why so?" said Cyrus's father: "was not the little coat most proper for the little boy, and the large coat for the great boy?" "Yes, sir," answered Cyrus; "but my master told me I was not made judge to examine which coat best fitted either of the boys, but to decide whether it was just that the great boy should take away the coat of the little one against his consent; and therefore I decided unjustly, and deserved to be punished."

Lesson 13.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

Around the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The faggot lent its blazing light;
And jokes went round and careless chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear,
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And, thus to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard to implore:

"Cold blows the blast across the moor;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before;
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age;
No road, no path, can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.*

"So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have past!"

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pallid † face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiffening hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

AIKIN.

* *Keen, inclement sky.*] Sharp, rough weather.
† *Pallid.*] Pale.

Lesson 14.

FRANCE.

A-bun-dance	Me-di-ter-ra-ne-an	pre-serves
fast-en-ed	Nor-man-dy	quan-ti-ties
gen-tle-men	per-fume	Sep-tem-ber
grav-el-led	plen-ti-ful	vine-yard

You can see on your map that France forms a large portion of the west of Europe; it is a fine fruitful country, but one part of it is very different from another; the people, too, dress differently, and have different ways of living. The southern part of France near the Mediterranean sea is very warm: orange-trees grow there, and olives, from which the fine salad oil is made; the people do not use it only for salad, they like it better than butter, and mix it with their food. They rear great numbers of silkworms, and mulberry-trees are planted along the roads that the worms may be fed upon their leaves: the trees do not look at all pretty, because their leaves are constantly stripped off, but beautiful silk is made here, and at the town of Lyons it is woven into rich dresses which are sent to all parts of Europe. That part of France which lies nearest to Spain is the most beautiful: there are fine views of woods and mountains, and even in the winter the sun shines bright and warm. In the summer-time the fields are gay with flowers, and shaded with large chestnut-trees; and the country people store up great quantities of chestnuts in the autumn for their winter food. In nearly all the west of France, the poorer people live very much upon chestnuts during the winter. All the middle of France is famous for grapes and for the wine which is made from them. One part of it (near the town of Clermont) is full of mountains, which were once burning mountains, and they are of strange colours, red, and black, and purple; but even there the land at the foot of the

mountains is covered with vines and fruit trees. And when you have passed beyond these mountains, you find all the hills covered with fields and vineyards. You think, perhaps, that so many grape-vines must look very pretty; but it is not so, for they are only allowed to grow about a yard high, and every vine is fastened to a strong straight prop. But when they are in blossom the air is filled with the sweet perfume; and in September, when the grapes are ripe, it looks very pleasant to see the hill-sides covered with men and women and children, all helping to cut off the clusters of fruit and carry them away. The road-sides too are often bordered with plum-trees. When I was there I often wished some little English boys and girls were there to pick up the ripe plums which were lying plentifully on the ground. You will think the French children might have done that, but in some parts of France the fruit was so plentiful that they had enough and to spare; they used to have bread and fruit for breakfast and dinner too. In the winter they ate dried walnuts and chestnuts boiled in milk. The cottages were not pretty, though they stood amongst fruit trees, for their gardens were not neatly kept, and often there was a green pool of dirty water, or a dunghill, close to the cottage door. Even the gardens of the gentlemen's houses were not in very nice order; there were beautiful flowers, and peaches, and figs, in abundance, but there were no smooth green lawns or well-gravelled walks. Inside, these large houses were very comfortable, but not like English houses: there were many large doors and windows to the rooms, and hardly any carpets; the floors and stairs were polished till they shone like glass; the fires were made upon the hearth with large logs of wood, for coal is very little used in France, the people burn wood. There were no hedges to the fields: corn, and clover, and beet-root were growing side by side, and

the cattle were not allowed to graze out of doors, or they would have got into the corn. The women and children went out, twice a day, to gather the coarse grass by the way-sides, and weeds, and every green thing they could get for the cows, which remained shut up at home; and they had hard work, for the cows ate a great deal. But the people were very merry; and when they went to market, and had sold their eggs and poultry, they sometimes put down their baskets and had a dance together, before going home. The women did not wear bonnets, but caps, or coloured handkerchiefs tied round their heads, and minded neither sun nor rain, and they all wore wooden shoes, even the little children of three or four years old. They wore scarlet aprons too, with their dark stuff gowns, and large earrings. There was one sad thing; these merry industrious people did not seem to know that they ought to "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" most of them went to church for an hour in the morning, but after that they worked or played just as they chose. The chief place in France is Paris, it is one of the gayest cities in the world, and full of beautiful buildings; there are also many public walks and gardens, where the people love to sit out of doors with their children. North of Paris you come into that part of France which is called Normandy. Here there are no more vineyards, but the farmhouses stand amidst large fruit gardens and apple-orchards; for the Normans make cider instead of wine, and they are famous also for preserves made of apples and other fruits. The north-east of France is very flat towards the country of Belgium; but the country people and their houses look very neat and comfortable, and sometimes you see pleasant roads between hedges of hawthorn like those in England.

LESSON 15.

SWITZERLAND.

A-va-lanche	fam-i-ly	ho-li-day
con-tin-u-al-ly	gal-le-ries	mon-u-ments
de-struc-tion	Ger-ma-ny	rho-do-den-dron
ex-ploits	gla-cier	Switz-er-land

SWITZERLAND is full of mountains. The Alps stretch quite through Switzerland into the large country, called Germany, which fills up the middle of Europe. They reach also into France and Italy, and divide Switzerland from those countries. All the highest parts of the mountains are covered with ice and snow, which often reflect the most beautiful colours: sometimes the light shines upon them so that they seem to be bathed in gold; at other times, when the sun is setting, the snow looks as if it were of the softest rose colour. The great beds of ice are called Glaciers: some of them are tolerably smooth upon the top, but others are made up of high ridges and deep cracks between them, as if the sea had been suddenly frozen in a great storm with all its waves lifted up. The glaciers are in fact great frozen rivers, moving very slowly but continually down the sides of the mountains, and carrying rocks and stones with them to the plain. Their lower part reaches down to the fields and orchards, and ends in a muddy river fed continually by the melting ice. Terrible destruction is sometimes caused in the Alps by the falling of great heaps of snow, called Avalanches. A sound is heard like distant thunder rolling amongst the mountains, and then comes the avalanche, looking like a great cloud of white smoke, as it rushes down tearing up everything in its way. But a moment before there were trees, and grass, and cattle feeding upon the mountain-side; now, all is gone, nothing remains but the bare stony rock. Perhaps you think you would not like to live

in places which are exposed to such dangers; the Swiss, however, do not seem to fear them much. There are many sweet green spots upon the mountains, where they send their goats and cows and sheep to feed during the summer; and the day on which they are driven up to the mountain pastures is quite a merry holiday. The people put on their best clothes with gay ribbons and nosegays, and garlands of flowers are hung on the horns of the cows. Some of the farmer's family go up to live on the mountains, while the cattle are there, to milk the goats and cows, and to make cheese and butter: they live there in little houses made of logs of wood, and there are small bridges which cross from one point of the mountains to another; the cows are as clever in climbing as their masters. The country people in Switzerland build their houses very prettily, with galleries outside, in which it is pleasant to sit in fine weather, and the roof comes far beyond the walls, that it may shelter them from the snow. The villages are generally surrounded by fields and orchards; and the valleys which lie between the mountains are very fruitful; some of them, too, have most beautiful lakes. One of the most beautiful of these is the lake of Lucerne, which is famous as being the scene of many of the exploits of the Swiss hero, William Tell. They still show the rock upon which he is said to have leaped, in the midst of a violent storm, from a boat in which he was being carried prisoner across the lake. The town of Lucerne possesses many objects of interest; none more striking than a monument to the Swiss guards who lost their lives at Paris in defence of the king, when his palace was attacked by the mob and he himself and his family taken prisoners. The monument is the figure of a dying lion carved in the face of the solid rock; his fore-paw rests upon the French shield, which he seems to guard even in death. There are several pretty towns: Geneva is one of them; it stands

at the south side of the lake of Geneva, and is famous for the beautiful prospects which are seen there. The people are particularly skilful in making watches. Berne is the chief town of Switzerland; it is a beautiful place, standing on a hill which juts forward to the river Aar. This river, and several other streams which flow down from the Alps, are of the brightest green colour; the most famous of them all is the beautiful Rhine, which runs through Switzerland, and then along the western side of Germany, and so enters Holland, where it divides itself into several streams, and flows into the sea. The Swiss women wear very gay fanciful dresses: each part of the country has its own particular dress, but almost everywhere they let their hair fall down their backs in long plaits, even when they are old women and the hair is quite gray.

The men are very clever in carving in wood; and in every village you come to, you find many pretty specimens of this work offered for sale—boxes, with bunches of the Alpine rose, a small kind of rhododendron, carved on their lids, paper knives, salad spoons and forks, nut-crackers, figures of their cows and goats, and models of their cottages.

Lesson 16.

THE SAVOYARD'S* RETURN.

Oh! yonder is the well-known spot;
My dear, my long-lost native home!
Oh! welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest, no more to roam!
Oh! I have travelled far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land,
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband;†

* *Savoyard.*] A native of Savoy, in the north of Italy.
† *Saraband.*] A kind of dance, which the young Savoyard dances while he sings the tune.

But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes * the false report,
It lur'd † me from my native land;
It bade me rove—my sole support
My cymbals‡ and my saraband.
The woody hill, the hanging rock,
The chamois § skipping o'er the heights;
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And, oh! a thousand more delights,
That grace yon dear, belov'd retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tir'd,
No more my little home I'll leave;
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall while away the winter's eve.
Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant, foreign land;
Each place, each province, I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

* *Climes.*] Countries. † *Lured.*] Enticed.
‡ *Cymbals.*] A musical instrument.
§ *Chamois.*] A mountain goat.

LESSON 17.

ORDER AND DISORDER—A FAIRY TALE.

Ac-cu-ra-cy	en-tan-gled	ma-li-cious
ac-quaint-ed	ex-er-cise	shoe-ma-ker
al-pha-be-tic-al	haunt-ed	te-di-ous
bus-i-ness	in-con-ve-ni-ence	squint-eyed
dic-tion-a-ry	ledg-er	u-su-al-ly

JULIET was a clever, well-disposed girl, but apt to be heedless. She could learn her lessons very well, but commonly as much time was taken up in getting

her things together as in doing what she was set about. If she was to work, there was generally the needle-book to seek in one place, and the thread-papers in another. The scissors were left in her pocket up-stairs, and the thimble was rolling about the floor. In writing, the copy-book was generally missing, the ink dried up, and the pens, new and old, all tumbled about the cupboard. The slate and slate-pencil were never found together. In making her exercises, the English dictionary always came to hand instead of the French grammar; and when she was to read a chapter in the Bible, she usually got hold of Robinson Crusoe, or the World we Live in, instead of the Testament.

Juliet's mamma was almost tired of teaching her, so she sent her to make a visit to an old lady in the country, a very good woman, but rather strict with young folks. Here she was shut up in a room above stairs by herself after breakfast every day, till she had quite finished the tasks set her. This house was one of the very few that are still haunted by fairies. One of these, whose name was *Disorder*, took a pleasure in plaguing poor Juliet. She was a frightful figure to look at, being crooked and squint-eyed, with her hair hanging about her face, and her dress put on all awry, and full of rents and tatters. She prevailed on the old lady to let her set Juliet her tasks; so one morning she came up with a work-bag full of threads of silk of all sorts of colours, mixed and entangled together, and a flower very nicely worked, to copy. It was a pansy, and the gradual melting of its hues into one another was imitated with great accuracy and beauty. "Here, Miss," said she, "my mistress has sent you a piece of work to do, and she insists upon having it done before you come down to dinner. You will find all the materials in this bag."

Juliet took the flower and the bag, and turned out all the silks upon the table. She slowly pulled out a red and a purple, and a blue and a yellow, and at length fixed upon one to begin working with. After taking two or three stitches, and looking at her model, she found another shade was wanted. This was to be hunted out from the bunch, and a long while it took her to find it. It was soon necessary to change it for another. Juliet saw that, in going on at this rate, it would take days instead of hours to work the flower, so she laid down the needle and fell a crying. After this had continued some time, she was startled at the sound of somewhat stamping on the floor; and, taking her handkerchief from her eyes, she spied a small female figure advancing towards her. She was as upright as an arrow, and had not so much as a hair out of its place, or the least article of her dress rumpled or discomposed. When she came up to Juliet, "My dear," said she, "I heard you crying, and knowing you to be a good girl in the main, I am come to your assistance. My name is *Order:* your mamma is well acquainted with me, though this is the first time you ever saw me; but I hope we shall know one another better for the future." She then jumped upon the table, and with a wand gave a tap upon the heap of entangled silk. Immediately the threads separated, and arranged themselves in a long row of little skeins, in which all of the same colour were collected together, those approaching nearest in shade being placed next each other. This done, she disappeared. Juliet, as soon as her surprise was over, took up her task again, and found it now easy and pleasant. She finished the flower by dinner-time, and obtained great praise for the neatness of the work.

The next day the ill-natured fairy came up with a great book under her arm. "This," said she, "is

my mistress's house-book, and she says you must draw out against dinner an exact account of what it has cost her last year in all the articles of housekeeping, including clothes, rent, taxes, wages, and the like. You must state separately the amount of every article, under the heads of baker, butcher, milliner, shoemaker, and so forth, taking special care not to miss a single thing entered down in the book. Here is a quire of paper and a parcel of pens." So saying, with a malicious grin, she left her.

Juliet turned pale with the very thought of the task she had to perform. She opened the great book, and saw all the pages closely written, but in the most confused manner possible. Here was, "Paid Mr. Crusty for a week's bread and baking," so much. Then, "Paid Mr. Pinchtoe for shoes," so much. "Paid half a year's rent," so much. Then came a butcher's bill, succeeded by a milliner's, and that by a tallow-chandler's. "What shall I do?" cried poor Juliet; "where am I to begin, and how can I possibly pick out all these things? Was ever such a tedious, perplexing task? O that my good little creature were here again with her wand!"

She had but just uttered these words when the fairy Order stood before her. "Don't be startled, my dear," said she; "I knew your wish, and made haste to comply with it. Let me see your book." She turned over a few leaves, and then cried, "I see my cross-grained sister has played you a trick. She has brought you the *day-book* instead of the *ledger;* but I will set the matter to rights instantly." She vanishes, and presently returned with another book, in which she showed Juliet every one of the articles required standing at the tops of the pages, and all the particulars entered under them from the day-book; so that there was nothing for her to do but cast up the sums, and copy out the heads with their amount in

single lines. As Juliet was quick at figures, she was not long in finishing the business, and produced her account neatly written on one sheet of paper, at dinner.

The next day, Juliet's tormentor brought her up a large box full of letters stamped upon small bits of ivory, capitals and common letters of all sorts, but jumbled together, as if they had been shaken in a bag. "Now, Miss," said she, "before you come down to dinner, you must exactly copy out this poem in these ivory letters, placing them line by line on the floor of your room."

Juliet thought at first that this task would be pretty sport enough; but when she set about it, she found such trouble in hunting out the letters she wanted, every one seeming to come to hand before the right one, that she got on very slowly; and the poem being a long one, it was plain that night would come before it was finished. She could only sit and cry for her kind friend.

Order was not far distant, for, indeed, she had been watching Juliet all the while. She made herself visible, and giving a tap on the letters with her wand, they immediately arranged themselves alphabetically in little double heaps, the small in one, and the great in the other. After this Juliet's task went on so quickly that she went to the old lady an hour before dinner, to say that she had finished it.

The good lady kissed her, and told her, that as she hoped she was now made fully sensible of the benefits of order, and the inconveniences of disorder, she would not confine her any longer to work by herself at set tasks, but she should come and sit with her. Juliet took such pains to please her, by doing everything with the greatest neatness and regularity, and reforming all her careless habits, that when she was sent back to her mother, the following presents were

made her, constantly to remind her of the advantage of order:—

A cabinet of beautiful shells, arranged in classes.

A very complete box of water-colours, and another of pencils, carefully sorted.

And a very nice workbox, with thimble, scissors, a good store of needles in sizes, and all things useful for work.

Lesson 18.

THE CAMEL.

A-ra-bi-a drom-e-da-ry swal-low-ed
con-tri-ved . . jour-ney them-selves

Did you ever watch a cow standing in the field, or lying down on the grass, and moving its mouth as if it were chewing something? It is really chewing, for cows have more than one stomach, and when they bite off the grass or hay, they swallow it without chewing, until they have filled their first stomach. Then they stand or lie quite still, and the grass is returned again into the mouth to be chewed; when that is done the grass is swallowed again, but it goes into another stomach now. Sheep, and deer, and goats, and several other animals eat in this way, as well as cows; it is called chewing the cud, or ruminating. One of the animals which chew the cud is the camel, which you read of often in the Bible. Do you remember that the people to whom Joseph's brothers sold him were going down into Egypt, with their camels laden with spices? Those people came from a country which we call Arabia, and to this day the people of Arabia and of Egypt make great use of camels. In those hot countries, where little water is to be found, the camel is most useful. His stomach is so contrived that it will hold water, pure as when he drank it, for many days; and so, day after

day, the camel goes patiently on, over the dry, burning sands, not needing to drink until he comes to the end of his long journey. He is fond of the prickly bushes, which grow here and there amongst the sand, and likes them better than grass. The people who travel with the camels, take with them great skins full of water, that they may be able to drink themselves when they are thirsty; and the camels carry the skins for their masters, and a great many heavy burdens besides. They are very strong, and scarcely ever slip or stumble, even in going up and down the steepest and roughest places. Sometimes the women and children ride upon the camels, and a little tent is spread out over the back of the camel, to shade the people who are riding from the heat of the sun. For the sun in those countries is much hotter than it is here; it scorches like fire. The camels kneel down for their masters to place the load upon their backs, and they also kneel down when they want to sleep or rest. The joints of their legs are covered with very hard skin, so that they can rest in this way, on the dry hot ground, without being hurt. Camels are of two kinds; one kind has two large humps on the back, and the other kind has only one hump. It is the camel with one hump which is found in Arabia and Egypt, and it is called by the name of dromedary, as well as by that of camel.

It is often called, too, "the ship of the desert," because it carries the people and their goods so far, and so well, over the great sandy wastes, where there are neither trees, nor grass, nor water. An Arab is generally very fond of his camel; he hugs it round the neck, kisses its lips, and calls it his jewel and his darling, because it is so useful to him. But the camel is not at all a pretty creature to look at.

Lesson 19.

TO THE CAMEL.

Camel, thou art good and mild,
Docile as a little child;
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless:
Thou dost clothe him; thou dost feed,
Thou dost lend to him thy speed;
And through wilds of trackless* sand,
In the hot Arabian land,
Where no rock its shadow throws;
Where no cooling water flows;
Where the hot air is not stirred
By the wing of singing bird,
There thou goest, untired and meek,
Day by day, and week by week;
With thy load of precious things—
Silks for merchants, gold for kings,
Pearls of Ormuz,† riches rare,
Damascene‡ and Indian ware—
Bale on bale, and heap on heap—
Freighted§ like a costly ship!
And when week by week is gone,
And the traveller journeys on
Feebly—when his strength is fled,
And his hope and heart seem dead—
Camel, thou dost turn thine eye
On him kindly, soothingly,
As if thou wouldst, cheering, say
"Journey on for this one day—
Do not let thy heart despond!
There is water yet beyond!
I can scent it in the air—
Do not let thy heart despair!"
And thou guid'st the traveller there.

* *Trackless.*] Without path.
† *Ormuz.*] An island at the entrance of the Persian Gulf.
‡ *Damascene ware.*] Goods brought from Damascus.
§ *Freighted.*] Laden.

Camel, thou art good and mild,
Docile as a little child;
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless;
And the desert wastes must be
Untracked regions but for thee!

MARY HOWITT.

LESSON 20.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Ac-ci-dent	dis-o-bey-ed	im-me-di-ate-ly
con-science	e-lec-tri-ci-ty	light-ning
con-sta-ble	gip-sy	pack-a-ges
cu-ri-ous	guilt-y	pos-si-ble

I WISH all boys were good, said uncle Joe, they little know how much sorrow they give those who love them when they are not so. The best thing, of course, that a boy can do when he has been naughty is to own his fault, and be a better boy in future; but sometimes a wrong act is done, and would never be discovered if some accident did not betray it. I will tell you a curious story of a boy who did a very wrong thing, and would probably never have confessed it, had he not been frightened and warned about it in a way he had little thought of. He was the son of a village constable; I knew him well, for I lived in the same place. A robbery had been committed there a short time before, and while several gipsies were sent to prison for the robbery to await their trial, the stolen goods were given into the constable's charge. The constable put all the packages of tea and sugar, and various other articles safely, as he thought, in an empty room in his own house, and there they were to remain till required on the day of the gipsies' trial. These goods were not, however, so safe in the constable's house as he

supposed; for there was one person in that house not to be trusted, and that was his little boy. He had been told by his father not to go into the room where the goods were placed, but he disobeyed; he chose the time when it was almost dark, and went, being resolved to get some of the sugar. He groped round the room till he came at last to the spot where the sugarloaf lay. Finding there some small pieces, he picked them up and began biting them, when immediately, to his horror, he saw sparks of fire fly out of the sugar. He was so terrified that he nearly fainted with fear, for his evil conscience told him how wicked he had been in stealing the sugar, and in disobeying his father. The room had now become quite dark, or he would not have seen the sparks so plainly; he felt that though no one in the world knew he was a thief, God did, and that God saw him at that moment: he thought that these sparks of fire were sent to be his punishment, perhaps, for he had heard of fire burning up the wicked. He dared not remain in the room, but left the sugar, and made his escape from it as soon as possible. His mind was so unhappy now, that he could feel no ease till he had told his father and mother all about it. They blamed him much, as you will believe, and told him that if he had not had a naughty conscience, that is, had not felt that he had been doing a wrong act, he would not have been half so frightened at seeing the sparks. His father explained to him that there was no danger in those sparks, and that the same thing would have happened to any one who bit or broke sugar in the dark; but that the same cause in nature, which brought sparks out of the sugar, makes the lightning shine in the sky, and that it is called electricity. When you are an older boy, said his father, you will learn more about electricity.

Lesson 21.

THE UNWILLING THIEF.

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test:—
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was shocked at the plan, and he answered—"Oh, no
What! rob our good neighbour? I pray you don't go;
Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom pondered—"I see they will go;
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.

"If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree;
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too,
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan,
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

COWPER.

And is it not thus we too often consent,
To join in an act we pretend to lament?
"The fault is another's—'tis sad this should be,
But I may as well take the profit as he:

I am really concerned." But here conscience steps in,
And sternly forbids us to palter with sin;
Who partake of the spoil, shall the punishment share,
You must wholly be guilty, or wholly forbear.

LESSON 22.

THE PEACEMAKER.—PART I.

Cha-ri-ty	kitch-en	quar-rel-ling
gloom-y	la-bour-er	stu-di-ous
jeal-ous	loi-ter-er	un-kind-ness

A PARTY of children were coming home together one afternoon from school, and they loitered in the fields on their way, that they might chat and play together. Many of them were playing at ball, or other games, and some of the more studious were sitting down on the green grass, reading some little books that they had with them. Their teacher had that day given some pretty books as rewards to those who had learned their lessons well. Apart from the rest sat a little girl, perhaps more humbly dressed than the others, with a quiet look upon her face, as if she had already had trials to bear. She was about thirteen years old, and, as she was one of the quietest and most industrious children in the school, a prettier book had been given to her than to the others. Alice, that was the little girl's name, was so pleased with her book, that, instead of joining in the games, she sat down to read it, and to look at the pictures.

When she had been reading some time, she heard rather a loud talking among the rest of the party, and, laying down her book for a minute, she listened to what they were saying. They were comparing their presents one with another, and instead of being pleased and happy with them, they were jealous one of another, because some of their books were prettier than others. It was a sad thing to see these children, who, a few minutes ago, had been playing merrily together, now quarrelling and saying angry words to each other: they surely did not remember the blessed Saviour's command, "Love one another;" that Saviour who loved them so much as to give His

life for them; for if they had remembered Him, they could not have so grieved Him. But there was one among them who knew and loved her Saviour, and it pained her to hear their quarrels.

"And there's that little Alice has got the best book," said one; "I am sure I knew my lessons as well as she did."

"Yes, Anne," said an idle girl, who had got no prize, "I think you deserved it every bit as well."

"Ah! but," said a little girl about six years old, "it is not only because Alice learns her lessons well, but because she is so good and kind, that teacher gave her the best book."

"Oh! nonsense, Jessy," said Anne; "it's because she pretends to be so good and so meek before teacher. I'll be bound she is not so good when she is out of school."

"What a shame!" cried little Jessy; "you are none of you so good as she is, I am sure."

Jessy would have said a great deal more for her friend Alice, who was always kind to the little ones, but a hand was laid upon her lips; she looked up and saw Alice standing by her, with tears in her eyes, and the little book in her hand. The girls looked ashamed when they saw her among them, for they knew that envy had made them say what was unjust and untrue.

"Thank you, dear Jessy," said Alice to the little girl; "thank you for saying a good word for me." Then, turning to Anne, and holding out her book, she said, "Anne, will you take the book? I dare say you did deserve it as much as I did; indeed, I would rather you would take it, and give me yours instead."

Anne looked ashamed, and drew back; but Alice said again, "Indeed, Anne, I should be sorry to keep it now; I do not want to have the best;" and she

gently put her book in Anne's hands, and taking up Anne's, which was on the grass, went away home. Little Jessy cried out, "Didn't I say she was the best among you! nobody else would have given up her book."

There was no more quarrelling that afternoon among the children; they were ashamed to show discontent any longer after Alice had so quietly given up her pretty prize; her little act of self-denial, and her humble, gentle manner, had made peace among them.

But Anne knew that she had no right to Alice's book, so she followed her quickly, and overtook her near her own home.

"Oh, Alice!" she said, "I have followed you to walk with you home."

"Thank you," answered Alice; "I am close by now."

"I wonder you were not very angry just now," said Anne, "when you heard us talking ill of you."

"Why, what good would that have done?" asked Alice, smiling; "it would only have been showing that I deserved it. I was very sorry to hear you, indeed; I was angry at first, but then I remembered that St. Paul says, 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind;' so I could not be angry long. But this is my home, will you come in?"

Lesson 23.

THE PEACEMAKER.—Part II.

Anne followed Alice into a small but very clean kitchen; this, with one bedroom leading out of it, was the whole house. Alice's father was a field-labourer, and he was but a poor man; his wife was dead, and his old mother lived with him. When Alice came in, the old woman was sitting in a chair over the fire, grumbling in a low voice, that nobody cared for her

now she was old and infirm. Alice quietly went up to her, arranged the pillows at her back, stirred up the fire, and then knelt down by her, and spoke to her in a cheerful voice. The old woman looked at her, and when she saw her bright face, her grumbling ceased; she stroked Alice's hair, and said she was a good girl and did not forget her old grandmother. Alice stayed talking to her a little while, and then went to look after her younger brothers and sisters. They all ran to kiss her with a merry laugh, which showed how fond they were of their sister. Alice laughed too, and played with them till it was nearly time for her father to come home from his work, and then she went to prepare his evening meal for him.

Anne stayed for some time with them, and wondered to see how all seemed to brighten when Alice was among them; and Anne thought there must be something in that religion which could make her so happy and beloved.

When Anne went away, and Alice had kissed her, quite forgiving all unkindness, Anne laid the book down on the table, and took up her own again; she was now quite contented with it.

Alice's father came in, tired with his day's work, and threw himself upon a chair. He looked gloomy and out of temper; but Alice was at his side, to take his boots off his hot feet, to bring him water to wash his hands, and then to pour out his tea for him. She did not like to trouble him with talking, but did everything quietly till he was rested and refreshed. Her kind attention brought a smile of thanks, at last, from her father; then she was pleased, and chatted and laughed to cheer him, and showed her pretty prize, with which he was as much delighted as she was. Sometimes she spoke a word or two to her grandmother, and raised her pillows to make her more comfortable; so, by forgetting herself, and trying

to make them feel happy, she brought peace among them.

When it was late, Alice got down the Bible, and said, "Father, shall I read a chapter to you before we go to bed?"

"Yes, dear," answered her father.

She read the 11th chapter of St. Matthew; and how truly she felt those beautiful verses at the close, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

When Alice closed the book, and kissed her father, tears were in his eyes, and every trace of ill-humour had passed away as he kissed his child, and wished her good night.

Alice had that day made peace among her schoolfellows, and brought peace to her home. She was too humble to think much of what she had done. But she lay down to rest happy and contented, for God's blessing was upon her. It is written, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Lesson 24.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I am coming, I am coming!—
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the blue and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;

And on banks of mossy green
Star-like primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms—a noisy crowd!
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

Look around thee—look around!
Flowers in all the fields abound;
Every running stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven!
God for thee the Spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food:—
Pour thy soul in gratitude!

MARY HOWITT.

LESSON 25.

QUEEN ELEANOR OF CASTILE.

An-xious	El-ean-or	me-tro-po-lis
as-sas-sin	ex-tract-ed	Pal-es-tine
de-feat-ed	Lin-coln	re-bel-lious
dis-pos-sess	Ma-hom-et	Sa-ra-cens

THERE was a time when there was a great stir in Europe to dispossess the Saracens of the holy city of Jerusalem. These Saracens had come from Arabia and conquered Palestine. They did not believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, but in the false prophet Mahomet. They often ill-treated the pilgrims, who went from other countries to visit the places where our Lord

lived, and was slain. The princes of Europe would perhaps have done better by staying at home to govern their own countries well, than by leading so many thousand soldiers to be killed in battle. But many thought it good and pleasing to God to go and fight in Palestine, and among the rest was Edward, the eldest son of Henry III., king of England. This Edward was a very brave man. He had already defeated in England the rebellious nobles who had resisted his father. After this he went to Palestine with his wife, Eleanor of Castile. There Prince Edward fought very bravely, and won many battles. But the enemy were so terrified by his valour that they endeavoured to get rid of him, and they hired a wicked man to kill him when he was resting in his tent. The assassin, having found the prince off his guard, made the attempt. He was seized and secured, but not before he had wounded the prince. The wound was not severe, but it was known that the Saracens used poisoned daggers, and the slightest wound from these weapons would be death, unless the poison was extracted at once. His attendants stood by in alarm, not knowing what would be the end of this, but none thought of risking his life to save his master. The affectionate and faithful Eleanor lost no time in hastening to her husband. She at once put her lips to the wound and sucked out the poison. Her husband's life was saved, and the princess herself did not suffer from this noble action.

She lived to be queen of England, and mother of thirteen children: when she died, her husband grieved much for the loss of so true and loving a wife. Anxious to do honour to her memory, he erected a stone cross in every place where the hearse, which bore her body, rested in its way from the place of her death to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. These places were Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Goddington,

Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, and Charing, then a village near London, but now the centre of the metropolis, under the name of Charing Cross. The Crosses at Northampton and Waltham still remain. The latter is a most beautiful specimen of the workmanship of the day, and has lately been restored.

LESSON 26.

THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

A-part-ment	con-de-scend	prin-ci-pal
a-void-ed	con-ster-na-tion	re-pu-ta-tion
Cal-ais	gov-ern-or	re-spect-a-ble
cit-i-zen	in-hab-it-ants	sur-ren-der

EDWARD III., king of England, was a wise and valiant prince, but he was passionate and severe, and too often undertook wars without considering the justice of the cause.

He invaded France, and besieged Calais. After some time the inhabitants, being shut up within the walls, were reduced to the greatest distress. They offered to surrender on condition that their lives should be spared; but the king demanded that six of the principal inhabitants should be given up, for him to do with them what he would.

When this sad message was delivered, the men of Calais were in great consternation; but after a while, the most wealthy citizen of the town, by name Eustace, rose up and said, "Gentlemen, both high and low, it would be a very great pity to suffer so many people to die through famine, if any means could be found to prevent it, and it would be pleasing in the eyes of our Saviour, if such misery could be avoided. I have such faith in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I

name myself as first of the six." Then another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said, that he would be the second; and after him four others offered themselves as companions to the first two. The governor of Calais led forth the six men to the gates of the city, with halters round their necks, and with their heads and feet bare; and he delivered them to Sir Walter Manny, the messenger of Edward, saying, "I deliver up to you, as governor of Calais, with the consent of the inhabitants, these six citizens. And I declare to you that they were and are at this day the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness to beseech the king, that they may not be put to death." "I cannot answer for what the king will do with them," replied Sir Walter, "but you may depend that I will do all in my power to save them."

Eustace and his companions were brought to the tent of Edward. When they were presented to the king, they knelt before him, and said, "Most noble king, see before you six citizens of Calais, who have been principal merchants, and who bring to you the keys of the castle of the town. We surrender ourselves to your will and pleasure, in order to save the rest of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, to have mercy and compassion upon us." All the nobles, who were present, wept at that sight. But the king looked sternly upon the prisoners, and thought of the damage which the men of Calais had formerly done him. He gave orders that the men be beheaded. All present entreated that he would be merciful, but he would not listen to them.

Then Sir Walter Manny said, "Gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger. Do not tarnish your reputation by such an act as this. All the world

will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such persons, who, of their own free will, have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens."

But the king was still unmoved. Thereupon Queen Philippa fell on her knees, and with tears said, "Gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favour. Now, I most humbly beseech you, for the sake of the Blessed Saviour, and for your love to me, that you would be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, "Ah, lady, you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you. I therefore give them to you, to do as you please with them." The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartment, and had the halters taken from off their necks; after which she clothed them anew, and served them with a plentiful dinner. She then presented each with six nobles, and had them led out of the camp in safety.

LESSON 27.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm
The frame thy wayward* looks deride,
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, He made
For all His creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

* *Wayward.*] Perverse.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
fur-ni-ture	or-na-ment	un-whole-some

THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

Lesson 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

Russia is that very large country which stretches all along the east of Europe; but there are not so many people as one would expect to find in so great a tract of land. Much of it is taken up with immense forests and with lakes and marshes. One part, called Finland, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together, is full of rocks and lakes, and the people lead their cattle about to the green spots between the rocks. More to the south and east, you see towns and villages surrounded with fields of cabbages, and rye, and barley, but no orchards or wheat-fields till

you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

All the candles are lighted, the bells are set ringing, and guns are fired. The priests walk round the churches and bless the people, and every one embraces his friends and neighbours, saying, "Christ is risen!" I wish I could say that Easter-day, which begins with all this joy, is spent by the people as if they were really thinking about the Saviour who died for them and rose again; but, instead of that, it is quite a day of worldly feasting and amusement. The streets are full of people eating and drinking, and diverting themselves with shows and games, and in the evening whole villages are sometimes seen in a state of intoxication. The chief cities of Russia are Moscow and Petersburg; both are very fine, and cover a great deal of ground. Moscow is in the middle of Russia; the finest part of it is the Kremlin, which is a number of palaces and churches standing together on a hill. Petersburg is on the banks of the Neva, just where it flows into the Gulf of Finland: the river divides itself into several streams, which flow between the different parts of the city. The houses are very large, and the streets and squares of Petersburg are extremely wide; it is often called a city of palaces.

Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and arctic* fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year;†
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.§

AIKIN.

* *Arctic.*] Living in the extreme north.

† In the extreme north the sun is never seen during the winter half-year, and during the summer half-year it never sets.

‡ Boats are here made of skins of seals.

§ The soil of these cold countries produces little or no food. The inhabitants support themselves by the fish which they catch in great quantities.

LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

One very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on some high mountains which are called the Alps. He is called the Dog of Saint Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the head to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every year the snow covers the

mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the Saint Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland in North America. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way. But in England they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive, too, very well, and bring up anything from the bottom of the water. They have saved the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in. The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him; he soon caught hold

lived, and was slain. The princes of Europe would perhaps have done better by staying at home to govern their own countries well, than by leading so many thousand soldiers to be killed in battle. But many thought it good and pleasing to God to go and fight in Palestine, and among the rest was Edward, the eldest son of Henry III., king of England. This Edward was a very brave man. He had already defeated in England the rebellious nobles who had resisted his father. After this he went to Palestine with his wife, Eleanor of Castile. There Prince Edward fought very bravely, and won many battles. But the enemy were so terrified by his valour that they endeavoured to get rid of him, and they hired a wicked man to kill him when he was resting in his tent. The assassin, having found the prince off his guard, made the attempt. He was seized and secured, but not before he had wounded the prince. The wound was not severe, but it was known that the Saracens used poisoned daggers, and the slightest wound from these weapons would be death, unless the poison was extracted at once. His attendants stood by in alarm, not knowing what would be the end of this, but none thought of risking his life to save his master. The affectionate and faithful Eleanor lost no time in hastening to her husband. She at once put her lips to the wound and sucked out the poison. Her husband's life was saved, and the princess herself did not suffer from this noble action.

She lived to be queen of England, and mother of thirteen children: when she died, her husband grieved much for the loss of so true and loving a wife. Anxious to do honour to her memory, he erected a stone cross in every place where the hearse, which bore her body, rested in its way from the place of her death to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. These places were Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Goddington,

will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such persons, who, of their own free will, have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens."

But the king was still unmoved. Thereupon Queen Philippa fell on her knees, and with tears said, "Gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favour. Now, I most humbly beseech you, for the sake of the Blessed Saviour, and for your love to me, that you would be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, "Ah, lady, you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you. I therefore give them to you, to do as you please with them." The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartment, and had the halters taken from off their necks; after which she clothed them anew, and served them with a plentiful dinner. She then presented each with six nobles, and had them led out of the camp in safety.

LESSON 27.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm
The frame thy wayward* looks deride,
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, He made
For all His creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade,
For worms as well as thee.

* *Wayward.*] Perverse.

name myself as first of the six." Then another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said, that he would be the second; and after him four others offered themselves as companions to the first two. The governor of Calais led forth the six men to the gates of the city, with halters round their necks, and with their heads and feet bare; and he delivered them to Sir Walter Manny, the messenger of Edward, saying, "I deliver up to you, as governor of Calais, with the consent of the inhabitants, these six citizens. And I declare to you that they were and are at this day the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness to beseech the king, that they may not be put to death." "I cannot answer for what the king will do with them," replied Sir Walter, "but you may depend that I will do all in my power to save them."

Eustace and his companions were brought to the tent of Edward. When they were presented to the king, they knelt before him, and said, "Most noble king, see before you six citizens of Calais, who have been principal merchants, and who bring to you the keys of the castle of the town. We surrender ourselves to your will and pleasure, in order to save the rest of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, to have mercy and compassion upon us." All the nobles, who were present, wept at that sight. But the king looked sternly upon the prisoners, and thought of the damage which the men of Calais had formerly done him. He gave orders that the men be beheaded. All present entreated that he would be merciful, but he would not listen to them.

Then Sir Walter Manny said, "Gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger. Do not tarnish your reputation by such an act as this. All the world

will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such persons, who, of their own free will, have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens."

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Lesson 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

Russia is that very large country which stretches all along the east of Europe; but there are not so many people as one would expect to find in so great a tract of land. Much of it is taken up with immense forests and with lakes and marshes. One part, called Finland, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together, is full of rocks and lakes, and the people lead their cattle about to the green spots between the rocks. More to the south and east, you see towns and villages surrounded with fields of cabbages, and rye, and barley, but no orchards or wheat-fields till

you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

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Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.
* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and arctic* fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year;†
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.§

AIKIN.

* *Arctic.*] Living in the extreme north.

† In the extreme north the sun is never seen during the winter half-year, and during the summer half-year it never sets.

‡ Boats are here made of skins of seals.

§ The soil of these cold countries produces little or no food. The inhabitants support themselves by the fish which they catch in great quantities.

LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

One very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on some high mountains which are called the Alps. He is called the Dog of Saint Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the head to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every year the snow covers the

mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the Saint Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland in North America. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way. But in England they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive, too, very well, and bring up anything from the bottom of the water. They have saved the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in. The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him; he soon caught hold

of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water, and he was so delighted and so thankful that he offered the gentleman, to whom the dog belonged, a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature that he would not part with him for all the money in the world. The Newfoundland dog sometimes saves other dogs from drowning, as well as men and children. A Newfoundland dog, that lived near the seaside, often had a fight with a great quarrelsome dog. This dog was a mastiff, which is a very large and powerful kind of dog. One day both these dogs met close by the water, and began to fight and struggle as usual: presently they both tumbled in, in the midst of their battle. The Newfoundland dog did not mind it at all, and soon swam to land; but when he saw the mastiff, which could not swim, sinking in the water, he dashed in again, seized him by the collar, and keeping his head above water, brought him to the shore. The mastiff was very grateful to him, and after that, the two dogs were always good friends; and when the Newfoundland dog was at last killed by a heavy waggon passing over his body, the mastiff was very unhappy, and pined after him for a long time.

The shepherd's dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair, and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark-grey colour. He is a very great help to shepherds who have large flocks to feed and take care of upon the hills and mountain-sides. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see anything; he could not even see his dog Sirrah, though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep-dog always goes about his work quietly, but he set off directly to seek after the lambs. All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see anything of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there. Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

LESSON 32.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised* a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

* *Poised.*] Balanced,

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
On! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
fur-ni-ture	or-na-ment	un-whole-some

THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

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Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
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—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.§

AIKIN.

* *Arctic.*] Living in the extreme north.

† In the extreme north the sun is never seen during the winter half-year, and during the summer half-year it never sets.

‡ Boats are here made of skins of seals.

§ The soil of these cold countries produces little or no food. The inhabitants support themselves by the fish which they catch in great quantities.

LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

One very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on some high mountains which are called the Alps. He is called the Dog of Saint Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the head to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every year the snow covers the

mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the Saint Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland in North America. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way. But in England they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive, too, very well, and bring up anything from the bottom of the water. They have saved the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in. The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him; he soon caught hold

of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water, and he was so delighted and so thankful that he offered the gentleman, to whom the dog belonged, a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature that he would not part with him for all the money in the world. The Newfoundland dog sometimes saves other dogs from drowning, as well as men and children. A Newfoundland dog, that lived near the seaside, often had a fight with a great quarrelsome dog. This dog was a mastiff, which is a very large and powerful kind of dog. One day both these dogs met close by the water, and began to fight and struggle as usual: presently they both tumbled in, in the midst of their battle. The Newfoundland dog did not mind it at all, and soon swam to land; but when he saw the mastiff, which could not swim, sinking in the water, he dashed in again, seized him by the collar, and keeping his head above water, brought him to the shore. The mastiff was very grateful to him, and after that, the two dogs were always good friends; and when the Newfoundland dog was at last killed by a heavy waggon passing over his body, the mastiff was very unhappy, and pined after him for a long time.

The shepherd's dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair, and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark-grey colour. He is a very great help to shepherds who have large flocks to feed and take care of upon the hills and mountain-sides. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see anything; he could not even see his dog Sirrah, though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep-dog always goes about his work quietly, but he set off directly to seek after the lambs. All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see anything of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there. Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

LESSON 32.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised* a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

* *Poised.*] Balanced.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
fur-ni-ture	or-na-ment	un-whole-some

THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

LESSON 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

RUSSIA is that very large country which stretches all along the east of Europe; but there are not so many people as one would expect to find in so great a tract of land. Much of it is taken up with immense forests and with lakes and marshes. One part, called Finland, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together, is full of rocks and lakes, and the people lead their cattle about to the green spots between the rocks. More to the south and east, you see towns and villages surrounded with fields of cabbages, and rye, and barley, but no orchards or wheat-fields till

you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

All the candles are lighted, the bells are set ringing, and guns are fired. The priests walk round the churches and bless the people, and every one embraces his friends and neighbours, saying, "Christ is risen!" I wish I could say that Easter-day, which begins with all this joy, is spent by the people as if they were really thinking about the Saviour who died for them and rose again; but, instead of that, it is quite a day of worldly feasting and amusement. The streets are full of people eating and drinking, and diverting themselves with shows and games, and in the evening whole villages are sometimes seen in a state of intoxication. The chief cities of Russia are Moscow and Petersburg; both are very fine, and cover a great deal of ground. Moscow is in the middle of Russia; the finest part of it is the Kremlin, which is a number of palaces and churches standing together on a hill. Petersburg is on the banks of the Neva, just where it flows into the Gulf of Finland: the river divides itself into several streams, which flow between the different parts of the city. The houses are very large, and the streets and squares of Petersburg are extremely wide; it is often called a city of palaces.

Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and arctic* fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year;†
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.§

AIKIN.

* *Arctic.*] Living in the extreme north.

† In the extreme north the sun is never seen during the winter half-year, and during the summer half-year it never sets.

‡ Boats are here made of skins of seals.

§ The soil of these cold countries produces little or no food. The inhabitants support themselves by the fish which they catch in great quantities.

LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

One very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on some high mountains which are called the Alps. He is called the Dog of Saint Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the head to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every year the snow covers the

mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the Saint Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland in North America. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way. But in England they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive, too, very well, and bring up anything from the bottom of the water. They have saved the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in. The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him; he soon caught hold

of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water, and he was so delighted and so thankful that he offered the gentleman, to whom the dog belonged, a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature that he would not part with him for all the money in the world. The Newfoundland dog sometimes saves other dogs from drowning, as well as men and children. A Newfoundland dog, that lived near the seaside, often had a fight with a great quarrelsome dog. This dog was a mastiff, which is a very large and powerful kind of dog. One day both these dogs met close by the water, and began to fight and struggle as usual: presently they both tumbled in, in the midst of their battle. The Newfoundland dog did not mind it at all, and soon swam to land; but when he saw the mastiff, which could not swim, sinking in the water, he dashed in again, seized him by the collar, and keeping his head above water, brought him to the shore. The mastiff was very grateful to him, and after that, the two dogs were always good friends; and when the Newfoundland dog was at last killed by a heavy waggon passing over his body, the mastiff was very unhappy, and pined after him for a long time.

The shepherd's dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair, and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark-grey colour. He is a very great help to shepherds who have large flocks to feed and take care of upon the hills and mountain-sides. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see anything; he could not even see his dog Sirrah, though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep-dog always goes about his work quietly, but he set off directly to seek after the lambs. All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see anything of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there. Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

LESSON 32.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised* a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

* *Poised.*] Balanced,

" Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,*
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

" Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

" But, then, there's their barley—how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

" Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now, what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

" O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

" Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

" Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously† tossed up her head,
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
" Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

* *Detached.*] Put aside.
† *Superciliously.*] Proudly

Lesson 33.

SUGAR.

A-me-ri-ca	ex-pen-sive	pow-der-ed
char-coal	Ja-mai-ca	tho-rough-ly
earth-en-ware	Por-tu-guese	trou-ble-some

SUGAR is found in the juices of many plants, but there is none which supplies it so abundantly as the sugar-cane. The sugar cane grows chiefly in the south of Asia, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in several countries of America. It is a reed with many joints in the stem, and at each joint there is the bud of a new cane. Sugar-canes are not all alike in height; some are very tall, as much as fifteen and twenty feet high, others are only five or six feet, but all are beautiful when in flower. The cane is then of a bright yellow colour, streaked sometimes with red, the top is green, and in the midst of the long narrow leaves which hang down from it, there rises up a flower, which those who have seen it liken to a long silver wand, having at the top a plume of white feathers fringed with lilac. It is not, however, for this beautiful flower that the cane is valued, but for the sweet juice with which the stem is filled. Before the sugar-canes are quite ripe the juice smells and tastes like a sweet apple, but afterwards it becomes much sweeter, and very sticky. Then the canes are cut down and carried to the sugar-mill, where they are crushed between iron rollers, so as to squeeze out all the juice. It is of a dull-grey or green colour at first, but when it has been heated, and the scum taken off, it becomes of a clear bright yellow. After this the juice is boiled several times till it is a thick syrup, which separates, as it cools, into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains, there is a great deal of treacle or molasses, so it is all put together into casks with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle

slowly runs off, and falls into a leaden cistern placed underneath. And now the sugar is ready to be put on board ship and brought to England; but it is only still brown or soft sugar, and has yet to be made into the hard white sugar which you see in loaves or lumps in the grocers' shops. This is done here by persons called sugar refiners. They first put the sugar into water, and then filter the syrup through powdered charcoal; this charcoal is not made of wood, but of burnt bones, and, black as the powder is, the syrup runs from it clear and pure, leaving much of its brown colour behind it. After being filtered, it is put into copper vessels, which are closed up tightly, and heated by steam: when the syrup has boiled in them long enough, it is poured into earthenware moulds, which are shaped like a sugar-loaf, and left there to grow cool. It comes out of the moulds in solid loaves of sugar, but still it is not hard; so the next thing is to put these soft loaves into an oven where they are thoroughly baked. They are now firm and hard, and there is nothing more to be done than to tie them up separately in paper and send them to the grocers. All the sugar which we use in England is made from the sugar-cane; but in France, and in some parts of Germany, a great deal of white beet-root is grown, in order to make sugar from it. Beet-root sugar looks and tastes exactly like that of the sugar-cane, but it is more expensive to make.

In Canada, and other parts of North America, a great deal of sugar is made from the sweet maple, a large handsome tree that grows in the American forests. Very early in the spring, the farmers make a hole in the bark of the trees, and put little troughs under them to catch the sweet juice or sap which runs out at the hole. All the family can help to make the sugar, for the children go from tree to tree, and empty the little troughs, as soon as they are full, into a larger

vessel; then, when evening comes, fires are lighted out of doors, and all the maple-juice which has flowed out that day, is put into kettles slung over the fires. It boils till it thickens into treacle; after that, the farmer's wife boils and skims it very carefully, indoors, for a long time; it is then left to grow cold. And when cold, the maple-sugar looks like sugar-candy, and is quite as nice. The sugar-candy we have in England is made by pouring very thick syrup over small sticks, or strings, and then baking it in a very hot oven: barley-sugar is sugar boiled in water with lemon-juice.

We all make some use of sugar in our daily food now, but three hundred years ago, it was not much used even by the richest people in England, excepting on occasions when there was more feasting than usual. After the discovery of America, it was found out that the sugar-cane would flourish there, and it was planted in some of the American countries, and in the West Indies. But the poor natives of those countries were unable to do the hard work which was required in the sugar plantations: they died in great numbers from fatigue and ill usage; and then it was determined to bring negroes from Africa to do the work, because the negro is strong, and can labour under the hottest sun. Every year, therefore, ships went to Africa and brought away negroes; and the chiefs of West Africa were constantly making war upon each other, that they might catch plenty of prisoners to sell to the captains of the ships. These poor people, men and women and children, were crowded together, as many as the ship would hold, and carried across the sea to labour as slaves in America. The Spaniards and Portuguese were the first sugar-planters there; but the English took Jamaica and several more of the West India Islands, and then Englishmen had thousands of slaves to work for them. At last, some good men began to see that it was a very wicked thing to steal men away.

from their own homes, and to buy and sell our fellow-creatures as if they had been beasts of burden; and, in time, a law was made forbidding Englishmen to bring any more negroes from Africa:—then, several years afterwards, another law was made, by which every slave in the countries belonging to England was set free. This was in the year 1838, and you may suppose how happy it made our black fellow-subjects; they are as free now as ourselves to go where they please and do what they will, so long as they obey the laws. But it was only the English who set their slaves free: in those countries and islands of America which belong to other nations, the negroes are still kept in slavery, and very hard labour is required of them in raising sugar, cotton, and coffee, as well as in many other kinds of work.

LESSON 34.

THE BLIND BOY.—PART I.

Af-ter-noon	cheer-ful-ly	sul-ki-ly
beau-ti-ful	dis-con-ten-ted	to-mor-row
car-ri-age	mis-e-ra-ble	veg-e-ta-ble

LUCY TAYLOR'S father and mother lived in the country, and had a nice little cottage and garden. They were not poor, for the produce of their garden brought them plenty to live upon, and Mr. Taylor went every week to the nearest market-town with flowers, fruit, and vegetables to sell. Besides this, they kept cows, and the milk was made into butter and cheese; bees, which made honey; and poultry, which brought them plenty of eggs.

Lucy was the only child, and she was now thirteen: her father and mother were very fond of her, and tried to make her grow up a child of God; so Lucy might have been a very happy girl but for one great fault. Instead of being thankful for the blessings around her, she was discontented with her station; she would

rather have been a grand lady to ride in a carriage, and have nothing to do. One day, when Lucy came home from school, her mother called her and said, "I want you to take these eggs to Mrs. Ross at once." "Oh! mother," said Lucy, "can't father take them to-morrow in the cart? it is so hot this afternoon." "No, my dear, the eggs must go to the Hall at once; Mrs. Ross ordered them for to-day."

Lucy, instead of cheerfully giving up her own wish, went very sulkily to do as her mother bade her. The Hall was a beautiful house, about two miles from the cottage; it belonged to an old lady named Mrs. Ross, who lived alone there with her granddaughter, Miss Harriet Ross.

The walk was through shady lanes and open fields; wild flowers were growing in the hedges and on the grass, the birds sang merrily, and the bees flew about from flower to flower, sipping honey from them. But though all the country was so bright around her, Lucy did not enjoy her walk, because her eyes were blinded so that she could not see the beauty of God's works. And what had blinded her eyes? Discontent and ill-temper; those two bad passions will make all things look ugly around us. She ought to have taken a lesson from the bees buzzing near her, and busily sipping honey; they did not waste their little lives, but did the work that God gave them to do. Lucy, instead of cheerfully doing her work, kept saying to herself, "I think mother might have waited just till to-morrow to send the eggs. How hot it is, and how dusty the roads are! I shall never get to the Hall." But Lucy got there at last, and took in her eggs. Miss Harriet came to the door while she stood there, and spoke kindly to her, asking after her mother. As Lucy went out, she saw Miss Harriet's horse waiting for her to ride, and she envied the rich young lady, and thought how happy she must be; "she has nothing to vex her,

she may ride her horse and do as she likes." Lucy did not know that wealth cannot make happiness, and that there is often as much misery in the gilded palace as in the poor hovel.

Near the Hall there was a pretty wood, and Lucy, being hot and tired with her walk, went to rest in it, and find shelter from the sun. It was a lovely wood; the trees grew thick together, and the sun's rays just came peeping between their leaves. Lucy sat down by the side of a little stream that ran through the wood, and began to talk to herself. "How strange it is that some should be born to be so happy, and to live in fine houses, and have carriages and horses like Miss Harriet Ross, and then others like me have to work in the hot sun, or on the cold winter days, and have no fine things! How I wish I had been born a lady!"

"You should not wish so," said a voice close by Lucy; she started, and turning quickly round, saw a boy of about twelve years of age sitting by the tree: she had not noticed him before. He had a basket of wild flowers on the ground beside him, his dress was poor and coarse, and his face pale. Lucy was ashamed he should have heard what she said, and begged he would not tell her mother or any one else. He answered, "I do not think I know your mother, and I do not wish to tell anything of you; will you sit down and talk to me a little? I cannot see you, for I am blind." Lucy looked quickly up into the boy's eyes, and saw indeed that there was no light there, but a film was over them. In a moment, Lucy forgot all her troubles in pity for the poor blind boy.

"Oh, poor boy!" she cried, "are you indeed blind? how sorry I am! you must be very unhappy."

"No," he said, "I am not unhappy; you are very kind to pity me. How old are you?"

Lucy told him her name and age, and where she came from. When he had learnt all about her, he

told her that his name was David, and that his mother was a widow who lived in the next village, about a mile off; she was very poor, and earned only a scanty living by making lace.

"But how is it," said Lucy, when he had told her all, "how is it, David, that you are not very unhappy? you are poor and you are blind, so that you cannot see anybody around you."

A smile passed over David's face.

"I will tell you," he said, "why I am happy, if you will stay and listen. You were saying just now that you had nothing to make you happy, and yet you have a kind father and mother, a pretty cottage to live in; you have never known want, and, better still, you have eyes to see God's beautiful works, the bright sun, the green grass and trees, and all the beautiful flowers."

"Oh, yes," said Lucy, "I was wrong to complain; you are so much more miserable."

"It is true," David went on, "that I am shut out from many pleasures, but I have blessings too that I will tell you of. I have a kind mother like yours, and I love her dearly, though I have never seen her face, and she loves me more than anything in the world; she is never tired of leading me about when she is not at work. She cannot read to me, for she has never learnt, but there is a kind young lady, Miss Harriet Ross, who comes to read and talk to me, and she has taught me many things, and pretty hymns that I can sing when I am lonely."

"Miss Harriet!" cried Lucy, "is she so kind?"

"Oh! yes," said the blind boy, his face lighting up with pleasure; "she is like an angel; her voice is so soft and gentle, that I feel as if she were sent by God to comfort me. You envied her just now, but you do not know how much sorrow she has had; her father and mother both died in a foreign land far

away, and she had to come to England to live with her grandmother; but she has very bad health, so that she is sometimes unable to move for days together, and she suffers very much; so you see she has troubles as well as anybody else."

Lucy felt ashamed of her envy, when she heard of Miss Harriet's trials and her goodness. I wish that all people would remember, when they are tempted to envy others, that every one has his own burden to bear, however happy and free from care they may seem to be in the eyes of the world.

"I do sometimes feel very lonely," David went on to say, his eyes filling with tears; "day after day all is dark to me, and I wish sometimes I could open my eyes for one moment to see what the world is like, and to look at my mother's face, and still all is dark."

"Oh! poor David," cried Lucy, "I am so sorry for you!"

"And then," said, David, "I think of what Miss Harriet taught me: how Jesus opened the eyes of the blind man, and that makes me happy again."

"How?" asked Lucy, "for Jesus can't open your eyes; He is not on the earth now."

"No," said David, raising his blind eyes to the sky, "He is in heaven above, and He sees us all, and knows all our sorrows; not one of us is forgotten before Him. No, He will not in this life open my eyes as He did that man's, but Miss Harriet tells me He will do it in another way. There is a verse in the Bible which says, 'Open thou mine eyes, O Lord, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' That cannot be the eyes of the body, Miss Harriet says, but the eyes of the mind; Christ has opened the eyes of my mind to see Him in all things and to love Him, and to know that He loves me, and soon will take me home to Him, where there shall be no night."

Lesson 35.

SONG OF THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it looks!
There is sunshine on the old grey hills, and sunshine on the brooks;
A singing-bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere!
Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds;
Or seated in the deep cool shade, at some tall ash-tree's root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit?
They tell me that my father's poor—that is no grief to me,
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye can see.
They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and gem;
It may be so—and yet, methinks, I do not envy them.
When forth I go upon my way, a thousand toys are mine,
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine;
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bindweed, and the rose;
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those.
And then the fruit! the glowing fruit, how sweet the scent it breathes!
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves!
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share,
The wild-wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere.
Oh! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights;
Its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil calm delights.
I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain,
And all the winter long I sing—"Sweet summer, come again!"

LESSON 36.

THE BLIND BOY.—PART II.

Alms-house	o-ver-come	sal-va-tion
ex-am-ple	pa-tient-ly	to-geth-er
in-va-lid	pov-er-ty	wa-ter-cress

LUCY for some time could not speak; she was surprised, for she had never heard any one talk like David: he was not like a child; it seemed indeed as if, to make up for his want of sight, God had given him a heart such as few have, so full of love, contentment, and hope. When he said he must go home, Lucy offered to walk with him and lead him: she forgot now that she was tired, for she wanted to do him a kindness; and so it is always, the desire to do good to others soon makes us forget our own troubles; it is the best cure for discontent.

"I don't want to be led," said David; "I know this road well enough; but will you carry my basket, and I will walk with my stick?"

Lucy took up the basket, and did not tell him she had already one to carry, but she put them both on her arm, and did not feel the weight.

"What do you do with these flowers?" she asked, "and what are these watercresses for?"

"I come nearly every day to get them," said David; "then I take them round the village, and many people buy from me because they are sorry for me."

The children walked on, talking together, till at last David stopped before a little mud cottage at the entrance of the village; they went in, and found David's mother sitting with a pillow on her lap, busily making lace. She looked up when her boy came in, and was surprised to see him with a companion. David told her who Lucy was, and she was

quite glad her poor boy had found a friend. Lucy had now to run home, for it was getting late, but she promised to come again next day. She thought a good deal about David and all he had said; she resolved to try to be good, for she saw now how much she had to be thankful for which he had not, and yet he did not complain as she had done.

So next morning Lucy was up early to milk the cow and feed the poultry, and her mother was pleased to see her so busy. Lucy had made up her mind to go to see David to-day, but her mother had something else for her to do. She was very much inclined to grumble; but then she remembered how wrong it was not to bear a little vexation when she had so much to be thankful for. The next day Lucy had nothing to do, so off she set to see David. She found him in bed, he was very unwell, and Miss Harriet was sitting there reading to him. Lucy caught the words as she walked softly in, "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?—the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" And David looked as if he felt the words in his heart. Lucy did not like to disturb them; but when David found she was there, he was very much pleased, and Lucy gave him some eggs her mother had given her to bring.

David was often for many days together unable to leave his bed, and during this time Lucy would come as often as she could to see him and read to him. When he was better, they would walk in the wood, and gather flowers, and David would talk of the love of God in giving us so many beautiful things, and would sit and listen to the song of the birds. Lucy learnt many a lesson from him, and strove day by day to grow in grace and to overcome her faults. The example of one who loves God in his heart and walks in His ways may often do more good than a

slowly runs off, and falls into a leaden cistern placed underneath. And now the sugar is ready to be put on board ship and brought to England; but it is only still brown or soft sugar, and has yet to be made into the hard white sugar which you see in loaves or lumps in the grocers' shops. This is done here by persons called sugar refiners. They first put the sugar into water, and then filter the syrup through powdered charcoal; this charcoal is not made of wood, but of burnt bones, and, black as the powder is, the syrup runs from it clear and pure, leaving much of its brown colour behind it. After being filtered, it is put into copper vessels, which are closed up tightly, and heated by steam: when the syrup has boiled in them long enough, it is poured into earthenware moulds, which are shaped like a sugar-loaf, and left there to grow cool. It comes out of the moulds in solid loaves of sugar, but still it is not hard; so the next thing is to put these soft loaves into an oven where they are thoroughly baked. They are now firm and hard, and there is nothing more to be done than to tie them up separately in paper and send them to the grocers. All the sugar which we use in England is made from the sugar-cane; but in France, and in some parts of Germany, a great deal of white beet-root is grown, in order to make sugar from it. Beet-root sugar looks and tastes exactly like that of the sugar-cane, but it is more expensive to make.

In Canada, and other parts of North America, a great deal of sugar is made from the sweet maple, a large handsome tree that grows in the American forests. Very early in the spring, the farmers make a hole in the bark of the trees, and put little troughs under them to catch the sweet juice or sap which runs out at the hole. All the family can help to make the sugar, for the children go from tree to tree, and empty the little troughs, as soon as they are full, into a larger

vessel; then, when evening comes, fires are lighted out of doors, and all the maple-juice which has flowed out that day, is put into kettles slung over the fires. It boils till it thickens into treacle; after that, the farmer's wife boils and skims it very carefully, indoors, for a long time; it is then left to grow cold. And when cold, the maple-sugar looks like sugar-candy, and is quite as nice. The sugar-candy we have in England is made by pouring very thick syrup over small sticks, or strings, and then baking it in a very hot oven: barley-sugar is sugar boiled in water with lemon-juice.

We all make some use of sugar in our daily food now, but three hundred years ago, it was not much used even by the richest people in England, excepting on occasions when there was more feasting than usual. After the discovery of America, it was found out that the sugar-cane would flourish there, and it was planted in some of the American countries, and in the West Indies. But the poor natives of those countries were unable to do the hard work which was required in the sugar plantations: they died in great numbers from fatigue and ill usage; and then it was determined to bring negroes from Africa to do the work, because the negro is strong, and can labour under the hottest sun. Every year, therefore, ships went to Africa and brought away negroes; and the chiefs of West Africa were constantly making war upon each other, that they might catch plenty of prisoners to sell to the captains of the ships. These poor people, men and women and children, were crowded together, as many as the ship would hold, and carried across the sea to labour as slaves in America. The Spaniards and Portuguese were the first sugar-planters there; but the English took Jamaica and several more of the West India Islands, and then Englishmen had thousands of slaves to work for them. At last, some good men began to see that it was a very wicked thing to steal men away.

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

All the candles are lighted, the bells are set ringing, and guns are fired. The priests walk round the churches and bless the people, and every one embraces his friends and neighbours, saying, "Christ is risen!" I wish I could say that Easter-day, which begins with all this joy, is spent by the people as if they were really thinking about the Saviour who died for them and rose again; but, instead of that, it is quite a day of worldly feasting and amusement. The streets are full of people eating and drinking, and diverting themselves with shows and games, and in the evening whole villages are sometimes seen in a state of intoxication. The chief cities of Russia are Moscow and Petersburg; both are very fine, and cover a great deal of ground. Moscow is in the middle of Russia; the finest part of it is the Kremlin, which is a number of palaces and churches standing together on a hill. Petersburg is on the banks of the Neva, just where it flows into the Gulf of Finland: the river divides itself into several streams, which flow between the different parts of the city. The houses are very large, and the streets and squares of Petersburg are extremely wide; it is often called a city of palaces.

Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and arctic* fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year;†
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.§

AIKIN.

* *Arctic.*] Living in the extreme north.

† In the extreme north the sun is never seen during the winter half-year, and during the summer half-year it never sets.

‡ Boats are here made of skins of seals.

§ The soil of these cold countries produces little or no food. The inhabitants support themselves by the fish which they catch in great quantities.

LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

One very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on some high mountains which are called the Alps. He is called the Dog of Saint Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the head to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every year the snow covers the

mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the Saint Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland in North America. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way. But in England they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive, too, very well, and bring up anything from the bottom of the water. They have saved the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in. The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him; he soon caught hold

of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water, and he was so delighted and so thankful that he offered the gentleman, to whom the dog belonged, a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature that he would not part with him for all the money in the world. The Newfoundland dog sometimes saves other dogs from drowning, as well as men and children. A Newfoundland dog, that lived near the seaside, often had a fight with a great quarrelsome dog. This dog was a mastiff, which is a very large and powerful kind of dog. One day both these dogs met close by the water, and began to fight and struggle as usual: presently they both tumbled in, in the midst of their battle. The Newfoundland dog did not mind it at all, and soon swam to land; but when he saw the mastiff, which could not swim, sinking in the water, he dashed in again, seized him by the collar, and keeping his head above water, brought him to the shore. The mastiff was very grateful to him, and after that, the two dogs were always good friends; and when the Newfoundland dog was at last killed by a heavy waggon passing over his body, the mastiff was very unhappy, and pined after him for a long time.

The shepherd's dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair, and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark-grey colour. He is a very great help to shepherds who have large flocks to feed and take care of upon the hills and mountain-sides. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see anything; he could not even see his dog Sirrah, though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep-dog always goes about his work quietly, but he set off directly to seek after the lambs. All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see anything of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there. Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

LESSON 32.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised* a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

* *Poised.*] Balanced,

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
fur-ni-ture	or-na-ment	un-whole-some

THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

Lesson 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

Russia is that very large country which stretches all along the east of Europe; but there are not so many people as one would expect to find in so great a tract of land. Much of it is taken up with immense forests and with lakes and marshes. One part, called Finland, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together, is full of rocks and lakes, and the people lead their cattle about to the green spots between the rocks. More to the south and east, you see towns and villages surrounded with fields of cabbages, and rye, and barley, but no orchards or wheat-fields till

you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

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Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and arctic* fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year;†
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.§

AIKIN.

* *Arctic.*] Living in the extreme north.

† In the extreme north the sun is never seen during the winter half-year, and during the summer half-year it never sets.

‡ Boats are here made of skins of seals.

§ The soil of these cold countries produces little or no food. The inhabitants support themselves by the fish which they catch in great quantities.

LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

One very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on some high mountains which are called the Alps. He is called the Dog of Saint Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the head to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every year the snow covers the

mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the Saint Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland in North America. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way. But in England they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive, too, very well, and bring up anything from the bottom of the water. They have saved the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in. The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him; he soon caught hold

of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water, and he was so delighted and so thankful that he offered the gentleman, to whom the dog belonged, a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature that he would not part with him for all the money in the world. The Newfoundland dog sometimes saves other dogs from drowning, as well as men and children. A Newfoundland dog, that lived near the seaside, often had a fight with a great quarrelsome dog. This dog was a mastiff, which is a very large and powerful kind of dog. One day both these dogs met close by the water, and began to fight and struggle as usual: presently they both tumbled in, in the midst of their battle. The Newfoundland dog did not mind it at all, and soon swam to land; but when he saw the mastiff, which could not swim, sinking in the water, he dashed in again, seized him by the collar, and keeping his head above water, brought him to the shore. The mastiff was very grateful to him, and after that, the two dogs were always good friends; and when the Newfoundland dog was at last killed by a heavy waggon passing over his body, the mastiff was very unhappy, and pined after him for a long time.

The shepherd's dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair, and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark-grey colour. He is a very great help to shepherds who have large flocks to feed and take care of upon the hills and mountain-sides. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see anything; he could not even see his dog Sirrah, though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep-dog always goes about his work quietly, but he set off directly to seek after the lambs. All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see anything of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there. Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

LESSON 32.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised* a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

* *Poised.*] Balanced,

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
fur-ni-ture	or-na-ment	un-whole-some

THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

LESSON 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

RUSSIA is that very large country which stretches all along the east of Europe; but there are not so many people as one would expect to find in so great a tract of land. Much of it is taken up with immense forests and with lakes and marshes. One part, called Finland, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together, is full of rocks and lakes, and the people lead their cattle about to the green spots between the rocks. More to the south and east, you see towns and villages surrounded with fields of cabbages, and rye, and barley, but no orchards or wheat-fields till

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Lesson 30.

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Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
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Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
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Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and arctic* fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year;†
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
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The food their niggard plains deny.§

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LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

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mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

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of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water, and he was so delighted and so thankful that he offered the gentleman, to whom the dog belonged, a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature that he would not part with him for all the money in the world. The Newfoundland dog sometimes saves other dogs from drowning, as well as men and children. A Newfoundland dog, that lived near the seaside, often had a fight with a great quarrelsome dog. This dog was a mastiff, which is a very large and powerful kind of dog. One day both these dogs met close by the water, and began to fight and struggle as usual: presently they both tumbled in, in the midst of their battle. The Newfoundland dog did not mind it at all, and soon swam to land; but when he saw the mastiff, which could not swim, sinking in the water, he dashed in again, seized him by the collar, and keeping his head above water, brought him to the shore. The mastiff was very grateful to him, and after that, the two dogs were always good friends; and when the Newfoundland dog was at last killed by a heavy waggon passing over his body, the mastiff was very unhappy, and pined after him for a long time.

The shepherd's dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair, and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark-grey colour. He is a very great help to shepherds who have large flocks to feed and take care of upon the hills and mountain-sides. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see anything; he could not even see his dog Sirrah, though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep-dog always goes about his work quietly, but he set off directly to seek after the lambs. All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see anything of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there. Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

LESSON 32.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised* a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

* *Poised.*] Balanced,

"Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,*
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But, then, there's their barley—how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now, what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

"O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously† tossed up her head,
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

* *Detached.*] Put aside.
† *Superciliously.*] Proudly

Lesson 33.

SUGAR.

A-me-ri-ca	ex-pen-sive	pow-der-ed
char-coal	Ja-mai-ca	tho-rough-ly
earth-en-ware	Por-tu-guese	trou-ble-some

Sugar is found in the juices of many plants, but there is none which supplies it so abundantly as the sugar-cane. The sugar cane grows chiefly in the south of Asia, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in several countries of America. It is a reed with many joints in the stem, and at each joint there is the bud of a new cane. Sugar-canes are not all alike in height; some are very tall, as much as fifteen and twenty feet high, others are only five or six feet, but all are beautiful when in flower. The cane is then of a bright yellow colour, streaked sometimes with red, the top is green, and in the midst of the long narrow leaves which hang down from it, there rises up a flower, which those who have seen it liken to a long silver wand, having at the top a plume of white feathers fringed with lilac. It is not, however, for this beautiful flower that the cane is valued, but for the sweet juice with which the stem is filled. Before the sugar-canes are quite ripe the juice smells and tastes like a sweet apple, but afterwards it becomes much sweeter, and very sticky. Then the canes are cut down and carried to the sugar-mill, where they are crushed between iron rollers, so as to squeeze out all the juice. It is of a dull-grey or green colour at first, but when it has been heated, and the scum taken off, it becomes of a clear bright yellow. After this the juice is boiled several times till it is a thick syrup, which separates, as it cools, into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains, there is a great deal of treacle or molasses, so it is all put together into casks with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle

slowly runs off, and falls into a leaden cistern placed underneath. And now the sugar is ready to be put on board ship and brought to England; but it is only still brown or soft sugar, and has yet to be made into the hard white sugar which you see in loaves or lumps in the grocers' shops. This is done here by persons called sugar refiners. They first put the sugar into water, and then filter the syrup through powdered charcoal; this charcoal is not made of wood, but of burnt bones, and, black as the powder is, the syrup runs from it clear and pure, leaving much of its brown colour behind it. After being filtered, it is put into copper vessels, which are closed up tightly, and heated by steam: when the syrup has boiled in them long enough, it is poured into earthenware moulds, which are shaped like a sugar-loaf, and left there to grow cool. It comes out of the moulds in solid loaves of sugar, but still it is not hard; so the next thing is to put these soft loaves into an oven where they are thoroughly baked. They are now firm and hard, and there is nothing more to be done than to tie them up separately in paper and send them to the grocers. All the sugar which we use in England is made from the sugar-cane; but in France, and in some parts of Germany, a great deal of white beet-root is grown, in order to make sugar from it. Beet-root sugar looks and tastes exactly like that of the sugar-cane, but it is more expensive to make.

In Canada, and other parts of North America, a great deal of sugar is made from the sweet maple, a large handsome tree that grows in the American forests. Very early in the spring, the farmers make a hole in the bark of the trees, and put little troughs under them to catch the sweet juice or sap which runs out at the hole. All the family can help to make the sugar, for the children go from tree to tree, and empty the little troughs, as soon as they are full, into a larger

vessel; then, when evening comes, fires are lighted out of doors, and all the maple-juice which has flowed out that day, is put into kettles slung over the fires. It boils till it thickens into treacle; after that, the farmer's wife boils and skims it very carefully, indoors, for a long time; it is then left to grow cold. And when cold, the maple-sugar looks like sugar-candy, and is quite as nice. The sugar-candy we have in England is made by pouring very thick syrup over small sticks, or strings, and then baking it in a very hot oven: barley-sugar is sugar boiled in water with lemon-juice.

We all make some use of sugar in our daily food now, but three hundred years ago, it was not much used even by the richest people in England, excepting on occasions when there was more feasting than usual. After the discovery of America, it was found out that the sugar-cane would flourish there, and it was planted in some of the American countries, and in the West Indies. But the poor natives of those countries were unable to do the hard work which was required in the sugar plantations: they died in great numbers from fatigue and ill usage; and then it was determined to bring negroes from Africa to do the work, because the negro is strong, and can labour under the hottest sun. Every year, therefore, ships went to Africa and brought away negroes; and the chiefs of West Africa were constantly making war upon each other, that they might catch plenty of prisoners to sell to the captains of the ships. These poor people, men and women and children, were crowded together, as many as the ship would hold, and carried across the sea to labour as slaves in America. The Spaniards and Portuguese were the first sugar-planters there; but the English took Jamaica and several more of the West India Islands, and then Englishmen had thousands of slaves to work for them. At last, some good men began to see that it was a very wicked thing to steal men away,

from their own homes, and to buy and sell our fellow-creatures as if they had been beasts of burden; and, in time, a law was made forbidding Englishmen to bring any more negroes from Africa:—then, several years afterwards, another law was made, by which every slave in the countries belonging to England was set free. This was in the year 1838, and you may suppose how happy it made our black fellow-subjects; they are as free now as ourselves to go where they please and do what they will, so long as they obey the laws. But it was only the English who set their slaves free: in those countries and islands of America which belong to other nations, the negroes are still kept in slavery, and very hard labour is required of them in raising sugar, cotton, and coffee, as well as in many other kinds of work.

LESSON 34.

THE BLIND BOY.—PART I.

Af-ter-noon	cheer-ful-ly	sul-ki-ly
beau-ti-ful	dis-con-ten-ted	to-mor-row
car-ri-age	mis-e-ra-ble	veg-e-ta-ble

LUCY TAYLOR'S father and mother lived in the country, and had a nice little cottage and garden. They were not poor, for the produce of their garden brought them plenty to live upon, and Mr. Taylor went every week to the nearest market-town with flowers, fruit, and vegetables to sell. Besides this, they kept cows, and the milk was made into butter and cheese; bees, which made honey; and poultry, which brought them plenty of eggs.

Lucy was the only child, and she was now thirteen: her father and mother were very fond of her, and tried to make her grow up a child of God; so Lucy might have been a very happy girl but for one great fault. Instead of being thankful for the blessings around her, she was discontented with her station; she would

rather have been a grand lady to ride in a carriage, and have nothing to do. One day, when Lucy came home from school, her mother called her and said, "I want you to take these eggs to Mrs. Ross at once." "Oh! mother," said Lucy, "can't father take them to-morrow in the cart? it is so hot this afternoon." "No, my dear, the eggs must go to the Hall at once; Mrs. Ross ordered them for to-day."

Lucy, instead of cheerfully giving up her own wish, went very sulkily to do as her mother bade her. The Hall was a beautiful house, about two miles from the cottage; it belonged to an old lady named Mrs. Ross, who lived alone there with her granddaughter, Miss Harriet Ross.

The walk was through shady lanes and open fields; wild flowers were growing in the hedges and on the grass, the birds sang merrily, and the bees flew about from flower to flower, sipping honey from them. But though all the country was so bright around her, Lucy did not enjoy her walk, because her eyes were blinded so that she could not see the beauty of God's works. And what had blinded her eyes? Discontent and ill-temper; those two bad passions will make all things look ugly around us. She ought to have taken a lesson from the bees buzzing near her, and busily sipping honey; they did not waste their little lives, but did the work that God gave them to do. Lucy, instead of cheerfully doing her work, kept saying to herself, "I think mother might have waited just till to-morrow to send the eggs. How hot it is, and how dusty the roads are! I shall never get to the Hall." But Lucy got there at last, and took in her eggs. Miss Harriet came to the door while she stood there, and spoke kindly to her, asking after her mother. As Lucy went out, she saw Miss Harriet's horse waiting for her to ride, and she envied the rich young lady, and thought how happy she must be; "she has nothing to vex her,

Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and arctic* fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year;†
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.§

AIKIN.

* *Arctic.*] Living in the extreme north.

† In the extreme north the sun is never seen during the winter half-year, and during the summer half-year it never sets.

‡ Boats are here made of skins of seals.

§ The soil of these cold countries produces little or no food. The inhabitants support themselves by the fish which they catch in great quantities.

LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

One very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on some high mountains which are called the Alps. He is called the Dog of Saint Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the head to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every year the snow covers the

mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the Saint Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland in North America. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way. But in England they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive, too, very well, and bring up anything from the bottom of the water. They have saved the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in. The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him; he soon caught hold

of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water, and he was so delighted and so thankful that he offered the gentleman, to whom the dog belonged, a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature that he would not part with him for all the money in the world. The Newfoundland dog sometimes saves other dogs from drowning, as well as men and children. A Newfoundland dog, that lived near the seaside, often had a fight with a great quarrelsome dog. This dog was a mastiff, which is a very large and powerful kind of dog. One day both these dogs met close by the water, and began to fight and struggle as usual: presently they both tumbled in, in the midst of their battle. The Newfoundland dog did not mind it at all, and soon swam to land; but when he saw the mastiff, which could not swim, sinking in the water, he dashed in again, seized him by the collar, and keeping his head above water, brought him to the shore. The mastiff was very grateful to him, and after that, the two dogs were always good friends; and when the Newfoundland dog was at last killed by a heavy waggon passing over his body, the mastiff was very unhappy, and pined after him for a long time.

The shepherd's dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair, and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark-grey colour. He is a very great help to shepherds who have large flocks to feed and take care of upon the hills and mountain-sides. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see anything; he could not even see his dog Sirrah, though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep-dog always goes about his work quietly, but he set off directly to seek after the lambs. All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see anything of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there. Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

LESSON 32.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised* a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

* *Poised.*] Balanced,

"Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,*
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But, then, there's their barley—how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now, what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

"O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously† tossed up her head,
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

* *Detached.*] Put aside.
† *Superciliously.*] Proudly

Lesson 33.

SUGAR.

A-me-ri-ca	ex-pen-sive	pow-der-ed
char-coal	Ja-mai-ca	tho-rough-ly
earth-en-ware	Por-tu-guese	trou-ble-some

Sugar is found in the juices of many plants, but there is none which supplies it so abundantly as the sugar-cane. The sugar cane grows chiefly in the south of Asia, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in several countries of America. It is a reed with many joints in the stem, and at each joint there is the bud of a new cane. Sugar-canes are not all alike in height; some are very tall, as much as fifteen and twenty feet high, others are only five or six feet, but all are beautiful when in flower. The cane is then of a bright yellow colour, streaked sometimes with red, the top is green, and in the midst of the long narrow leaves which hang down from it, there rises up a flower, which those who have seen it liken to a long silver wand, having at the top a plume of white feathers fringed with lilac. It is not, however, for this beautiful flower that the cane is valued, but for the sweet juice with which the stem is filled. Before the sugar-canes are quite ripe the juice smells and tastes like a sweet apple, but afterwards it becomes much sweeter, and very sticky. Then the canes are cut down and carried to the sugar-mill, where they are crushed between iron rollers, so as to squeeze out all the juice. It is of a dull-grey or green colour at first, but when it has been heated, and the scum taken off, it becomes of a clear bright yellow. After this the juice is boiled several times till it is a thick syrup, which separates, as it cools, into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains, there is a great deal of treacle or molasses, so it is all put together into casks with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle

slowly runs off, and falls into a leaden cistern placed underneath. And now the sugar is ready to be put on board ship and brought to England; but it is only still brown or soft sugar, and has yet to be made into the hard white sugar which you see in loaves or lumps in the grocers' shops. This is done here by persons called sugar refiners. They first put the sugar into water, and then filter the syrup through powdered charcoal; this charcoal is not made of wood, but of burnt bones, and, black as the powder is, the syrup runs from it clear and pure, leaving much of its brown colour behind it. After being filtered, it is put into copper vessels, which are closed up tightly, and heated by steam: when the syrup has boiled in them long enough, it is poured into earthenware moulds, which are shaped like a sugar-loaf, and left there to grow cool. It comes out of the moulds in solid loaves of sugar, but still it is not hard; so the next thing is to put these soft loaves into an oven where they are thoroughly baked. They are now firm and hard, and there is nothing more to be done than to tie them up separately in paper and send them to the grocers. All the sugar which we use in England is made from the sugar-cane; but in France, and in some parts of Germany, a great deal of white beet-root is grown, in order to make sugar from it. Beet-root sugar looks and tastes exactly like that of the sugar-cane, but it is more expensive to make.

In Canada, and other parts of North America, a great deal of sugar is made from the sweet maple, a large handsome tree that grows in the American forests. Very early in the spring, the farmers make a hole in the bark of the trees, and put little troughs under them to catch the sweet juice or sap which runs out at the hole. All the family can help to make the sugar, for the children go from tree to tree, and empty the little troughs, as soon as they are full, into a larger

vessel; then, when evening comes, fires are lighted out of doors, and all the maple-juice which has flowed out that day, is put into kettles slung over the fires. It boils till it thickens into treacle; after that, the farmer's wife boils and skims it very carefully, indoors, for a long time; it is then left to grow cold. And when cold, the maple-sugar looks like sugar-candy, and is quite as nice. The sugar-candy we have in England is made by pouring very thick syrup over small sticks, or strings, and then baking it in a very hot oven: barley-sugar is sugar boiled in water with lemon-juice.

We all make some use of sugar in our daily food now, but three hundred years ago, it was not much used even by the richest people in England, excepting on occasions when there was more feasting than usual. After the discovery of America, it was found out that the sugar-cane would flourish there, and it was planted in some of the American countries, and in the West Indies. But the poor natives of those countries were unable to do the hard work which was required in the sugar plantations: they died in great numbers from fatigue and ill usage; and then it was determined to bring negroes from Africa to do the work, because the negro is strong, and can labour under the hottest sun. Every year, therefore, ships went to Africa and brought away negroes; and the chiefs of West Africa were constantly making war upon each other, that they might catch plenty of prisoners to sell to the captains of the ships. These poor people, men and women and children, were crowded together, as many as the ship would hold, and carried across the sea to labour as slaves in America. The Spaniards and Portuguese were the first sugar-planters there; but the English took Jamaica and several more of the West India Islands, and then Englishmen had thousands of slaves to work for them. At last, some good men began to see that it was a very wicked thing to steal men away.

from their own homes, and to buy and sell our fellow-creatures as if they had been beasts of burden; and, in time, a law was made forbidding Englishmen to bring any more negroes from Africa:—then, several years afterwards, another law was made, by which every slave in the countries belonging to England was set free. This was in the year 1838, and you may suppose how happy it made our black fellow-subjects; they are as free now as ourselves to go where they please and do what they will, so long as they obey the laws. But it was only the English who set their slaves free: in those countries and islands of America which belong to other nations, the negroes are still kept in slavery, and very hard labour is required of them in raising sugar, cotton, and coffee, as well as in many other kinds of work.

LESSON 34.

THE BLIND BOY.—PART I.

Af-ter-noon	cheer-ful-ly	sul-ki-ly
beau-ti-ful	dis-con-ten-ted	to-mor-row
car-ri-age	mis-e-ra-ble	veg-e-ta-ble

LUCY TAYLOR'S father and mother lived in the country, and had a nice little cottage and garden. They were not poor, for the produce of their garden brought them plenty to live upon, and Mr. Taylor went every week to the nearest market-town with flowers, fruit, and vegetables to sell. Besides this, they kept cows, and the milk was made into butter and cheese; bees, which made honey; and poultry, which brought them plenty of eggs.

Lucy was the only child, and she was now thirteen: her father and mother were very fond of her, and tried to make her grow up a child of God; so Lucy might have been a very happy girl but for one great fault. Instead of being thankful for the blessings around her, she was discontented with her station; she would

rather have been a grand lady to ride in a carriage, and have nothing to do. One day, when Lucy came home from school, her mother called her and said, "I want you to take these eggs to Mrs. Ross at once." "Oh! mother," said Lucy, "can't father take them to-morrow in the cart? it is so hot this afternoon." "No, my dear, the eggs must go to the Hall at once; Mrs. Ross ordered them for to-day."

Lucy, instead of cheerfully giving up her own wish, went very sulkily to do as her mother bade her. The Hall was a beautiful house, about two miles from the cottage; it belonged to an old lady named Mrs. Ross, who lived alone there with her granddaughter, Miss Harriet Ross.

The walk was through shady lanes and open fields; wild flowers were growing in the hedges and on the grass, the birds sang merrily, and the bees flew about from flower to flower, sipping honey from them. But though all the country was so bright around her, Lucy did not enjoy her walk, because her eyes were blinded so that she could not see the beauty of God's works. And what had blinded her eyes? Discontent and ill-temper; those two bad passions will make all things look ugly around us. She ought to have taken a lesson from the bees buzzing near her, and busily sipping honey; they did not waste their little lives, but did the work that God gave them to do. Lucy, instead of cheerfully doing her work, kept saying to herself, "I think mother might have waited just till to-morrow to send the eggs. How hot it is, and how dusty the roads are! I shall never get to the Hall." But Lucy got there at last, and took in her eggs. Miss Harriet came to the door while she stood there, and spoke kindly to her, asking after her mother. As Lucy went out, she saw Miss Harriet's horse waiting for her to ride, and she envied the rich young lady, and thought how happy she must be; "she has nothing to vex her,

she may ride her horse and do as she likes." Lucy did not know that wealth cannot make happiness, and that there is often as much misery in the gilded palace as in the poor hovel.

Near the Hall there was a pretty wood, and Lucy, being hot and tired with her walk, went to rest in it, and find shelter from the sun. It was a lovely wood; the trees grew thick together, and the sun's rays just came peeping between their leaves. Lucy sat down by the side of a little stream that ran through the wood, and began to talk to herself. "How strange it is that some should be born to be so happy, and to live in fine houses, and have carriages and horses like Miss Harriet Ross, and then others like me have to work in the hot sun, or on the cold winter days, and have no fine things! How I wish I had been born a lady!"

"You should not wish so," said a voice close by Lucy; she started, and turning quickly round, saw a boy of about twelve years of age sitting by the tree: she had not noticed him before. He had a basket of wild flowers on the ground beside him, his dress was poor and coarse, and his face pale. Lucy was ashamed he should have heard what she said, and begged he would not tell her mother or any one else. He answered, "I do not think I know your mother, and I do not wish to tell anything of you; will you sit down and talk to me a little? I cannot see you, for I am blind." Lucy looked quickly up into the boy's eyes, and saw indeed that there was no light there, but a film was over them. In a moment, Lucy forgot all her troubles in pity for the poor blind boy.

"Oh, poor boy!" she cried, "are you indeed blind? how sorry I am! you must be very unhappy."

"No," he said, "I am not unhappy; you are very kind to pity me. How old are you?"

Lucy told him her name and age, and where she came from. When he had learnt all about her, he

told her that his name was David, and that his mother was a widow who lived in the next village, about a mile off; she was very poor, and earned only a scanty living by making lace.

"But how is it," said Lucy, when he had told her all, "how is it, David, that you are not very unhappy? you are poor and you are blind, so that you cannot see anybody around you."

A smile passed over David's face.

"I will tell you," he said, "why I am happy, if you will stay and listen. You were saying just now that you had nothing to make you happy, and yet you have a kind father and mother, a pretty cottage to live in; you have never known want, and, better still, you have eyes to see God's beautiful works, the bright sun, the green grass and trees, and all the beautiful flowers."

"Oh, yes," said Lucy, "I was wrong to complain; you are so much more miserable."

"It is true," David went on, "that I am shut out from many pleasures, but I have blessings too that I will tell you of. I have a kind mother like yours, and I love her dearly, though I have never seen her face, and she loves me more than anything in the world; she is never tired of leading me about when she is not at work. She cannot read to me, for she has never learnt, but there is a kind young lady, Miss Harriet Ross, who comes to read and talk to me, and she has taught me many things, and pretty hymns that I can sing when I am lonely."

"Miss Harriet!" cried Lucy, "is she so kind?"

"Oh! yes," said the blind boy, his face lighting up with pleasure; "she is like an angel; her voice is so soft and gentle, that I feel as if she were sent by God to comfort me. You envied her just now, but you do not know how much sorrow she has had; her father and mother both died in a foreign land far

away, and she had to come to England to live with her grandmother; but she has very bad health, so that she is sometimes unable to move for days together, and she suffers very much; so you see she has troubles as well as anybody else."

Lucy felt ashamed of her envy, when she heard of Miss Harriet's trials and her goodness. I wish that all people would remember, when they are tempted to envy others, that every one has his own burden to bear, however happy and free from care they may seem to be in the eyes of the world.

"I do sometimes feel very lonely," David went on to say, his eyes filling with tears; "day after day all is dark to me, and I wish sometimes I could open my eyes for one moment to see what the world is like, and to look at my mother's face, and still all is dark."

"Oh! poor David," cried Lucy, "I am so sorry for you!"

"And then," said, David, "I think of what Miss Harriet taught me: how Jesus opened the eyes of the blind man, and that makes me happy again."

"How?" asked Lucy, "for Jesus can't open your eyes; He is not on the earth now."

"No," said David, raising his blind eyes to the sky, "He is in heaven above, and He sees us all, and knows all our sorrows; not one of us is forgotten before Him. No, He will not in this life open my eyes as He did that man's, but Miss Harriet tells me He will do it in another way. There is a verse in the Bible which says, 'Open thou mine eyes, O Lord, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' That cannot be the eyes of the body, Miss Harriet says, but the eyes of the mind; Christ has opened the eyes of my mind to see Him in all things and to love Him, and to know that He loves me, and soon will take me home to Him, where there shall be no night."

Lesson 35.

SONG OF THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it looks!
There is sunshine on the old grey hills, and sunshine on the brooks;
A singing-bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere!
Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds;
Or seated in the deep cool shade, at some tall ash-tree's root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit?
They tell me that my father's poor—that is no grief to me,
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye can see.
They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and gem;
It may be so—and yet, methinks, I do not envy them.
When forth I go upon my way, a thousand toys are mine,
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine;
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bindweed, and the rose;
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those.
And then the fruit! the glowing fruit, how sweet the scent it breathes!
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves!
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share,
The wild-wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere.
Oh! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights;
Its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil calm delights.
I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain,
And all the winter long I sing—"Sweet summer, come again!"

of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water, and he was so delighted and so thankful that he offered the gentleman, to whom the dog belonged, a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature that he would not part with him for all the money in the world. The Newfoundland dog sometimes saves other dogs from drowning, as well as men and children. A Newfoundland dog, that lived near the seaside, often had a fight with a great quarrelsome dog. This dog was a mastiff, which is a very large and powerful kind of dog. One day both these dogs met close by the water, and began to fight and struggle as usual: presently they both tumbled in, in the midst of their battle. The Newfoundland dog did not mind it at all, and soon swam to land; but when he saw the mastiff, which could not swim, sinking in the water, he dashed in again, seized him by the collar, and keeping his head above water, brought him to the shore. The mastiff was very grateful to him, and after that, the two dogs were always good friends; and when the Newfoundland dog was at last killed by a heavy waggon passing over his body, the mastiff was very unhappy, and pined after him for a long time.

The shepherd's dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair, and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark-grey colour. He is a very great help to shepherds who have large flocks to feed and take care of upon the hills and mountain-sides. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see anything; he could not even see his dog Sirrah, though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep-dog always goes about his work quietly, but he set off directly to seek after the lambs. All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see anything of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there. Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

LESSON 32.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised* a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

* *Poised.*] Balanced,

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
On! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
fur-ni-ture	or-na-ment	un-whole-some

THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

LESSON 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

RUSSIA is that very large country which stretches all along the east of Europe; but there are not so many people as one would expect to find in so great a tract of land. Much of it is taken up with immense forests and with lakes and marshes. One part, called Finland, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together, is full of rocks and lakes, and the people lead their cattle about to the green spots between the rocks. More to the south and east, you see towns and villages surrounded with fields of cabbages, and rye, and barley, but no orchards or wheat-fields till

you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

All the candles are lighted, the bells are set ringing, and guns are fired. The priests walk round the churches and bless the people, and every one embraces his friends and neighbours, saying, "Christ is risen!" I wish I could say that Easter-day, which begins with all this joy, is spent by the people as if they were really thinking about the Saviour who died for them and rose again; but, instead of that, it is quite a day of worldly feasting and amusement. The streets are full of people eating and drinking, and diverting themselves with shows and games, and in the evening whole villages are sometimes seen in a state of intoxication. The chief cities of Russia are Moscow and Petersburg; both are very fine, and cover a great deal of ground. Moscow is in the middle of Russia; the finest part of it is the Kremlin, which is a number of palaces and churches standing together on a hill. Petersburg is on the banks of the Neva, just where it flows into the Gulf of Finland: the river divides itself into several streams, which flow between the different parts of the city. The houses are very large, and the streets and squares of Petersburg are extremely wide; it is often called a city of palaces.

Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

lived, and was slain. The princes of Europe would perhaps have done better by staying at home to govern their own countries well, than by leading so many thousand soldiers to be killed in battle. But many thought it good and pleasing to God to go and fight in Palestine, and among the rest was Edward, the eldest son of Henry III., king of England. This Edward was a very brave man. He had already defeated in England the rebellious nobles who had resisted his father. After this he went to Palestine with his wife, Eleanor of Castile. There Prince Edward fought very bravely, and won many battles. But the enemy were so terrified by his valour that they endeavoured to get rid of him, and they hired a wicked man to kill him when he was resting in his tent. The assassin, having found the prince off his guard, made the attempt. He was seized and secured, but not before he had wounded the prince. The wound was not severe, but it was known that the Saracens used poisoned daggers, and the slightest wound from these weapons would be death, unless the poison was extracted at once. His attendants stood by in alarm, not knowing what would be the end of this, but none thought of risking his life to save his master. The affectionate and faithful Eleanor lost no time in hastening to her husband. She at once put her lips to the wound and sucked out the poison. Her husband's life was saved, and the princess herself did not suffer from this noble action.

She lived to be queen of England, and mother of thirteen children: when she died, her husband grieved much for the loss of so true and loving a wife. Anxious to do honour to her memory, he erected a stone cross in every place where the hearse, which bore her body, rested in its way from the place of her death to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. These places were Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Goddington,

Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, and Charing, then a village near London, but now the centre of the metropolis, under the name of Charing Cross. The Crosses at Northampton and Waltham still remain. The latter is a most beautiful specimen of the workmanship of the day, and has lately been restored.

LESSON 26.

THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

A-part-ment	con-de-scend	prin-ci-pal
a-void-ed	con-ster-na-tion	re-pu-ta-tion
Cal-ais	gov-ern-or	re-spect-a-ble
cit-i-zen	in-hab-it-ants	sur-ren-der

EDWARD III., king of England, was a wise and valiant prince, but he was passionate and severe, and too often undertook wars without considering the justice of the cause.

He invaded France, and besieged Calais. After some time the inhabitants, being shut up within the walls, were reduced to the greatest distress. They offered to surrender on condition that their lives should be spared; but the king demanded that six of the principal inhabitants should be given up, for him to do with them what he would.

When this sad message was delivered, the men of Calais were in great consternation; but after a while, the most wealthy citizen of the town, by name Eustace, rose up and said, "Gentlemen, both high and low, it would be a very great pity to suffer so many people to die through famine, if any means could be found to prevent it, and it would be pleasing in the eyes of our Saviour, if such misery could be avoided. I have such faith in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I

name myself as first of the six." Then another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said, that he would be the second; and after him four others offered themselves as companions to the first two. The governor of Calais led forth the six men to the gates of the city, with halters round their necks, and with their heads and feet bare; and he delivered them to Sir Walter Manny, the messenger of Edward, saying, "I deliver up to you, as governor of Calais, with the consent of the inhabitants, these six citizens. And I declare to you that they were and are at this day the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness to beseech the king, that they may not be put to death." "I cannot answer for what the king will do with them," replied Sir Walter, "but you may depend that I will do all in my power to save them."

Eustace and his companions were brought to the tent of Edward. When they were presented to the king, they knelt before him, and said, "Most noble king, see before you six citizens of Calais, who have been principal merchants, and who bring to you the keys of the castle of the town. We surrender ourselves to your will and pleasure, in order to save the rest of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, to have mercy and compassion upon us." All the nobles, who were present, wept at that sight. But the king looked sternly upon the prisoners, and thought of the damage which the men of Calais had formerly done him. He gave orders that the men be beheaded. All present entreated that he would be merciful, but he would not listen to them.

Then Sir Walter Manny said, "Gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger. Do not tarnish your reputation by such an act as this. All the world

will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such persons, who, of their own free will, have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens."

But the king was still unmoved. Thereupon Queen Philippa fell on her knees, and with tears said, "Gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favour. Now, I most humbly beseech you, for the sake of the Blessed Saviour, and for your love to me, that you would be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, "Ah, lady, you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you. I therefore give them to you, to do as you please with them." The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartment, and had the halters taken from off their necks; after which she clothed them anew, and served them with a plentiful dinner. She then presented each with six nobles, and had them led out of the camp in safety.

Lesson 27.

THE WORM.

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm
The frame thy wayward* looks deride,
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, He made
For all His creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade,
For worms as well as thee.

* *Wayward.*] Perverse.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
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THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

Lesson 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

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you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

to make them feel happy, she brought peace among them.

When it was late, Alice got down the Bible, and said, "Father, shall I read a chapter to you before we go to bed?"

"Yes, dear," answered her father.

She read the 11th chapter of St. Matthew; and how truly she felt those beautiful verses at the close, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

When Alice closed the book, and kissed her father, tears were in his eyes, and every trace of ill-humour had passed away as he kissed his child, and wished her good night.

Alice had that day made peace among her school-fellows, and brought peace to her home. She was too humble to think much of what she had done. But she lay down to rest happy and contented, for God's blessing was upon her. It is written, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Lesson 24.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I am coming, I am coming!—
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the blue and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;

And on banks of mossy green
Star-like primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms—a noisy crowd!
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

Look around thee—look around!
Flowers in all the fields abound;
Every running stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven!
God for thee the Spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food:—
Pour thy soul in gratitude!

MARY HOWITT.

LESSON 25.

QUEEN ELEANOR OF CASTILE.

An-xious	El-ean-or	me-tro-po-lis
as-sas-sin	ex-tract-ed	Pal-es-tine
de-feat-ed	Lin-coln	re-bel-lious
dis-pos-sess	Ma-hom-et	Sa-ra-cens

THERE was a time when there was a great stir in Europe to dispossess the Saracens of the holy city of Jerusalem. These Saracens had come from Arabia and conquered Palestine. They did not believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, but in the false prophet Mahomet. They often ill-treated the pilgrims, who went from other countries to visit the places where our Lord

lived, and was slain. The princes of Europe would perhaps have done better by staying at home to govern their own countries well, than by leading so many thousand soldiers to be killed in battle. But many thought it good and pleasing to God to go and fight in Palestine, and among the rest was Edward, the eldest son of Henry III., king of England. This Edward was a very brave man. He had already defeated in England the rebellious nobles who had resisted his father. After this he went to Palestine with his wife, Eleanor of Castile. There Prince Edward fought very bravely, and won many battles. But the enemy were so terrified by his valour that they endeavoured to get rid of him, and they hired a wicked man to kill him when he was resting in his tent. The assassin, having found the prince off his guard, made the attempt. He was seized and secured, but not before he had wounded the prince. The wound was not severe, but it was known that the Saracens used poisoned daggers, and the slightest wound from these weapons would be death, unless the poison was extracted at once. His attendants stood by in alarm, not knowing what would be the end of this, but none thought of risking his life to save his master. The affectionate and faithful Eleanor lost no time in hastening to her husband. She at once put her lips to the wound and sucked out the poison. Her husband's life was saved, and the princess herself did not suffer from this noble action.

She lived to be queen of England, and mother of thirteen children: when she died, her husband grieved much for the loss of so true and loving a wife. Anxious to do honour to her memory, he erected a stone cross in every place where the hearse, which bore her body, rested in its way from the place of her death to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. These places were Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Goddington,

Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, and Charing, then a village near London, but now the centre of the metropolis, under the name of Charing Cross. The Crosses at Northampton and Waltham still remain. The latter is a most beautiful specimen of the workmanship of the day, and has lately been restored.

Lesson 26.

THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

A-part-ment	con-de-scend	prin-ci-pal
a-void-ed	con-ster-na-tion	re-pu-ta-tion
Cal-ais	gov-ern-or	re-spect-a-ble
cit-i-zen	in-hab-it-ants	sur-ren-der

Edward III., king of England, was a wise and valiant prince, but he was passionate and severe, and too often undertook wars without considering the justice of the cause.

He invaded France, and besieged Calais. After some time the inhabitants, being shut up within the walls, were reduced to the greatest distress. They offered to surrender on condition that their lives should be spared; but the king demanded that six of the principal inhabitants should be given up, for him to do with them what he would.

When this sad message was delivered, the men of Calais were in great consternation; but after a while, the most wealthy citizen of the town, by name Eustace, rose up and said, "Gentlemen, both high and low, it would be a very great pity to suffer so many people to die through famine, if any means could be found to prevent it, and it would be pleasing in the eyes of our Saviour, if such misery could be avoided. I have such faith in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I

name myself as first of the six." Then another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said, that he would be the second; and after him four others offered themselves as companions to the first two. The governor of Calais led forth the six men to the gates of the city, with halters round their necks, and with their heads and feet bare; and he delivered them to Sir Walter Manny, the messenger of Edward, saying, "I deliver up to you, as governor of Calais, with the consent of the inhabitants, these six citizens. And I declare to you that they were and are at this day the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness to beseech the king, that they may not be put to death." "I cannot answer for what the king will do with them," replied Sir Walter, "but you may depend that I will do all in my power to save them."

Eustace and his companions were brought to the tent of Edward. When they were presented to the king, they knelt before him, and said, "Most noble king, see before you six citizens of Calais, who have been principal merchants, and who bring to you the keys of the castle of the town. We surrender ourselves to your will and pleasure, in order to save the rest of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, to have mercy and compassion upon us." All the nobles, who were present, wept at that sight. But the king looked sternly upon the prisoners, and thought of the damage which the men of Calais had formerly done him. He gave orders that the men be beheaded. All present entreated that he would be merciful, but he would not listen to them.

Then Sir Walter Manny said, "Gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger. Do not tarnish your reputation by such an act as this. All the world

will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such persons, who, of their own free will, have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens."

But the king was still unmoved. Thereupon Queen Philippa fell on her knees, and with tears said, "Gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favour. Now, I most humbly beseech you, for the sake of the Blessed Saviour, and for your love to me, that you would be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, "Ah, lady, you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you. I therefore give them to you, to do as you please with them." The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartment, and had the halters taken from off their necks; after which she clothed them anew, and served them with a plentiful dinner. She then presented each with six nobles, and had them led out of the camp in safety.

LESSON 27.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm
The frame thy wayward* looks deride,
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, He made
For all His creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

* *Wayward.*] Perverse.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
fur-ni-ture	or-na-ment	un-whole-some

THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

Lesson 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

Russia is that very large country which stretches all along the east of Europe; but there are not so many people as one would expect to find in so great a tract of land. Much of it is taken up with immense forests and with lakes and marshes. One part, called Finland, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together, is full of rocks and lakes, and the people lead their cattle about to the green spots between the rocks. More to the south and east, you see towns and villages surrounded with fields of cabbages, and rye, and barley, but no orchards or wheat-fields till

you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

All the candles are lighted, the bells are set ringing, and guns are fired. The priests walk round the churches and bless the people, and every one embraces his friends and neighbours, saying, "Christ is risen!" I wish I could say that Easter-day, which begins with all this joy, is spent by the people as if they were really thinking about the Saviour who died for them and rose again; but, instead of that, it is quite a day of worldly feasting and amusement. The streets are full of people eating and drinking, and diverting themselves with shows and games, and in the evening whole villages are sometimes seen in a state of intoxication. The chief cities of Russia are Moscow and Petersburg; both are very fine, and cover a great deal of ground. Moscow is in the middle of Russia; the finest part of it is the Kremlin, which is a number of palaces and churches standing together on a hill. Petersburg is on the banks of the Neva, just where it flows into the Gulf of Finland: the river divides itself into several streams, which flow between the different parts of the city. The houses are very large, and the streets and squares of Petersburg are extremely wide; it is often called a city of palaces.

Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

lived, and was slain. The princes of Europe would perhaps have done better by staying at home to govern their own countries well, than by leading so many thousand soldiers to be killed in battle. But many thought it good and pleasing to God to go and fight in Palestine, and among the rest was Edward, the eldest son of Henry III., king of England. This Edward was a very brave man. He had already defeated in England the rebellious nobles who had resisted his father. After this he went to Palestine with his wife, Eleanor of Castile. There Prince Edward fought very bravely, and won many battles. But the enemy were so terrified by his valour that they endeavoured to get rid of him, and they hired a wicked man to kill him when he was resting in his tent. The assassin, having found the prince off his guard, made the attempt. He was seized and secured, but not before he had wounded the prince. The wound was not severe, but it was known that the Saracens used poisoned daggers, and the slightest wound from these weapons would be death, unless the poison was extracted at once. His attendants stood by in alarm, not knowing what would be the end of this, but none thought of risking his life to save his master. The affectionate and faithful Eleanor lost no time in hastening to her husband. She at once put her lips to the wound and sucked out the poison. Her husband's life was saved, and the princess herself did not suffer from this noble action.

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When this sad message was delivered, the men of Calais were in great consternation; but after a while, the most wealthy citizen of the town, by name Eustace, rose up and said, "Gentlemen, both high and low, it would be a very great pity to suffer so many people to die through famine, if any means could be found to prevent it, and it would be pleasing in the eyes of our Saviour, if such misery could be avoided. I have such faith in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I

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LESSON 27.

THE WORM.

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Nor crush that helpless worm
The frame thy wayward* looks deride,
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From whom thy being flowed,
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GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
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THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

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LESSON 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
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you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

All the candles are lighted, the bells are set ringing, and guns are fired. The priests walk round the churches and bless the people, and every one embraces his friends and neighbours, saying, "Christ is risen!" I wish I could say that Easter-day, which begins with all this joy, is spent by the people as if they were really thinking about the Saviour who died for them and rose again; but, instead of that, it is quite a day of worldly feasting and amusement. The streets are full of people eating and drinking, and diverting themselves with shows and games, and in the evening whole villages are sometimes seen in a state of intoxication. The chief cities of Russia are Moscow and Petersburg; both are very fine, and cover a great deal of ground. Moscow is in the middle of Russia; the finest part of it is the Kremlin, which is a number of palaces and churches standing together on a hill. Petersburg is on the banks of the Neva, just where it flows into the Gulf of Finland: the river divides itself into several streams, which flow between the different parts of the city. The houses are very large, and the streets and squares of Petersburg are extremely wide; it is often called a city of palaces.

Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

lived, and was slain. The princes of Europe would perhaps have done better by staying at home to govern their own countries well, than by leading so many thousand soldiers to be killed in battle. But many thought it good and pleasing to God to go and fight in Palestine, and among the rest was Edward, the eldest son of Henry III., king of England. This Edward was a very brave man. He had already defeated in England the rebellious nobles who had resisted his father. After this he went to Palestine with his wife, Eleanor of Castile. There Prince Edward fought very bravely, and won many battles. But the enemy were so terrified by his valour that they endeavoured to get rid of him, and they hired a wicked man to kill him when he was resting in his tent. The assassin, having found the prince off his guard, made the attempt. He was seized and secured, but not before he had wounded the prince. The wound was not severe, but it was known that the Saracens used poisoned daggers, and the slightest wound from these weapons would be death, unless the poison was extracted at once. His attendants stood by in alarm, not knowing what would be the end of this, but none thought of risking his life to save his master. The affectionate and faithful Eleanor lost no time in hastening to her husband. She at once put her lips to the wound and sucked out the poison. Her husband's life was saved, and the princess herself did not suffer from this noble action.

She lived to be queen of England, and mother of thirteen children: when she died, her husband grieved much for the loss of so true and loving a wife. Anxious to do honour to her memory, he erected a stone cross in every place where the hearse, which bore her body, rested in its way from the place of her death to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. These places were Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Goddington,

Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, and Charing, then a village near London, but now the centre of the metropolis, under the name of Charing Cross. The Crosses at Northampton and Waltham still remain. The latter is a most beautiful specimen of the workmanship of the day, and has lately been restored.

LESSON 26.

THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

A-part-ment	con-de-scend	prin-ci-pal
a-void-ed	con-ster-na-tion	re-pu-ta-tion
Cal-ais	gov-ern-or	re-spect-a-ble
cit-i-zen	in-hab-it-ants	sur-ren-der

EDWARD III., king of England, was a wise and valiant prince, but he was passionate and severe, and too often undertook wars without considering the justice of the cause.

He invaded France, and besieged Calais. After some time the inhabitants, being shut up within the walls, were reduced to the greatest distress. They offered to surrender on condition that their lives should be spared; but the king demanded that six of the principal inhabitants should be given up, for him to do with them what he would.

When this sad message was delivered, the men of Calais were in great consternation; but after a while, the most wealthy citizen of the town, by name Eustace, rose up and said, "Gentlemen, both high and low, it would be a very great pity to suffer so many people to die through famine, if any means could be found to prevent it, and it would be pleasing in the eyes of our Saviour, if such misery could be avoided. I have such faith in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I

name myself as first of the six." Then another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said, that he would be the second; and after him four others offered themselves as companions to the first two. The governor of Calais led forth the six men to the gates of the city, with halters round their necks, and with their heads and feet bare; and he delivered them to Sir Walter Manny, the messenger of Edward, saying, "I deliver up to you, as governor of Calais, with the consent of the inhabitants, these six citizens. And I declare to you that they were and are at this day the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness to beseech the king, that they may not be put to death." "I cannot answer for what the king will do with them," replied Sir Walter, "but you may depend that I will do all in my power to save them."

Eustace and his companions were brought to the tent of Edward. When they were presented to the king, they knelt before him, and said, "Most noble king, see before you six citizens of Calais, who have been principal merchants, and who bring to you the keys of the castle of the town. We surrender ourselves to your will and pleasure, in order to save the rest of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, to have mercy and compassion upon us." All the nobles, who were present, wept at that sight. But the king looked sternly upon the prisoners, and thought of the damage which the men of Calais had formerly done him. He gave orders that the men be beheaded. All present entreated that he would be merciful, but he would not listen to them.

Then Sir Walter Manny said, "Gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger. Do not tarnish your reputation by such an act as this. All the world

will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such persons, who, of their own free will, have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens."

But the king was still unmoved. Thereupon Queen Philippa fell on her knees, and with tears said, "Gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favour. Now, I most humbly beseech you, for the sake of the Blessed Saviour, and for your love to me, that you would be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, "Ah, lady, you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you. I therefore give them to you, to do as you please with them." The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartment, and had the halters taken from off their necks; after which she clothed them anew, and served them with a plentiful dinner. She then presented each with six nobles, and had them led out of the camp in safety.

LESSON 27.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm
The frame thy wayward* looks deride,
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, He made
For all His creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

* *Wayward.*] Perverse.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
On! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
fur-ni-ture	or-na-ment	un-whole-some

THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

LESSON 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

RUSSIA is that very large country which stretches all along the east of Europe; but there are not so many people as one would expect to find in so great a tract of land. Much of it is taken up with immense forests and with lakes and marshes. One part, called Finland, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together, is full of rocks and lakes, and the people lead their cattle about to the green spots between the rocks. More to the south and east, you see towns and villages surrounded with fields of cabbages, and rye, and barley, but no orchards or wheat-fields till

you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

All the candles are lighted, the bells are set ringing, and guns are fired. The priests walk round the churches and bless the people, and every one embraces his friends and neighbours, saying, "Christ is risen!" I wish I could say that Easter-day, which begins with all this joy, is spent by the people as if they were really thinking about the Saviour who died for them and rose again; but, instead of that, it is quite a day of worldly feasting and amusement. The streets are full of people eating and drinking, and diverting themselves with shows and games, and in the evening whole villages are sometimes seen in a state of intoxication. The chief cities of Russia are Moscow and Petersburg; both are very fine, and cover a great deal of ground. Moscow is in the middle of Russia; the finest part of it is the Kremlin, which is a number of palaces and churches standing together on a hill. Petersburg is on the banks of the Neva, just where it flows into the Gulf of Finland: the river divides itself into several streams, which flow between the different parts of the city. The houses are very large, and the streets and squares of Petersburg are extremely wide; it is often called a city of palaces.

Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and arctic* fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year;†
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.§

AIKIN.

* *Arctic.*] Living in the extreme north.

† In the extreme north the sun is never seen during the winter half-year, and during the summer half-year it never sets.

‡ Boats are here made of skins of seals.

§ The soil of these cold countries produces little or no food. The inhabitants support themselves by the fish which they catch in great quantities.

LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

One very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on some high mountains which are called the Alps. He is called the Dog of Saint Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the head to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every year the snow covers the

mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the Saint Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland in North America. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way. But in England they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive, too, very well, and bring up anything from the bottom of the water. They have saved the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in. The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him; he soon caught hold

name myself as first of the six." Then another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said, that he would be the second; and after him four others offered themselves as companions to the first two. The governor of Calais led forth the six men to the gates of the city, with halters round their necks, and with their heads and feet bare; and he delivered them to Sir Walter Manny, the messenger of Edward, saying, "I deliver up to you, as governor of Calais, with the consent of the inhabitants, these six citizens. And I declare to you that they were and are at this day the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness to beseech the king, that they may not be put to death." "I cannot answer for what the king will do with them," replied Sir Walter, "but you may depend that I will do all in my power to save them."

Eustace and his companions were brought to the tent of Edward. When they were presented to the king, they knelt before him, and said, "Most noble king, see before you six citizens of Calais, who have been principal merchants, and who bring to you the keys of the castle of the town. We surrender ourselves to your will and pleasure, in order to save the rest of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, to have mercy and compassion upon us." All the nobles, who were present, wept at that sight. But the king looked sternly upon the prisoners, and thought of the damage which the men of Calais had formerly done him. He gave orders that the men be beheaded. All present entreated that he would be merciful, but he would not listen to them.

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will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such persons, who, of their own free will, have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens."

But the king was still unmoved. Thereupon Queen Philippa fell on her knees, and with tears said, "Gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favour. Now, I most humbly beseech you, for the sake of the Blessed Saviour, and for your love to me, that you would be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, "Ah, lady, you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you. I therefore give them to you, to do as you please with them." The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartment, and had the halters taken from off their necks; after which she clothed them anew, and served them with a plentiful dinner. She then presented each with six nobles, and had them led out of the camp in safety.

Lesson 27.

THE WORM.

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm
The frame thy wayward* looks deride,
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, He made
For all His creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade
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Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
fur-ni-ture	or-na-ment	un-whole-some

THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

LESSON 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

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you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

All the candles are lighted, the bells are set ringing, and guns are fired. The priests walk round the churches and bless the people, and every one embraces his friends and neighbours, saying, "Christ is risen!" I wish I could say that Easter-day, which begins with all this joy, is spent by the people as if they were really thinking about the Saviour who died for them and rose again; but, instead of that, it is quite a day of worldly feasting and amusement. The streets are full of people eating and drinking, and diverting themselves with shows and games, and in the evening whole villages are sometimes seen in a state of intoxication. The chief cities of Russia are Moscow and Petersburg; both are very fine, and cover a great deal of ground. Moscow is in the middle of Russia; the finest part of it is the Kremlin, which is a number of palaces and churches standing together on a hill. Petersburg is on the banks of the Neva, just where it flows into the Gulf of Finland: the river divides itself into several streams, which flow between the different parts of the city. The houses are very large, and the streets and squares of Petersburg are extremely wide; it is often called a city of palaces.

Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

lived, and was slain. The princes of Europe would perhaps have done better by staying at home to govern their own countries well, than by leading so many thousand soldiers to be killed in battle. But many thought it good and pleasing to God to go and fight in Palestine, and among the rest was Edward, the eldest son of Henry III., king of England. This Edward was a very brave man. He had already defeated in England the rebellious nobles who had resisted his father. After this he went to Palestine with his wife, Eleanor of Castile. There Prince Edward fought very bravely, and won many battles. But the enemy were so terrified by his valour that they endeavoured to get rid of him, and they hired a wicked man to kill him when he was resting in his tent. The assassin, having found the prince off his guard, made the attempt. He was seized and secured, but not before he had wounded the prince. The wound was not severe, but it was known that the Saracens used poisoned daggers, and the slightest wound from these weapons would be death, unless the poison was extracted at once. His attendants stood by in alarm, not knowing what would be the end of this, but none thought of risking his life to save his master. The affectionate and faithful Eleanor lost no time in hastening to her husband. She at once put her lips to the wound and sucked out the poison. Her husband's life was saved, and the princess herself did not suffer from this noble action.

She lived to be queen of England, and mother of thirteen children: when she died, her husband grieved much for the loss of so true and loving a wife. Anxious to do honour to her memory, he erected a stone cross in every place where the hearse, which bore her body, rested in its way from the place of her death to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. These places were Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Goddington,

Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, and Charing, then a village near London, but now the centre of the metropolis, under the name of Charing Cross. The Crosses at Northampton and Waltham still remain. The latter is a most beautiful specimen of the workmanship of the day, and has lately been restored.

LESSON 26.

THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

A-part-ment	con-de-scend	prin-ci-pal
a-void-ed	con-ster-na-tion	re-pu-ta-tion
Cal-ais	gov-ern-or	re-spect-a-ble
cit-i-zen	in-hab-it-ants	sur-ren-der

EDWARD III., king of England, was a wise and valiant prince, but he was passionate and severe, and too often undertook wars without considering the justice of the cause.

He invaded France, and besieged Calais. After some time the inhabitants, being shut up within the walls, were reduced to the greatest distress. They offered to surrender on condition that their lives should be spared; but the king demanded that six of the principal inhabitants should be given up, for him to do with them what he would.

When this sad message was delivered, the men of Calais were in great consternation; but after a while, the most wealthy citizen of the town, by name Eustace, rose up and said, "Gentlemen, both high and low, it would be a very great pity to suffer so many people to die through famine, if any means could be found to prevent it, and it would be pleasing in the eyes of our Saviour, if such misery could be avoided. I have such faith in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I

name myself as first of the six." Then another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said, that he would be the second; and after him four others offered themselves as companions to the first two. The governor of Calais led forth the six men to the gates of the city, with halters round their necks, and with their heads and feet bare; and he delivered them to Sir Walter Manny, the messenger of Edward, saying, "I deliver up to you, as governor of Calais, with the consent of the inhabitants, these six citizens. And I declare to you that they were and are at this day the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness to beseech the king, that they may not be put to death." "I cannot answer for what the king will do with them," replied Sir Walter, "but you may depend that I will do all in my power to save them."

Eustace and his companions were brought to the tent of Edward. When they were presented to the king, they knelt before him, and said, "Most noble king, see before you six citizens of Calais, who have been principal merchants, and who bring to you the keys of the castle of the town. We surrender ourselves to your will and pleasure, in order to save the rest of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, to have mercy and compassion upon us." All the nobles, who were present, wept at that sight. But the king looked sternly upon the prisoners, and thought of the damage which the men of Calais had formerly done him. He gave orders that the men be beheaded. All present entreated that he would be merciful, but he would not listen to them.

Then Sir Walter Manny said, "Gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger. Do not tarnish your reputation by such an act as this. All the world

will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such persons, who, of their own free will, have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens."

But the king was still unmoved. Thereupon Queen Philippa fell on her knees, and with tears said, "Gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favour. Now, I most humbly beseech you, for the sake of the Blessed Saviour, and for your love to me, that you would be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, "Ah, lady, you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you. I therefore give them to you, to do as you please with them." The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartment, and had the halters taken from off their necks; after which she clothed them anew, and served them with a plentiful dinner. She then presented each with six nobles, and had them led out of the camp in safety.

Lesson 27.

THE WORM.

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm
The frame thy wayward* looks deride,
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, He made
For all His creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade,
For worms as well as thee.

* *Wayward.*] Perverse.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
fur-ni-ture	or-na-ment	un-whole-some

THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

Lesson 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

Russia is that very large country which stretches all along the east of Europe; but there are not so many people as one would expect to find in so great a tract of land. Much of it is taken up with immense forests and with lakes and marshes. One part, called Finland, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together, is full of rocks and lakes, and the people lead their cattle about to the green spots between the rocks. More to the south and east, you see towns and villages surrounded with fields of cabbages, and rye, and barley, but no orchards or wheat-fields till

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Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and arctic* fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year;†
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.§

AIKIN.

* *Arctic.*] Living in the extreme north.

† In the extreme north the sun is never seen during the winter half-year, and during the summer half-year it never sets.

‡ Boats are here made of skins of seals.

§ The soil of these cold countries produces little or no food. The inhabitants support themselves by the fish which they catch in great quantities.

LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

One very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on some high mountains which are called the Alps. He is called the Dog of Saint Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the head to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every year the snow covers the

mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the Saint Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland in North America. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way. But in England they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive, too, very well, and bring up anything from the bottom of the water. They have saved the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in. The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him; he soon caught hold

of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water, and he was so delighted and so thankful that he offered the gentleman, to whom the dog belonged, a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature that he would not part with him for all the money in the world. The Newfoundland dog sometimes saves other dogs from drowning, as well as men and children. A Newfoundland dog, that lived near the seaside, often had a fight with a great quarrelsome dog. This dog was a mastiff, which is a very large and powerful kind of dog. One day both these dogs met close by the water, and began to fight and struggle as usual: presently they both tumbled in, in the midst of their battle. The Newfoundland dog did not mind it at all, and soon swam to land; but when he saw the mastiff, which could not swim, sinking in the water, he dashed in again, seized him by the collar, and keeping his head above water, brought him to the shore. The mastiff was very grateful to him, and after that, the two dogs were always good friends; and when the Newfoundland dog was at last killed by a heavy waggon passing over his body, the mastiff was very unhappy, and pined after him for a long time.

The shepherd's dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair, and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark-grey colour. He is a very great help to shepherds who have large flocks to feed and take care of upon the hills and mountain-sides. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see anything; he could not even see his dog Sirrah, though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep-dog always goes about his work quietly, but he set off directly to seek after the lambs. All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see anything of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there. Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

LESSON 32.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised* a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

* *Poised.*] Balanced,

" Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,*
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

" Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

" But, then, there's their barley—how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

" Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now, what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

" O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

" Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

" Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously† tossed up her head,
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
" Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

* *Detached.*] Put aside.
† *Superciliously.*] Proudly

Lesson 33.

SUGAR.

A-me-ri-ca	ex-pen-sive	pow-der-ed
char-coal	Ja-mai-ca	tho-rough-ly
earth-en-ware	Por-tu-guese	trou-ble-some

SUGAR is found in the juices of many plants, but there is none which supplies it so abundantly as the sugar-cane. The sugar cane grows chiefly in the south of Asia, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in several countries of America. It is a reed with many joints in the stem, and at each joint there is the bud of a new cane. Sugar-canes are not all alike in height; some are very tall, as much as fifteen and twenty feet high, others are only five or six feet, but all are beautiful when in flower. The cane is then of a bright yellow colour, streaked sometimes with red, the top is green, and in the midst of the long narrow leaves which hang down from it, there rises up a flower, which those who have seen it liken to a long silver wand, having at the top a plume of white feathers fringed with lilac. It is not, however, for this beautiful flower that the cane is valued, but for the sweet juice with which the stem is filled. Before the sugar-canes are quite ripe the juice smells and tastes like a sweet apple, but afterwards it becomes much sweeter, and very sticky. Then the canes are cut down and carried to the sugar-mill, where they are crushed between iron rollers, so as to squeeze out all the juice. It is of a dull-grey or green colour at first, but when it has been heated, and the scum taken off, it becomes of a clear bright yellow. After this the juice is boiled several times till it is a thick syrup, which separates, as it cools, into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains, there is a great deal of treacle or molasses, so it is all put together into casks with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle

slowly runs off, and falls into a leaden cistern placed underneath. And now the sugar is ready to be put on board ship and brought to England; but it is only still brown or soft sugar, and has yet to be made into the hard white sugar which you see in loaves or lumps in the grocers' shops. This is done here by persons called sugar refiners. They first put the sugar into water, and then filter the syrup through powdered charcoal; this charcoal is not made of wood, but of burnt bones, and, black as the powder is, the syrup runs from it clear and pure, leaving much of its brown colour behind it. After being filtered, it is put into copper vessels, which are closed up tightly, and heated by steam: when the syrup has boiled in them long enough, it is poured into earthenware moulds, which are shaped like a sugar-loaf, and left there to grow cool. It comes out of the moulds in solid loaves of sugar, but still it is not hard; so the next thing is to put these soft loaves into an oven where they are thoroughly baked. They are now firm and hard, and there is nothing more to be done than to tie them up separately in paper and send them to the grocers. All the sugar which we use in England is made from the sugar-cane; but in France, and in some parts of Germany, a great deal of white beet-root is grown, in order to make sugar from it. Beet-root sugar looks and tastes exactly like that of the sugar-cane, but it is more expensive to make.

In Canada, and other parts of North America, a great deal of sugar is made from the sweet maple, a large handsome tree that grows in the American forests. Very early in the spring, the farmers make a hole in the bark of the trees, and put little troughs under them to catch the sweet juice or sap which runs out at the hole. All the family can help to make the sugar, for the children go from tree to tree, and empty the little troughs, as soon as they are full, into a larger

vessel; then, when evening comes, fires are lighted out of doors, and all the maple-juice which has flowed out that day, is put into kettles slung over the fires. It boils till it thickens into treacle; after that, the farmer's wife boils and skims it very carefully, indoors, for a long time; it is then left to grow cold. And when cold, the maple-sugar looks like sugar-candy, and is quite as nice. The sugar-candy we have in England is made by pouring very thick syrup over small sticks, or strings, and then baking it in a very hot oven: barley-sugar is sugar boiled in water with lemon-juice.

We all make some use of sugar in our daily food now, but three hundred years ago, it was not much used even by the richest people in England, excepting on occasions when there was more feasting than usual. After the discovery of America, it was found out that the sugar-cane would flourish there, and it was planted in some of the American countries, and in the West Indies. But the poor natives of those countries were unable to do the hard work which was required in the sugar plantations: they died in great numbers from fatigue and ill usage; and then it was determined to bring negroes from Africa to do the work, because the negro is strong, and can labour under the hottest sun. Every year, therefore, ships went to Africa and brought away negroes; and the chiefs of West Africa were constantly making war upon each other, that they might catch plenty of prisoners to sell to the captains of the ships. These poor people, men and women and children, were crowded together, as many as the ship would hold, and carried across the sea to labour as slaves in America. The Spaniards and Portuguese were the first sugar-planters there; but the English took Jamaica and several more of the West India Islands, and then Englishmen had thousands of slaves to work for them. At last, some good men began to see that it was a very wicked thing to steal men away.

from their own homes, and to buy and sell our fellow-creatures as if they had been beasts of burden; and, in time, a law was made forbidding Englishmen to bring any more negroes from Africa:—then, several years afterwards, another law was made, by which every slave in the countries belonging to England was set free. This was in the year 1838, and you may suppose how happy it made our black fellow-subjects; they are as free now as ourselves to go where they please and do what they will, so long as they obey the laws. But it was only the English who set their slaves free: in those countries and islands of America which belong to other nations, the negroes are still kept in slavery, and very hard labour is required of them in raising sugar, cotton, and coffee, as well as in many other kinds of work.

LESSON 34.

THE BLIND BOY.—PART I.

Af-ter-noon	cheer-ful-ly	sul-ki-ly
beau-ti-ful	dis-con-ten-ted	to-mor-row
car-ri-age	mis-e-ra-ble	veg-e-ta-ble

LUCY TAYLOR'S father and mother lived in the country, and had a nice little cottage and garden. They were not poor, for the produce of their garden brought them plenty to live upon, and Mr. Taylor went every week to the nearest market-town with flowers, fruit, and vegetables to sell. Besides this, they kept cows, and the milk was made into butter and cheese; bees, which made honey; and poultry, which brought them plenty of eggs.

Lucy was the only child, and she was now thirteen: her father and mother were very fond of her, and tried to make her grow up a child of God; so Lucy might have been a very happy girl but for one great fault. Instead of being thankful for the blessings around her, she was discontented with her station; she would

rather have been a grand lady to ride in a carriage, and have nothing to do. One day, when Lucy came home from school, her mother called her and said, "I want you to take these eggs to Mrs. Ross at once." "Oh! mother," said Lucy, "can't father take them to-morrow in the cart? it is so hot this afternoon." "No, my dear, the eggs must go to the Hall at once; Mrs. Ross ordered them for to-day."

Lucy, instead of cheerfully giving up her own wish, went very sulkily to do as her mother bade her. The Hall was a beautiful house, about two miles from the cottage; it belonged to an old lady named Mrs. Ross, who lived alone there with her granddaughter, Miss Harriet Ross.

The walk was through shady lanes and open fields; wild flowers were growing in the hedges and on the grass, the birds sang merrily, and the bees flew about from flower to flower, sipping honey from them. But though all the country was so bright around her, Lucy did not enjoy her walk, because her eyes were blinded so that she could not see the beauty of God's works. And what had blinded her eyes? Discontent and ill-temper; those two bad passions will make all things look ugly around us. She ought to have taken a lesson from the bees buzzing near her, and busily sipping honey; they did not waste their little lives, but did the work that God gave them to do. Lucy, instead of cheerfully doing her work, kept saying to herself, "I think mother might have waited just till to-morrow to send the eggs. How hot it is, and how dusty the roads are! I shall never get to the Hall." But Lucy got there at last, and took in her eggs. Miss Harriet came to the door while she stood there, and spoke kindly to her, asking after her mother. As Lucy went out, she saw Miss Harriet's horse waiting for her to ride, and she envied the rich young lady, and thought how happy she must be; "she has nothing to vex her,

she may ride her horse and do as she likes." Lucy did not know that wealth cannot make happiness, and that there is often as much misery in the gilded palace as in the poor hovel.

Near the Hall there was a pretty wood, and Lucy, being hot and tired with her walk, went to rest in it, and find shelter from the sun. It was a lovely wood; the trees grew thick together, and the sun's rays just came peeping between their leaves. Lucy sat down by the side of a little stream that ran through the wood, and began to talk to herself. "How strange it is that some should be born to be so happy, and to live in fine houses, and have carriages and horses like Miss Harriet Ross, and then others like me have to work in the hot sun, or on the cold winter days, and have no fine things! How I wish I had been born a lady!"

"You should not wish so," said a voice close by Lucy; she started, and turning quickly round, saw a boy of about twelve years of age sitting by the tree: she had not noticed him before. He had a basket of wild flowers on the ground beside him, his dress was poor and coarse, and his face pale. Lucy was ashamed he should have heard what she said, and begged he would not tell her mother or any one else. He answered, "I do not think I know your mother, and I do not wish to tell anything of you; will you sit down and talk to me a little? I cannot see you, for I am blind." Lucy looked quickly up into the boy's eyes, and saw indeed that there was no light there, but a film was over them. In a moment, Lucy forgot all her troubles in pity for the poor blind boy.

"Oh, poor boy!" she cried, "are you indeed blind? how sorry I am! you must be very unhappy."

"No," he said, "I am not unhappy; you are very kind to pity me. How old are you?"

Lucy told him her name and age, and where she came from. When he had learnt all about her, he

told her that his name was David, and that his mother was a widow who lived in the next village, about a mile off; she was very poor, and earned only a scanty living by making lace.

"But how is it," said Lucy, when he had told her all, "how is it, David, that you are not very unhappy? you are poor and you are blind, so that you cannot see anybody around you."

A smile passed over David's face.

"I will tell you," he said, "why I am happy, if you will stay and listen. You were saying just now that you had nothing to make you happy, and yet you have a kind father and mother, a pretty cottage to live in; you have never known want, and, better still, you have eyes to see God's beautiful works, the bright sun, the green grass and trees, and all the beautiful flowers."

"Oh, yes," said Lucy, "I was wrong to complain; you are so much more miserable."

"It is true," David went on, "that I am shut out from many pleasures, but I have blessings too that I will tell you of. I have a kind mother like yours, and I love her dearly, though I have never seen her face, and she loves me more than anything in the world; she is never tired of leading me about when she is not at work. She cannot read to me, for she has never learnt, but there is a kind young lady, Miss Harriet Ross, who comes to read and talk to me, and she has taught me many things, and pretty hymns that I can sing when I am lonely."

"Miss Harriet!" cried Lucy, "is she so kind?"

"Oh! yes," said the blind boy, his face lighting up with pleasure; "she is like an angel; her voice is so soft and gentle, that I feel as if she were sent by God to comfort me. You envied her just now, but you do not know how much sorrow she has had; her father and mother both died in a foreign land far

away, and she had to come to England to live with her grandmother; but she has very bad health, so that she is sometimes unable to move for days together, and she suffers very much; so you see she has troubles as well as anybody else."

Lucy felt ashamed of her envy, when she heard of Miss Harriet's trials and her goodness. I wish that all people would remember, when they are tempted to envy others, that every one has his own burden to bear, however happy and free from care they may seem to be in the eyes of the world.

"I do sometimes feel very lonely," David went on to say, his eyes filling with tears; "day after day all is dark to me, and I wish sometimes I could open my eyes for one moment to see what the world is like, and to look at my mother's face, and still all is dark."

"Oh! poor David," cried Lucy, "I am so sorry for you!"

"And then," said, David, "I think of what Miss Harriet taught me: how Jesus opened the eyes of the blind man, and that makes me happy again."

"How?" asked Lucy, "for Jesus can't open your eyes; He is not on the earth now."

"No," said David, raising his blind eyes to the sky, "He is in heaven above, and He sees us all, and knows all our sorrows; not one of us is forgotten before Him. No, He will not in this life open my eyes as He did that man's, but Miss Harriet tells me He will do it in another way. There is a verse in the Bible which says, 'Open thou mine eyes, O Lord, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' That cannot be the eyes of the body, Miss Harriet says, but the eyes of the mind; Christ has opened the eyes of my mind to see Him in all things and to love Him, and to know that He loves me, and soon will take me home to Him, where there shall be no night."

Lesson 35.

SONG OF THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it looks!
There is sunshine on the old grey hills, and sunshine on the brooks;
A singing-bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere!
Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds;
Or seated in the deep cool shade, at some tall ash-tree's root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit?
They tell me that my father's poor—that is no grief to me,
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye can see.
They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and gem;
It may be so—and yet, methinks, I do not envy them.
When forth I go upon my way, a thousand toys are mine,
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine;
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bindweed, and the rose;
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those.
And then the fruit! the glowing fruit, how sweet the scent it breathes!
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves!
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share,
The wild-wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere.
Oh! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights;
Its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil calm delights.
I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain,
And all the winter long I sing—"Sweet summer, come again!"

"Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,*
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But, then, there's their barley—how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now, what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

"O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously† tossed up her head,
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

* *Detached.*] Put aside.
† *Superciliously.*] Proudly

Lesson 33.

SUGAR.

A-me-ri-ca	ex-pen-sive	pow-der-ed
char-coal	Ja-mai-ca	tho-rough-ly
earth-en-ware	Por-tu-guese	trou-ble-some

Sugar is found in the juices of many plants, but there is none which supplies it so abundantly as the sugar-cane. The sugar cane grows chiefly in the south of Asia, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in several countries of America. It is a reed with many joints in the stem, and at each joint there is the bud of a new cane. Sugar-canes are not all alike in height; some are very tall, as much as fifteen and twenty feet high, others are only five or six feet, but all are beautiful when in flower. The cane is then of a bright yellow colour, streaked sometimes with red, the top is green, and in the midst of the long narrow leaves which hang down from it, there rises up a flower, which those who have seen it liken to a long silver wand, having at the top a plume of white feathers fringed with lilac. It is not, however, for this beautiful flower that the cane is valued, but for the sweet juice with which the stem is filled. Before the sugar-canes are quite ripe the juice smells and tastes like a sweet apple, but afterwards it becomes much sweeter, and very sticky. Then the canes are cut down and carried to the sugar-mill, where they are crushed between iron rollers, so as to squeeze out all the juice. It is of a dull-grey or green colour at first, but when it has been heated, and the scum taken off, it becomes of a clear bright yellow. After this the juice is boiled several times till it is a thick syrup, which separates, as it cools, into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains, there is a great deal of treacle or molasses, so it is all put together into casks with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle

slowly runs off, and falls into a leaden cistern placed underneath. And now the sugar is ready to be put on board ship and brought to England; but it is only still brown or soft sugar, and has yet to be made into the hard white sugar which you see in loaves or lumps in the grocers' shops. This is done here by persons called sugar refiners. They first put the sugar into water, and then filter the syrup through powdered charcoal; this charcoal is not made of wood, but of burnt bones, and, black as the powder is, the syrup runs from it clear and pure, leaving much of its brown colour behind it. After being filtered, it is put into copper vessels, which are closed up tightly, and heated by steam: when the syrup has boiled in them long enough, it is poured into earthenware moulds, which are shaped like a sugar-loaf, and left there to grow cool. It comes out of the moulds in solid loaves of sugar, but still it is not hard; so the next thing is to put these soft loaves into an oven where they are thoroughly baked. They are now firm and hard, and there is nothing more to be done than to tie them up separately in paper and send them to the grocers. All the sugar which we use in England is made from the sugar-cane; but in France, and in some parts of Germany, a great deal of white beet-root is grown, in order to make sugar from it. Beet-root sugar looks and tastes exactly like that of the sugar-cane, but it is more expensive to make.

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Lesson 34.

THE BLIND BOY.—Part I.

Af-ter-noon	cheer-ful-ly	sul-ki-ly
beau-ti-ful	dis-con-ten-ted	to-mor-row
car-ri-age	mis-e-ra-ble	veg-e-ta-ble

Lucy Taylor's father and mother lived in the country, and had a nice little cottage and garden. They were not poor, for the produce of their garden brought them plenty to live upon, and Mr. Taylor went every week to the nearest market-town with flowers, fruit, and vegetables to sell. Besides this, they kept cows, and the milk was made into butter and cheese; bees, which made honey; and poultry, which brought them plenty of eggs.

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rather have been a grand lady to ride in a carriage, and have nothing to do. One day, when Lucy came home from school, her mother called her and said, "I want you to take these eggs to Mrs. Ross at once." "Oh! mother," said Lucy, "can't father take them to-morrow in the cart? it is so hot this afternoon." "No, my dear, the eggs must go to the Hall at once; Mrs. Ross ordered them for to-day."

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The walk was through shady lanes and open fields; wild flowers were growing in the hedges and on the grass, the birds sang merrily, and the bees flew about from flower to flower, sipping honey from them. But though all the country was so bright around her, Lucy did not enjoy her walk, because her eyes were blinded so that she could not see the beauty of God's works. And what had blinded her eyes? Discontent and ill-temper; those two bad passions will make all things look ugly around us. She ought to have taken a lesson from the bees buzzing near her, and busily sipping honey; they did not waste their little lives, but did the work that God gave them to do. Lucy, instead of cheerfully doing her work, kept saying to herself, "I think mother might have waited just till to-morrow to send the eggs. How hot it is, and how dusty the roads are! I shall never get to the Hall." But Lucy got there at last, and took in her eggs. Miss Harriet came to the door while she stood there, and spoke kindly to her, asking after her mother. As Lucy went out, she saw Miss Harriet's horse waiting for her to ride, and she envied the rich young lady, and thought how happy she must be; "she has nothing to vex her,

she may ride her horse and do as she likes." Lucy did not know that wealth cannot make happiness, and that there is often as much misery in the gilded palace as in the poor hovel.

Near the Hall there was a pretty wood, and Lucy, being hot and tired with her walk, went to rest in it, and find shelter from the sun. It was a lovely wood; the trees grew thick together, and the sun's rays just came peeping between their leaves. Lucy sat down by the side of a little stream that ran through the wood, and began to talk to herself. "How strange it is that some should be born to be so happy, and to live in fine houses, and have carriages and horses like Miss Harriet Ross, and then others like me have to work in the hot sun, or on the cold winter days, and have no fine things! How I wish I had been born a lady!"

"You should not wish so," said a voice close by Lucy; she started, and turning quickly round, saw a boy of about twelve years of age sitting by the tree: she had not noticed him before. He had a basket of wild flowers on the ground beside him, his dress was poor and coarse, and his face pale. Lucy was ashamed he should have heard what she said, and begged he would not tell her mother or any one else. He answered, "I do not think I know your mother, and I do not wish to tell anything of you; will you sit down and talk to me a little? I cannot see you, for I am blind." Lucy looked quickly up into the boy's eyes, and saw indeed that there was no light there, but a film was over them. In a moment, Lucy forgot all her troubles in pity for the poor blind boy.

"Oh, poor boy!" she cried, "are you indeed blind? how sorry I am! you must be very unhappy."

"No," he said, "I am not unhappy; you are very kind to pity me. How old are you?"

Lucy told him her name and age, and where she came from. When he had learnt all about her, he

told her that his name was David, and that his mother was a widow who lived in the next village, about a mile off; she was very poor, and earned only a scanty living by making lace.

"But how is it," said Lucy, when he had told her all, "how is it, David, that you are not very unhappy? you are poor and you are blind, so that you cannot see anybody around you."

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"I will tell you," he said, "why I am happy, if you will stay and listen. You were saying just now that you had nothing to make you happy, and yet you have a kind father and mother, a pretty cottage to live in; you have never known want, and, better still, you have eyes to see God's beautiful works, the bright sun, the green grass and trees, and all the beautiful flowers."

"Oh, yes," said Lucy, "I was wrong to complain; you are so much more miserable."

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"I do sometimes feel very lonely," David went on to say, his eyes filling with tears; "day after day all is dark to me, and I wish sometimes I could open my eyes for one moment to see what the world is like, and to look at my mother's face, and still all is dark."

"Oh! poor David," cried Lucy, "I am so sorry for you!"

"And then," said, David, "I think of what Miss Harriet taught me: how Jesus opened the eyes of the blind man, and that makes me happy again."

"How?" asked Lucy, "for Jesus can't open your eyes; He is not on the earth now."

"No," said David, raising his blind eyes to the sky, "He is in heaven above, and He sees us all, and knows all our sorrows; not one of us is forgotten before Him. No, He will not in this life open my eyes as He did that man's, but Miss Harriet tells me He will do it in another way. There is a verse in the Bible which says, 'Open thou mine eyes, O Lord, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' That cannot be the eyes of the body, Miss Harriet says, but the eyes of the mind; Christ has opened the eyes of my mind to see Him in all things and to love Him, and to know that He loves me, and soon will take me home to Him, where there shall be no night."

Lesson 35.

SONG OF THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it looks!
There is sunshine on the old grey hills, and sunshine on the brooks;
A singing-bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere!
Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds;
Or seated in the deep cool shade, at some tall ash-tree's root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit?
They tell me that my father's poor—that is no grief to me,
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye can see.
They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and gem;
It may be so—and yet, methinks, I do not envy them.
When forth I go upon my way, a thousand toys are mine,
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine;
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bindweed, and the rose;
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those.
And then the fruit! the glowing fruit, how sweet the scent it breathes!
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves!
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share,
The wild-wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere.
Oh! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights;
Its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil calm delights.
I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain,
And all the winter long I sing—"Sweet summer, come again!"

" Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,*
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

" Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

" But, then, there's their barley—how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

" Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now, what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

" O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

" Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

" Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously† tossed up her head,
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
" Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

* *Detached.*] Put aside.
† *Superciliously.*] Proudly

Lesson 33.

SUGAR.

A-me-ri-ca	ex-pen-sive	pow-der-ed
char-coal	Ja-mai-ca	tho-rough-ly
earth-en-ware	Por-tu-guese	trou-ble-some

Sugar is found in the juices of many plants, but there is none which supplies it so abundantly as the sugar-cane. The sugar cane grows chiefly in the south of Asia, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in several countries of America. It is a reed with many joints in the stem, and at each joint there is the bud of a new cane. Sugar-canes are not all alike in height; some are very tall, as much as fifteen and twenty feet high, others are only five or six feet, but all are beautiful when in flower. The cane is then of a bright yellow colour, streaked sometimes with red, the top is green, and in the midst of the long narrow leaves which hang down from it, there rises up a flower, which those who have seen it liken to a long silver wand, having at the top a plume of white feathers fringed with lilac. It is not, however, for this beautiful flower that the cane is valued, but for the sweet juice with which the stem is filled. Before the sugar-canes are quite ripe the juice smells and tastes like a sweet apple, but afterwards it becomes much sweeter, and very sticky. Then the canes are cut down and carried to the sugar-mill, where they are crushed between iron rollers, so as to squeeze out all the juice. It is of a dull-grey or green colour at first, but when it has been heated, and the scum taken off, it becomes of a clear bright yellow. After this the juice is boiled several times till it is a thick syrup, which separates, as it cools, into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains, there is a great deal of treacle or molasses, so it is all put together into casks with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

Lesson 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

Russia is that very large country which stretches all along the east of Europe; but there are not so many people as one would expect to find in so great a tract of land. Much of it is taken up with immense forests and with lakes and marshes. One part, called Finland, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together, is full of rocks and lakes, and the people lead their cattle about to the green spots between the rocks. More to the south and east, you see towns and villages surrounded with fields of cabbages, and rye, and barley, but no orchards or wheat-fields till

you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

All the candles are lighted, the bells are set ringing, and guns are fired. The priests walk round the churches and bless the people, and every one embraces his friends and neighbours, saying, "Christ is risen!" I wish I could say that Easter-day, which begins with all this joy, is spent by the people as if they were really thinking about the Saviour who died for them and rose again; but, instead of that, it is quite a day of worldly feasting and amusement. The streets are full of people eating and drinking, and diverting themselves with shows and games, and in the evening whole villages are sometimes seen in a state of intoxication. The chief cities of Russia are Moscow and Petersburg; both are very fine, and cover a great deal of ground. Moscow is in the middle of Russia; the finest part of it is the Kremlin, which is a number of palaces and churches standing together on a hill. Petersburg is on the banks of the Neva, just where it flows into the Gulf of Finland: the river divides itself into several streams, which flow between the different parts of the city. The houses are very large, and the streets and squares of Petersburg are extremely wide; it is often called a city of palaces.

LESSON 30.

LAPLAND.

"WITH blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and arctic* fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year;†
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.§

AIKIN.

* *Arctic.*] Living in the extreme north.

† In the extreme north the sun is never seen during the winter half-year, and during the summer half-year it never sets.

‡ Boats are here made of skins of seals.

§ The soil of these cold countries produces little or no food. The inhabitants support themselves by the fish which they catch in great quantities.

LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

One very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on some high mountains which are called the Alps. He is called the Dog of Saint Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the head to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every year the snow covers the

mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the Saint Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland in North America. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way. But in England they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive, too, very well, and bring up anything from the bottom of the water. They have saved the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in. The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him; he soon caught hold

of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water, and he was so delighted and so thankful that he offered the gentleman, to whom the dog belonged, a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature that he would not part with him for all the money in the world. The Newfoundland dog sometimes saves other dogs from drowning, as well as men and children. A Newfoundland dog, that lived near the seaside, often had a fight with a great quarrelsome dog. This dog was a mastiff, which is a very large and powerful kind of dog. One day both these dogs met close by the water, and began to fight and struggle as usual: presently they both tumbled in, in the midst of their battle. The Newfoundland dog did not mind it at all, and soon swam to land; but when he saw the mastiff, which could not swim, sinking in the water, he dashed in again, seized him by the collar, and keeping his head above water, brought him to the shore. The mastiff was very grateful to him, and after that, the two dogs were always good friends; and when the Newfoundland dog was at last killed by a heavy waggon passing over his body, the mastiff was very unhappy, and pined after him for a long time.

The shepherd's dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair, and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark-grey colour. He is a very great help to shepherds who have large flocks to feed and take care of upon the hills and mountain-sides. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see anything; he could not even see his dog Sirrah, though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep-dog always goes about his work quietly, but he set off directly to seek after the lambs. All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see anything of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there. Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

LESSON 32.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised* a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

* *Poised.*] Balanced,

"Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,*
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But, then, there's their barley—how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now, what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

"O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously† tossed up her head,
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

* *Detached.*] Put aside.
† *Superciliously.*] Proudly

Lesson 33.

SUGAR.

A-me-ri-ca	ex-pen-sive	pow-der-ed
char-coal	Ja-mai-ca	tho-rough-ly
earth-en-ware	Por-tu-guese	trou-ble-some

SUGAR is found in the juices of many plants, but there is none which supplies it so abundantly as the sugar-cane. The sugar cane grows chiefly in the south of Asia, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in several countries of America. It is a reed with many joints in the stem, and at each joint there is the bud of a new cane. Sugar-canes are not all alike in height; some are very tall, as much as fifteen and twenty feet high, others are only five or six feet, but all are beautiful when in flower. The cane is then of a bright yellow colour, streaked sometimes with red, the top is green, and in the midst of the long narrow leaves which hang down from it, there rises up a flower, which those who have seen it liken to a long silver wand, having at the top a plume of white feathers fringed with lilac. It is not, however, for this beautiful flower that the cane is valued, but for the sweet juice with which the stem is filled. Before the sugar-canes are quite ripe the juice smells and tastes like a sweet apple, but afterwards it becomes much sweeter, and very sticky. Then the canes are cut down and carried to the sugar-mill, where they are crushed between iron rollers, so as to squeeze out all the juice. It is of a dull-grey or green colour at first, but when it has been heated, and the scum taken off, it becomes of a clear bright yellow. After this the juice is boiled several times till it is a thick syrup, which separates, as it cools, into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains, there is a great deal of treacle or molasses, so it is all put together into casks with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle

slowly runs off, and falls into a leaden cistern placed underneath. And now the sugar is ready to be put on board ship and brought to England; but it is only still brown or soft sugar, and has yet to be made into the hard white sugar which you see in loaves or lumps in the grocers' shops. This is done here by persons called sugar refiners. They first put the sugar into water, and then filter the syrup through powdered charcoal; this charcoal is not made of wood, but of burnt bones, and, black as the powder is, the syrup runs from it clear and pure, leaving much of its brown colour behind it. After being filtered, it is put into copper vessels, which are closed up tightly, and heated by steam: when the syrup has boiled in them long enough, it is poured into earthenware moulds, which are shaped like a sugar-loaf, and left there to grow cool. It comes out of the moulds in solid loaves of sugar, but still it is not hard; so the next thing is to put these soft loaves into an oven where they are thoroughly baked. They are now firm and hard, and there is nothing more to be done than to tie them up separately in paper and send them to the grocers. All the sugar which we use in England is made from the sugar-cane; but in France, and in some parts of Germany, a great deal of white beet-root is grown, in order to make sugar from it. Beet-root sugar looks and tastes exactly like that of the sugar-cane, but it is more expensive to make.

In Canada, and other parts of North America, a great deal of sugar is made from the sweet maple, a large handsome tree that grows in the American forests. Very early in the spring, the farmers make a hole in the bark of the trees, and put little troughs under them to catch the sweet juice or sap which runs out at the hole. All the family can help to make the sugar, for the children go from tree to tree, and empty the little troughs, as soon as they are full, into a larger

vessel; then, when evening comes, fires are lighted out of doors, and all the maple-juice which has flowed out that day, is put into kettles slung over the fires. It boils till it thickens into treacle; after that, the farmer's wife boils and skims it very carefully, indoors, for a long time; it is then left to grow cold. And when cold, the maple-sugar looks like sugar-candy, and is quite as nice. The sugar-candy we have in England is made by pouring very thick syrup over small sticks, or strings, and then baking it in a very hot oven: barley-sugar is sugar boiled in water with lemon-juice.

We all make some use of sugar in our daily food now, but three hundred years ago, it was not much used even by the richest people in England, excepting on occasions when there was more feasting than usual. After the discovery of America, it was found out that the sugar-cane would flourish there, and it was planted in some of the American countries, and in the West Indies. But the poor natives of those countries were unable to do the hard work which was required in the sugar plantations: they died in great numbers from fatigue and ill usage; and then it was determined to bring negroes from Africa to do the work, because the negro is strong, and can labour under the hottest sun. Every year, therefore, ships went to Africa and brought away negroes; and the chiefs of West Africa were constantly making war upon each other, that they might catch plenty of prisoners to sell to the captains of the ships. These poor people, men and women and children, were crowded together, as many as the ship would hold, and carried across the sea to labour as slaves in America. The Spaniards and Portuguese were the first sugar-planters there; but the English took Jamaica and several more of the West India Islands, and then Englishmen had thousands of slaves to work for them. At last, some good men began to see that it was a very wicked thing to steal men away,

from their own homes, and to buy and sell our fellow-creatures as if they had been beasts of burden; and, in time, a law was made forbidding Englishmen to bring any more negroes from Africa:—then, several years afterwards, another law was made, by which every slave in the countries belonging to England was set free. This was in the year 1838, and you may suppose how happy it made our black fellow-subjects; they are as free now as ourselves to go where they please and do what they will, so long as they obey the laws. But it was only the English who set their slaves free: in those countries and islands of America which belong to other nations, the negroes are still kept in slavery, and very hard labour is required of them in raising sugar, cotton, and coffee, as well as in many other kinds of work.

LESSON 34.

THE BLIND BOY.—PART I.

Af-ter-noon	cheer-ful-ly	sul-ki-ly
beau-ti-ful	dis-con-ten-ted	to-mor-row
car-ri-age	mis-e-ra-ble	veg-e-ta-ble

LUCY TAYLOR'S father and mother lived in the country, and had a nice little cottage and garden. They were not poor, for the produce of their garden brought them plenty to live upon, and Mr. Taylor went every week to the nearest market-town with flowers, fruit, and vegetables to sell. Besides this, they kept cows, and the milk was made into butter and cheese; bees, which made honey; and poultry, which brought them plenty of eggs.

Lucy was the only child, and she was now thirteen: her father and mother were very fond of her, and tried to make her grow up a child of God; so Lucy might have been a very happy girl but for one great fault. Instead of being thankful for the blessings around her, she was discontented with her station; she would

rather have been a grand lady to ride in a carriage, and have nothing to do. One day, when Lucy came home from school, her mother called her and said, "I want you to take these eggs to Mrs. Ross at once." "Oh! mother," said Lucy, "can't father take them to-morrow in the cart? it is so hot this afternoon." "No, my dear, the eggs must go to the Hall at once; Mrs. Ross ordered them for to-day."

Lucy, instead of cheerfully giving up her own wish, went very sulkily to do as her mother bade her. The Hall was a beautiful house, about two miles from the cottage; it belonged to an old lady named Mrs. Ross, who lived alone there with her granddaughter, Miss Harriet Ross.

The walk was through shady lanes and open fields; wild flowers were growing in the hedges and on the grass, the birds sang merrily, and the bees flew about from flower to flower, sipping honey from them. But though all the country was so bright around her, Lucy did not enjoy her walk, because her eyes were blinded so that she could not see the beauty of God's works. And what had blinded her eyes? Discontent and ill-temper; those two bad passions will make all things look ugly around us. She ought to have taken a lesson from the bees buzzing near her, and busily sipping honey; they did not waste their little lives, but did the work that God gave them to do. Lucy, instead of cheerfully doing her work, kept saying to herself, "I think mother might have waited just till to-morrow to send the eggs. How hot it is, and how dusty the roads are! I shall never get to the Hall." But Lucy got there at last, and took in her eggs. Miss Harriet came to the door while she stood there, and spoke kindly to her, asking after her mother. As Lucy went out, she saw Miss Harriet's horse waiting for her to ride, and she envied the rich young lady, and thought how happy she must be; "she has nothing to vex her,

she may ride her horse and do as she likes." Lucy did not know that wealth cannot make happiness, and that there is often as much misery in the gilded palace as in the poor hovel.

Near the Hall there was a pretty wood, and Lucy, being hot and tired with her walk, went to rest in it, and find shelter from the sun. It was a lovely wood; the trees grew thick together, and the sun's rays just came peeping between their leaves. Lucy sat down by the side of a little stream that ran through the wood, and began to talk to herself. "How strange it is that some should be born to be so happy, and to live in fine houses, and have carriages and horses like Miss Harriet Ross, and then others like me have to work in the hot sun, or on the cold winter days, and have no fine things! How I wish I had been born a lady!"

"You should not wish so," said a voice close by Lucy; she started, and turning quickly round, saw a boy of about twelve years of age sitting by the tree: she had not noticed him before. He had a basket of wild flowers on the ground beside him, his dress was poor and coarse, and his face pale. Lucy was ashamed he should have heard what she said, and begged he would not tell her mother or any one else. He answered, "I do not think I know your mother, and I do not wish to tell anything of you; will you sit down and talk to me a little? I cannot see you, for I am blind." Lucy looked quickly up into the boy's eyes, and saw indeed that there was no light there, but a film was over them. In a moment, Lucy forgot all her troubles in pity for the poor blind boy.

"Oh, poor boy!" she cried, "are you indeed blind? how sorry I am! you must be very unhappy."

"No," he said, "I am not unhappy; you are very kind to pity me. How old are you?"

Lucy told him her name and age, and where she came from. When he had learnt all about her, he

told her that his name was David, and that his mother was a widow who lived in the next village, about a mile off; she was very poor, and earned only a scanty living by making lace.

"But how is it," said Lucy, when he had told her all, "how is it, David, that you are not very unhappy? you are poor and you are blind, so that you cannot see anybody around you."

A smile passed over David's face.

"I will tell you," he said, "why I am happy, if you will stay and listen. You were saying just now that you had nothing to make you happy, and yet you have a kind father and mother, a pretty cottage to live in; you have never known want, and, better still, you have eyes to see God's beautiful works, the bright sun, the green grass and trees, and all the beautiful flowers."

"Oh, yes," said Lucy, "I was wrong to complain; you are so much more miserable."

"It is true," David went on, "that I am shut out from many pleasures, but I have blessings too that I will tell you of. I have a kind mother like yours, and I love her dearly, though I have never seen her face, and she loves me more than anything in the world; she is never tired of leading me about when she is not at work. She cannot read to me, for she has never learnt, but there is a kind young lady, Miss Harriet Ross, who comes to read and talk to me, and she has taught me many things, and pretty hymns that I can sing when I am lonely."

"Miss Harriet!" cried Lucy, "is she so kind?"

"Oh! yes," said the blind boy, his face lighting up with pleasure; "she is like an angel; her voice is so soft and gentle, that I feel as if she were sent by God to comfort me. You envied her just now, but you do not know how much sorrow she has had; her father and mother both died in a foreign land far

away, and she had to come to England to live with her grandmother; but she has very bad health, so that she is sometimes unable to move for days together, and she suffers very much; so you see she has troubles as well as anybody else."

Lucy felt ashamed of her envy, when she heard of Miss Harriet's trials and her goodness. I wish that all people would remember, when they are tempted to envy others, that every one has his own burden to bear, however happy and free from care they may seem to be in the eyes of the world.

"I do sometimes feel very lonely," David went on to say, his eyes filling with tears; "day after day all is dark to me, and I wish sometimes I could open my eyes for one moment to see what the world is like, and to look at my mother's face, and still all is dark."

"Oh! poor David," cried Lucy, "I am so sorry for you!"

"And then," said, David, "I think of what Miss Harriet taught me: how Jesus opened the eyes of the blind man, and that makes me happy again."

"How?" asked Lucy, "for Jesus can't open your eyes; He is not on the earth now."

"No," said David, raising his blind eyes to the sky, "He is in heaven above, and He sees us all, and knows all our sorrows; not one of us is forgotten before Him. No, He will not in this life open my eyes as He did that man's, but Miss Harriet tells me He will do it in another way. There is a verse in the Bible which says, 'Open thou mine eyes, O Lord, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' That cannot be the eyes of the body, Miss Harriet says, but the eyes of the mind; Christ has opened the eyes of my mind to see Him in all things and to love Him, and to know that He loves me, and soon will take me home to Him, where there shall be no night."

Lesson 35.

SONG OF THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it looks!
There is sunshine on the old grey hills, and sunshine on the brooks;
A singing-bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere!
Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds;
Or seated in the deep cool shade, at some tall ash-tree's root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit?
They tell me that my father's poor—that is no grief to me,
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye can see.
They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and gem;
It may be so—and yet, methinks, I do not envy them.
When forth I go upon my way, a thousand toys are mine,
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine;
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bindweed, and the rose;
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those.
And then the fruit! the glowing fruit, how sweet the scent it breathes!
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves!
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share,
The wild-wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere.
Oh! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights;
Its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil calm delights.
I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain,
And all the winter long I sing—"Sweet summer, come again!"

" Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,*
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

" Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

" But, then, there's their barley—how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

" Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now, what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

" O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

" Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

" Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously† tossed up her head,
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
" Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

* *Detached.*] Put aside.
† *Superciliously.*] Proudly

Lesson 33.

SUGAR.

A-me-ri-ca	ex-pen-sive	pow-der-ed
char-coal	Ja-mai-ca	tho-rough-ly
earth-en-ware	Por-tu-guese	trou-ble-some

Sugar is found in the juices of many plants, but there is none which supplies it so abundantly as the sugar-cane. The sugar cane grows chiefly in the south of Asia, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in several countries of America. It is a reed with many joints in the stem, and at each joint there is the bud of a new cane. Sugar-canes are not all alike in height; some are very tall, as much as fifteen and twenty feet high, others are only five or six feet, but all are beautiful when in flower. The cane is then of a bright yellow colour, streaked sometimes with red, the top is green, and in the midst of the long narrow leaves which hang down from it, there rises up a flower, which those who have seen it liken to a long silver wand, having at the top a plume of white feathers fringed with lilac. It is not, however, for this beautiful flower that the cane is valued, but for the sweet juice with which the stem is filled. Before the sugar-canes are quite ripe the juice smells and tastes like a sweet apple, but afterwards it becomes much sweeter, and very sticky. Then the canes are cut down and carried to the sugar-mill, where they are crushed between iron rollers, so as to squeeze out all the juice. It is of a dull-grey or green colour at first, but when it has been heated, and the scum taken off, it becomes of a clear bright yellow. After this the juice is boiled several times till it is a thick syrup, which separates, as it cools, into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains, there is a great deal of treacle or molasses, so it is all put together into casks with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

Lesson 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

Russia is that very large country which stretches all along the east of Europe; but there are not so many people as one would expect to find in so great a tract of land. Much of it is taken up with immense forests and with lakes and marshes. One part, called Finland, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together, is full of rocks and lakes, and the people lead their cattle about to the green spots between the rocks. More to the south and east, you see towns and villages surrounded with fields of cabbages, and rye, and barley, but no orchards or wheat-fields till

you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

All the candles are lighted, the bells are set ringing, and guns are fired. The priests walk round the churches and bless the people, and every one embraces his friends and neighbours, saying, "Christ is risen!" I wish I could say that Easter-day, which begins with all this joy, is spent by the people as if they were really thinking about the Saviour who died for them and rose again; but, instead of that, it is quite a day of worldly feasting and amusement. The streets are full of people eating and drinking, and diverting themselves with shows and games, and in the evening whole villages are sometimes seen in a state of intoxication. The chief cities of Russia are Moscow and Petersburg; both are very fine, and cover a great deal of ground. Moscow is in the middle of Russia; the finest part of it is the Kremlin, which is a number of palaces and churches standing together on a hill. Petersburg is on the banks of the Neva, just where it flows into the Gulf of Finland: the river divides itself into several streams, which flow between the different parts of the city. The houses are very large, and the streets and squares of Petersburg are extremely wide; it is often called a city of palaces.

Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and arctic* fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year;†
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.§

AIKIN.

* *Arctic.*] Living in the extreme north.

† In the extreme north the sun is never seen during the winter half-year, and during the summer half-year it never sets.

‡ Boats are here made of skins of seals.

§ The soil of these cold countries produces little or no food. The inhabitants support themselves by the fish which they catch in great quantities.

LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

One very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on some high mountains which are called the Alps. He is called the Dog of Saint Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the head to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every year the snow covers the

mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the Saint Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland in North America. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way. But in England they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive, too, very well, and bring up anything from the bottom of the water. They have saved the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in. The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him; he soon caught hold

of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water, and he was so delighted and so thankful that he offered the gentleman, to whom the dog belonged, a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature that he would not part with him for all the money in the world. The Newfoundland dog sometimes saves other dogs from drowning, as well as men and children. A Newfoundland dog, that lived near the seaside, often had a fight with a great quarrelsome dog. This dog was a mastiff, which is a very large and powerful kind of dog. One day both these dogs met close by the water, and began to fight and struggle as usual: presently they both tumbled in, in the midst of their battle. The Newfoundland dog did not mind it at all, and soon swam to land; but when he saw the mastiff, which could not swim, sinking in the water, he dashed in again, seized him by the collar, and keeping his head above water, brought him to the shore. The mastiff was very grateful to him, and after that, the two dogs were always good friends; and when the Newfoundland dog was at last killed by a heavy waggon passing over his body, the mastiff was very unhappy, and pined after him for a long time.

The shepherd's dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair, and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark-grey colour. He is a very great help to shepherds who have large flocks to feed and take care of upon the hills and mountain-sides. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see anything; he could not even see his dog Sirrah, though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep-dog always goes about his work quietly, but he set off directly to seek after the lambs. All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see anything of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there. Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

LESSON 32.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised* a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

* *Poised.*] Balanced,

"Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,*
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But, then, there's their barley—how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now, what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

"O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously† tossed up her head,
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

* *Detached.*] Put aside.
† *Superciliously.*] Proudly

Lesson 33.

SUGAR.

A-me-ri-ca	ex-pen-sive	pow-der-ed
char-coal	Ja-mai-ca	tho-rough-ly
earth-en-ware	Por-tu-guese	trou-ble-some

Sugar is found in the juices of many plants, but there is none which supplies it so abundantly as the sugar-cane. The sugar cane grows chiefly in the south of Asia, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in several countries of America. It is a reed with many joints in the stem, and at each joint there is the bud of a new cane. Sugar-canes are not all alike in height; some are very tall, as much as fifteen and twenty feet high, others are only five or six feet, but all are beautiful when in flower. The cane is then of a bright yellow colour, streaked sometimes with red, the top is green, and in the midst of the long narrow leaves which hang down from it, there rises up a flower, which those who have seen it liken to a long silver wand, having at the top a plume of white feathers fringed with lilac. It is not, however, for this beautiful flower that the cane is valued, but for the sweet juice with which the stem is filled. Before the sugar-canes are quite ripe the juice smells and tastes like a sweet apple, but afterwards it becomes much sweeter, and very sticky. Then the canes are cut down and carried to the sugar-mill, where they are crushed between iron rollers, so as to squeeze out all the juice. It is of a dull-grey or green colour at first, but when it has been heated, and the scum taken off, it becomes of a clear bright yellow. After this the juice is boiled several times till it is a thick syrup, which separates, as it cools, into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains, there is a great deal of treacle or molasses, so it is all put together into casks with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle

slowly runs off, and falls into a leaden cistern placed underneath. And now the sugar is ready to be put on board ship and brought to England; but it is only still brown or soft sugar, and has yet to be made into the hard white sugar which you see in loaves or lumps in the grocers' shops. This is done here by persons called sugar refiners. They first put the sugar into water, and then filter the syrup through powdered charcoal; this charcoal is not made of wood, but of burnt bones, and, black as the powder is, the syrup runs from it clear and pure, leaving much of its brown colour behind it. After being filtered, it is put into copper vessels, which are closed up tightly, and heated by steam: when the syrup has boiled in them long enough, it is poured into earthenware moulds, which are shaped like a sugar-loaf, and left there to grow cool. It comes out of the moulds in solid loaves of sugar, but still it is not hard; so the next thing is to put these soft loaves into an oven where they are thoroughly baked. They are now firm and hard, and there is nothing more to be done than to tie them up separately in paper and send them to the grocers. All the sugar which we use in England is made from the sugar-cane; but in France, and in some parts of Germany, a great deal of white beet-root is grown, in order to make sugar from it. Beet-root sugar looks and tastes exactly like that of the sugar-cane, but it is more expensive to make.

In Canada, and other parts of North America, a great deal of sugar is made from the sweet maple, a large handsome tree that grows in the American forests. Very early in the spring, the farmers make a hole in the bark of the trees, and put little troughs under them to catch the sweet juice or sap which runs out at the hole. All the family can help to make the sugar, for the children go from tree to tree, and empty the little troughs, as soon as they are full, into a larger

vessel; then, when evening comes, fires are lighted out of doors, and all the maple-juice which has flowed out that day, is put into kettles slung over the fires. It boils till it thickens into treacle; after that, the farmer's wife boils and skims it very carefully, indoors, for a long time; it is then left to grow cold. And when cold, the maple-sugar looks like sugar-candy, and is quite as nice. The sugar-candy we have in England is made by pouring very thick syrup over small sticks, or strings, and then baking it in a very hot oven: barley-sugar is sugar boiled in water with lemon-juice.

We all make some use of sugar in our daily food now, but three hundred years ago, it was not much used even by the richest people in England, excepting on occasions when there was more feasting than usual. After the discovery of America, it was found out that the sugar-cane would flourish there, and it was planted in some of the American countries, and in the West Indies. But the poor natives of those countries were unable to do the hard work which was required in the sugar plantations: they died in great numbers from fatigue and ill usage; and then it was determined to bring negroes from Africa to do the work, because the negro is strong, and can labour under the hottest sun. Every year, therefore, ships went to Africa and brought away negroes; and the chiefs of West Africa were constantly making war upon each other, that they might catch plenty of prisoners to sell to the captains of the ships. These poor people, men and women and children, were crowded together, as many as the ship would hold, and carried across the sea to labour as slaves in America. The Spaniards and Portuguese were the first sugar-planters there; but the English took Jamaica and several more of the West India Islands, and then Englishmen had thousands of slaves to work for them. At last, some good men began to see that it was a very wicked thing to steal men away,

from their own homes, and to buy and sell our fellow-creatures as if they had been beasts of burden; and, in time, a law was made forbidding Englishmen to bring any more negroes from Africa:—then, several years afterwards, another law was made, by which every slave in the countries belonging to England was set free. This was in the year 1838, and you may suppose how happy it made our black fellow-subjects; they are as free now as ourselves to go where they please and do what they will, so long as they obey the laws. But it was only the English who set their slaves free: in those countries and islands of America which belong to other nations, the negroes are still kept in slavery, and very hard labour is required of them in raising sugar, cotton, and coffee, as well as in many other kinds of work.

LESSON 34.

THE BLIND BOY.—PART I.

Af-ter-noon	cheer-ful-ly	sul-ki-ly
beau-ti-ful	dis-con-ten-ted	to-mor-row
car-ri-age	mis-e-ra-ble	veg-e-ta-ble

LUCY TAYLOR'S father and mother lived in the country, and had a nice little cottage and garden. They were not poor, for the produce of their garden brought them plenty to live upon, and Mr. Taylor went every week to the nearest market-town with flowers, fruit, and vegetables to sell. Besides this, they kept cows, and the milk was made into butter and cheese; bees, which made honey; and poultry, which brought them plenty of eggs.

Lucy was the only child, and she was now thirteen: her father and mother were very fond of her, and tried to make her grow up a child of God; so Lucy might have been a very happy girl but for one great fault. Instead of being thankful for the blessings around her, she was discontented with her station; she would

rather have been a grand lady to ride in a carriage, and have nothing to do. One day, when Lucy came home from school, her mother called her and said, "I want you to take these eggs to Mrs. Ross at once." "Oh! mother," said Lucy, "can't father take them to-morrow in the cart? it is so hot this afternoon." "No, my dear, the eggs must go to the Hall at once; Mrs. Ross ordered them for to-day."

Lucy, instead of cheerfully giving up her own wish, went very sulkily to do as her mother bade her. The Hall was a beautiful house, about two miles from the cottage; it belonged to an old lady named Mrs. Ross, who lived alone there with her granddaughter, Miss Harriet Ross.

The walk was through shady lanes and open fields; wild flowers were growing in the hedges and on the grass, the birds sang merrily, and the bees flew about from flower to flower, sipping honey from them. But though all the country was so bright around her, Lucy did not enjoy her walk, because her eyes were blinded so that she could not see the beauty of God's works. And what had blinded her eyes? Discontent and ill-temper; those two bad passions will make all things look ugly around us. She ought to have taken a lesson from the bees buzzing near her, and busily sipping honey; they did not waste their little lives, but did the work that God gave them to do. Lucy, instead of cheerfully doing her work, kept saying to herself, "I think mother might have waited just till to-morrow to send the eggs. How hot it is, and how dusty the roads are! I shall never get to the Hall." But Lucy got there at last, and took in her eggs. Miss Harriet came to the door while she stood there, and spoke kindly to her, asking after her mother. As Lucy went out, she saw Miss Harriet's horse waiting for her to ride, and she envied the rich young lady, and thought how happy she must be; "she has nothing to vex her,

she may ride her horse and do as she likes." Lucy did not know that wealth cannot make happiness, and that there is often as much misery in the gilded palace as in the poor hovel.

Near the Hall there was a pretty wood, and Lucy, being hot and tired with her walk, went to rest in it, and find shelter from the sun. It was a lovely wood; the trees grew thick together, and the sun's rays just came peeping between their leaves. Lucy sat down by the side of a little stream that ran through the wood, and began to talk to herself. "How strange it is that some should be born to be so happy, and to live in fine houses, and have carriages and horses like Miss Harriet Ross, and then others like me have to work in the hot sun, or on the cold winter days, and have no fine things! How I wish I had been born a lady!"

"You should not wish so," said a voice close by Lucy; she started, and turning quickly round, saw a boy of about twelve years of age sitting by the tree: she had not noticed him before. He had a basket of wild flowers on the ground beside him, his dress was poor and coarse, and his face pale. Lucy was ashamed he should have heard what she said, and begged he would not tell her mother or any one else. He answered, "I do not think I know your mother, and I do not wish to tell anything of you; will you sit down and talk to me a little? I cannot see you, for I am blind." Lucy looked quickly up into the boy's eyes, and saw indeed that there was no light there, but a film was over them. In a moment, Lucy forgot all her troubles in pity for the poor blind boy.

"Oh, poor boy!" she cried, "are you indeed blind? how sorry I am! you must be very unhappy."

"No," he said, "I am not unhappy; you are very kind to pity me. How old are you?"

Lucy told him her name and age, and where she came from. When he had learnt all about her, he

told her that his name was David, and that his mother was a widow who lived in the next village, about a mile off; she was very poor, and earned only a scanty living by making lace.

"But how is it," said Lucy, when he had told her all, "how is it, David, that you are not very unhappy? you are poor and you are blind, so that you cannot see anybody around you."

A smile passed over David's face.

"I will tell you," he said, "why I am happy, if you will stay and listen. You were saying just now that you had nothing to make you happy, and yet you have a kind father and mother, a pretty cottage to live in; you have never known want, and, better still, you have eyes to see God's beautiful works, the bright sun, the green grass and trees, and all the beautiful flowers."

"Oh, yes," said Lucy, "I was wrong to complain; you are so much more miserable."

"It is true," David went on, "that I am shut out from many pleasures, but I have blessings too that I will tell you of. I have a kind mother like yours, and I love her dearly, though I have never seen her face, and she loves me more than anything in the world; she is never tired of leading me about when she is not at work. She cannot read to me, for she has never learnt, but there is a kind young lady, Miss Harriet Ross, who comes to read and talk to me, and she has taught me many things, and pretty hymns that I can sing when I am lonely."

"Miss Harriet!" cried Lucy, "is she so kind?"

"Oh! yes," said the blind boy, his face lighting up with pleasure; "she is like an angel; her voice is so soft and gentle, that I feel as if she were sent by God to comfort me. You envied her just now, but you do not know how much sorrow she has had; her father and mother both died in a foreign land far

away, and she had to come to England to live with her grandmother; but she has very bad health, so that she is sometimes unable to move for days together, and she suffers very much; so you see she has troubles as well as anybody else."

Lucy felt ashamed of her envy, when she heard of Miss Harriet's trials and her goodness. I wish that all people would remember, when they are tempted to envy others, that every one has his own burden to bear, however happy and free from care they may seem to be in the eyes of the world.

"I do sometimes feel very lonely," David went on to say, his eyes filling with tears; "day after day all is dark to me, and I wish sometimes I could open my eyes for one moment to see what the world is like, and to look at my mother's face, and still all is dark."

"Oh! poor David," cried Lucy, "I am so sorry for you!"

"And then," said, David, "I think of what Miss Harriet taught me: how Jesus opened the eyes of the blind man, and that makes me happy again."

"How?" asked Lucy, "for Jesus can't open your eyes; He is not on the earth now."

"No," said David, raising his blind eyes to the sky, "He is in heaven above, and He sees us all, and knows all our sorrows; not one of us is forgotten before Him. No, He will not in this life open my eyes as He did that man's, but Miss Harriet tells me He will do it in another way. There is a verse in the Bible which says, 'Open thou mine eyes, O Lord, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' That cannot be the eyes of the body, Miss Harriet says, but the eyes of the mind; Christ has opened the eyes of my mind to see Him in all things and to love Him, and to know that He loves me, and soon will take me home to Him, where there shall be no night."

Lesson 35.

SONG OF THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it looks!
There is sunshine on the old grey hills, and sunshine on the brooks;
A singing-bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere!
Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds;
Or seated in the deep cool shade, at some tall ash-tree's root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit?
They tell me that my father's poor—that is no grief to me,
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye can see.
They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and gem;
It may be so—and yet, methinks, I do not envy them.
When forth I go upon my way, a thousand toys are mine,
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine;
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bindweed, and the rose;
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those.
And then the fruit! the glowing fruit, how sweet the scent it breathes!
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves!
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share,
The wild-wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere.
Oh! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights;
Its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil calm delights.
I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain,
And all the winter long I sing—"Sweet summer, come again!"

"Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,*
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But, then, there's their barley—how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now, what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

"O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously† tossed up her head,
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

* *Detached.*] Put aside.
† *Superciliously.*] Proudly

Lesson 33.

SUGAR.

A-me-ri-ca	ex-pen-sive	pow-der-ed
char-coal	Ja-mai-ca	tho-rough-ly
earth-en-ware	Por-tu-guese	trou-ble-some

Sugar is found in the juices of many plants, but there is none which supplies it so abundantly as the sugar-cane. The sugar cane grows chiefly in the south of Asia, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in several countries of America. It is a reed with many joints in the stem, and at each joint there is the bud of a new cane. Sugar-canes are not all alike in height; some are very tall, as much as fifteen and twenty feet high, others are only five or six feet, but all are beautiful when in flower. The cane is then of a bright yellow colour, streaked sometimes with red, the top is green, and in the midst of the long narrow leaves which hang down from it, there rises up a flower, which those who have seen it liken to a long silver wand, having at the top a plume of white feathers fringed with lilac. It is not, however, for this beautiful flower that the cane is valued, but for the sweet juice with which the stem is filled. Before the sugar-canes are quite ripe the juice smells and tastes like a sweet apple, but afterwards it becomes much sweeter, and very sticky. Then the canes are cut down and carried to the sugar-mill, where they are crushed between iron rollers, so as to squeeze out all the juice. It is of a dull-grey or green colour at first, but when it has been heated, and the scum taken off, it becomes of a clear bright yellow. After this the juice is boiled several times till it is a thick syrup, which separates, as it cools, into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains, there is a great deal of treacle or molasses, so it is all put together into casks with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

All the candles are lighted, the bells are set ringing, and guns are fired. The priests walk round the churches and bless the people, and every one embraces his friends and neighbours, saying, "Christ is risen!" I wish I could say that Easter-day, which begins with all this joy, is spent by the people as if they were really thinking about the Saviour who died for them and rose again; but, instead of that, it is quite a day of worldly feasting and amusement. The streets are full of people eating and drinking, and diverting themselves with shows and games, and in the evening whole villages are sometimes seen in a state of intoxication. The chief cities of Russia are Moscow and Petersburg; both are very fine, and cover a great deal of ground. Moscow is in the middle of Russia; the finest part of it is the Kremlin, which is a number of palaces and churches standing together on a hill. Petersburg is on the banks of the Neva, just where it flows into the Gulf of Finland: the river divides itself into several streams, which flow between the different parts of the city. The houses are very large, and the streets and squares of Petersburg are extremely wide; it is often called a city of palaces.

Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and arctic* fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year;†
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.§

AIKIN.

* *Arctic.*] Living in the extreme north.

† In the extreme north the sun is never seen during the winter half-year, and during the summer half-year it never sets.

‡ Boats are here made of skins of seals.

§ The soil of these cold countries produces little or no food. The inhabitants support themselves by the fish which they catch in great quantities.

LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

One very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on some high mountains which are called the Alps. He is called the Dog of Saint Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the head to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every year the snow covers the

mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the Saint Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland in North America. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way. But in England they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive, too, very well, and bring up anything from the bottom of the water. They have saved the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in. The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him; he soon caught hold

of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water, and he was so delighted and so thankful that he offered the gentleman, to whom the dog belonged, a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature that he would not part with him for all the money in the world. The Newfoundland dog sometimes saves other dogs from drowning, as well as men and children. A Newfoundland dog, that lived near the seaside, often had a fight with a great quarrelsome dog. This dog was a mastiff, which is a very large and powerful kind of dog. One day both these dogs met close by the water, and began to fight and struggle as usual: presently they both tumbled in, in the midst of their battle. The Newfoundland dog did not mind it at all, and soon swam to land; but when he saw the mastiff, which could not swim, sinking in the water, he dashed in again, seized him by the collar, and keeping his head above water, brought him to the shore. The mastiff was very grateful to him, and after that, the two dogs were always good friends; and when the Newfoundland dog was at last killed by a heavy waggon passing over his body, the mastiff was very unhappy, and pined after him for a long time.

The shepherd's dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair, and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark-grey colour. He is a very great help to shepherds who have large flocks to feed and take care of upon the hills and mountain-sides. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see anything; he could not even see his dog Sirrah, though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep-dog always goes about his work quietly, but he set off directly to seek after the lambs. All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see anything of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there. Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

LESSON 32.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised* a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

* *Poised.*] Balanced,

" Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,*
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

" Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

" But, then, there's their barley—how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

" Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now, what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

" O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

" Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
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" Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
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Lesson 33.

SUGAR.

A-me-ri-ca	ex-pen-sive	pow-der-ed
char-coal	Ja-mai-ca	tho-rough-ly
earth-en-ware	Por-tu-guese	trou-ble-some

Sugar is found in the juices of many plants, but there is none which supplies it so abundantly as the sugar-cane. The sugar cane grows chiefly in the south of Asia, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in several countries of America. It is a reed with many joints in the stem, and at each joint there is the bud of a new cane. Sugar-canes are not all alike in height; some are very tall, as much as fifteen and twenty feet high, others are only five or six feet, but all are beautiful when in flower. The cane is then of a bright yellow colour, streaked sometimes with red, the top is green, and in the midst of the long narrow leaves which hang down from it, there rises up a flower, which those who have seen it liken to a long silver wand, having at the top a plume of white feathers fringed with lilac. It is not, however, for this beautiful flower that the cane is valued, but for the sweet juice with which the stem is filled. Before the sugar-canes are quite ripe the juice smells and tastes like a sweet apple, but afterwards it becomes much sweeter, and very sticky. Then the canes are cut down and carried to the sugar-mill, where they are crushed between iron rollers, so as to squeeze out all the juice. It is of a dull-grey or green colour at first, but when it has been heated, and the scum taken off, it becomes of a clear bright yellow. After this the juice is boiled several times till it is a thick syrup, which separates, as it cools, into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains, there is a great deal of treacle or molasses, so it is all put together into casks with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle

slowly runs off, and falls into a leaden cistern placed underneath. And now the sugar is ready to be put on board ship and brought to England; but it is only still brown or soft sugar, and has yet to be made into the hard white sugar which you see in loaves or lumps in the grocers' shops. This is done here by persons called sugar refiners. They first put the sugar into water, and then filter the syrup through powdered charcoal; this charcoal is not made of wood, but of burnt bones, and, black as the powder is, the syrup runs from it clear and pure, leaving much of its brown colour behind it. After being filtered, it is put into copper vessels, which are closed up tightly, and heated by steam: when the syrup has boiled in them long enough, it is poured into earthenware moulds, which are shaped like a sugar-loaf, and left there to grow cool. It comes out of the moulds in solid loaves of sugar, but still it is not hard; so the next thing is to put these soft loaves into an oven where they are thoroughly baked. They are now firm and hard, and there is nothing more to be done than to tie them up separately in paper and send them to the grocers. All the sugar which we use in England is made from the sugar-cane; but in France, and in some parts of Germany, a great deal of white beet-root is grown, in order to make sugar from it. Beet-root sugar looks and tastes exactly like that of the sugar-cane, but it is more expensive to make.

In Canada, and other parts of North America, a great deal of sugar is made from the sweet maple, a large handsome tree that grows in the American forests. Very early in the spring, the farmers make a hole in the bark of the trees, and put little troughs under them to catch the sweet juice or sap which runs out at the hole. All the family can help to make the sugar, for the children go from tree to tree, and empty the little troughs, as soon as they are full, into a larger

vessel; then, when evening comes, fires are lighted out of doors, and all the maple-juice which has flowed out that day, is put into kettles slung over the fires. It boils till it thickens into treacle; after that, the farmer's wife boils and skims it very carefully, indoors, for a long time; it is then left to grow cold. And when cold, the maple-sugar looks like sugar-candy, and is quite as nice. The sugar-candy we have in England is made by pouring very thick syrup over small sticks, or strings, and then baking it in a very hot oven: barley-sugar is sugar boiled in water with lemon-juice.

We all make some use of sugar in our daily food now, but three hundred years ago, it was not much used even by the richest people in England, excepting on occasions when there was more feasting than usual. After the discovery of America, it was found out that the sugar-cane would flourish there, and it was planted in some of the American countries, and in the West Indies. But the poor natives of those countries were unable to do the hard work which was required in the sugar plantations: they died in great numbers from fatigue and ill usage; and then it was determined to bring negroes from Africa to do the work, because the negro is strong, and can labour under the hottest sun. Every year, therefore, ships went to Africa and brought away negroes; and the chiefs of West Africa were constantly making war upon each other, that they might catch plenty of prisoners to sell to the captains of the ships. These poor people, men and women and children, were crowded together, as many as the ship would hold, and carried across the sea to labour as slaves in America. The Spaniards and Portuguese were the first sugar-planters there; but the English took Jamaica and several more of the West India Islands, and then Englishmen had thousands of slaves to work for them. At last, some good men began to see that it was a very wicked thing to steal men away

from their own homes, and to buy and sell our fellow-creatures as if they had been beasts of burden; and, in time, a law was made forbidding Englishmen to bring any more negroes from Africa:—then, several years afterwards, another law was made, by which every slave in the countries belonging to England was set free. This was in the year 1838, and you may suppose how happy it made our black fellow-subjects; they are as free now as ourselves to go where they please and do what they will, so long as they obey the laws. But it was only the English who set their slaves free: in those countries and islands of America which belong to other nations, the negroes are still kept in slavery, and very hard labour is required of them in raising sugar, cotton, and coffee, as well as in many other kinds of work.

LESSON 34.

THE BLIND BOY.—PART I.

Af-ter-noon	cheer-ful-ly	sul-ki-ly
beau-ti-ful	dis-con-ten-ted	to-mor-row
car-ri-age	mis-e-ra-ble	veg-e-ta-ble

LUCY TAYLOR'S father and mother lived in the country, and had a nice little cottage and garden. They were not poor, for the produce of their garden brought them plenty to live upon, and Mr. Taylor went every week to the nearest market-town with flowers, fruit, and vegetables to sell. Besides this, they kept cows, and the milk was made into butter and cheese; bees, which made honey; and poultry, which brought them plenty of eggs.

Lucy was the only child, and she was now thirteen: her father and mother were very fond of her, and tried to make her grow up a child of God; so Lucy might have been a very happy girl but for one great fault. Instead of being thankful for the blessings around her, she was discontented with her station; she would

rather have been a grand lady to ride in a carriage, and have nothing to do. One day, when Lucy came home from school, her mother called her and said, "I want you to take these eggs to Mrs. Ross at once." "Oh! mother," said Lucy, "can't father take them to-morrow in the cart? it is so hot this afternoon." "No, my dear, the eggs must go to the Hall at once; Mrs. Ross ordered them for to-day."

Lucy, instead of cheerfully giving up her own wish, went very sulkily to do as her mother bade her. The Hall was a beautiful house, about two miles from the cottage; it belonged to an old lady named Mrs. Ross, who lived alone there with her granddaughter, Miss Harriet Ross.

The walk was through shady lanes and open fields; wild flowers were growing in the hedges and on the grass, the birds sang merrily, and the bees flew about from flower to flower, sipping honey from them. But though all the country was so bright around her, Lucy did not enjoy her walk, because her eyes were blinded so that she could not see the beauty of God's works. And what had blinded her eyes? Discontent and ill-temper; those two bad passions will make all things look ugly around us. She ought to have taken a lesson from the bees buzzing near her, and busily sipping honey; they did not waste their little lives, but did the work that God gave them to do. Lucy, instead of cheerfully doing her work, kept saying to herself, "I think mother might have waited just till to-morrow to send the eggs. How hot it is, and how dusty the roads are! I shall never get to the Hall." But Lucy got there at last, and took in her eggs. Miss Harriet came to the door while she stood there, and spoke kindly to her, asking after her mother. As Lucy went out, she saw Miss Harriet's horse waiting for her to ride, and she envied the rich young lady, and thought how happy she must be; "she has nothing to vex her,

she may ride her horse and do as she likes." Lucy did not know that wealth cannot make happiness, and that there is often as much misery in the gilded palace as in the poor hovel.

Near the Hall there was a pretty wood, and Lucy, being hot and tired with her walk, went to rest in it, and find shelter from the sun. It was a lovely wood; the trees grew thick together, and the sun's rays just came peeping between their leaves. Lucy sat down by the side of a little stream that ran through the wood, and began to talk to herself. "How strange it is that some should be born to be so happy, and to live in fine houses, and have carriages and horses like Miss Harriet Ross, and then others like me have to work in the hot sun, or on the cold winter days, and have no fine things! How I wish I had been born a lady!"

"You should not wish so," said a voice close by Lucy; she started, and turning quickly round, saw a boy of about twelve years of age sitting by the tree: she had not noticed him before. He had a basket of wild flowers on the ground beside him, his dress was poor and coarse, and his face pale. Lucy was ashamed he should have heard what she said, and begged he would not tell her mother or any one else. He answered, "I do not think I know your mother, and I do not wish to tell anything of you; will you sit down and talk to me a little? I cannot see you, for I am blind." Lucy looked quickly up into the boy's eyes, and saw indeed that there was no light there, but a film was over them. In a moment, Lucy forgot all her troubles in pity for the poor blind boy.

"Oh, poor boy!" she cried, "are you indeed blind? how sorry I am! you must be very unhappy."

"No," he said, "I am not unhappy; you are very kind to pity me. How old are you?"

Lucy told him her name and age, and where she came from. When he had learnt all about her, he

told her that his name was David, and that his mother was a widow who lived in the next village, about a mile off; she was very poor, and earned only a scanty living by making lace.

"But how is it," said Lucy, when he had told her all, "how is it, David, that you are not very unhappy? you are poor and you are blind, so that you cannot see anybody around you."

A smile passed over David's face.

"I will tell you," he said, "why I am happy, if you will stay and listen. You were saying just now that you had nothing to make you happy, and yet you have a kind father and mother, a pretty cottage to live in; you have never known want, and, better still, you have eyes to see God's beautiful works, the bright sun, the green grass and trees, and all the beautiful flowers."

"Oh, yes," said Lucy, "I was wrong to complain; you are so much more miserable."

"It is true," David went on, "that I am shut out from many pleasures, but I have blessings too that I will tell you of. I have a kind mother like yours, and I love her dearly, though I have never seen her face, and she loves me more than anything in the world; she is never tired of leading me about when she is not at work. She cannot read to me, for she has never learnt, but there is a kind young lady, Miss Harriet Ross, who comes to read and talk to me, and she has taught me many things, and pretty hymns that I can sing when I am lonely."

"Miss Harriet!" cried Lucy, "is she so kind?"

"Oh! yes," said the blind boy, his face lighting up with pleasure; "she is like an angel; her voice is so soft and gentle, that I feel as if she were sent by God to comfort me. You envied her just now, but you do not know how much sorrow she has had; her father and mother both died in a foreign land far

away, and she had to come to England to live with her grandmother; but she has very bad health, so that she is sometimes unable to move for days together, and she suffers very much; so you see she has troubles as well as anybody else."

Lucy felt ashamed of her envy, when she heard of Miss Harriet's trials and her goodness. I wish that all people would remember, when they are tempted to envy others, that every one has his own burden to bear, however happy and free from care they may seem to be in the eyes of the world.

"I do sometimes feel very lonely," David went on to say, his eyes filling with tears; "day after day all is dark to me, and I wish sometimes I could open my eyes for one moment to see what the world is like, and to look at my mother's face, and still all is dark."

"Oh! poor David," cried Lucy, "I am so sorry for you!"

"And then," said, David, "I think of what Miss Harriet taught me: how Jesus opened the eyes of the blind man, and that makes me happy again."

"How?" asked Lucy, "for Jesus can't open your eyes; He is not on the earth now."

"No," said David, raising his blind eyes to the sky, "He is in heaven above, and He sees us all, and knows all our sorrows; not one of us is forgotten before Him. No, He will not in this life open my eyes as He did that man's, but Miss Harriet tells me He will do it in another way. There is a verse in the Bible which says, 'Open thou mine eyes, O Lord, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' That cannot be the eyes of the body, Miss Harriet says, but the eyes of the mind; Christ has opened the eyes of my mind to see Him in all things and to love Him, and to know that He loves me, and soon will take me home to Him, where there shall be no night."

Lesson 35.

SONG OF THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it looks!
There is sunshine on the old grey hills, and sunshine on the brooks;
A singing-bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere!
Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds;
Or seated in the deep cool shade, at some tall ash-tree's root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit?
They tell me that my father's poor—that is no grief to me,
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye can see.
They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and gem;
It may be so—and yet, methinks, I do not envy them.
When forth I go upon my way, a thousand toys are mine,
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine;
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bindweed, and the rose;
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those.
And then the fruit! the glowing fruit, how sweet the scent it breathes!
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves!
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share,
The wild-wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere.
Oh! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights;
Its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil calm delights.
I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain,
And all the winter long I sing—"Sweet summer, come again!"

"Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,*
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But, then, there's their barley—how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now, what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

"O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously† tossed up her head,
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

* *Detached.*] Put aside.
† *Superciliously.*] Proudly

Lesson 33.

SUGAR.

A-me-ri-ca	ex-pen-sive	pow-der-ed
char-coal	Ja-mai-ca	tho-rough-ly
earth-en-ware	Por-tu-guese	trou-ble-some

Sugar is found in the juices of many plants, but there is none which supplies it so abundantly as the sugar-cane. The sugar cane grows chiefly in the south of Asia, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in several countries of America. It is a reed with many joints in the stem, and at each joint there is the bud of a new cane. Sugar-canes are not all alike in height; some are very tall, as much as fifteen and twenty feet high, others are only five or six feet, but all are beautiful when in flower. The cane is then of a bright yellow colour, streaked sometimes with red, the top is green, and in the midst of the long narrow leaves which hang down from it, there rises up a flower, which those who have seen it liken to a long silver wand, having at the top a plume of white feathers fringed with lilac. It is not, however, for this beautiful flower that the cane is valued, but for the sweet juice with which the stem is filled. Before the sugar-canes are quite ripe the juice smells and tastes like a sweet apple, but afterwards it becomes much sweeter, and very sticky. Then the canes are cut down and carried to the sugar-mill, where they are crushed between iron rollers, so as to squeeze out all the juice. It is of a dull-grey or green colour at first, but when it has been heated, and the scum taken off, it becomes of a clear bright yellow. After this the juice is boiled several times till it is a thick syrup, which separates, as it cools, into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains, there is a great deal of treacle or molasses, so it is all put together into casks with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
fur-ni-ture	or-na-ment	un-whole-some

THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

LESSON 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

RUSSIA is that very large country which stretches all along the east of Europe; but there are not so many people as one would expect to find in so great a tract of land. Much of it is taken up with immense forests and with lakes and marshes. One part, called Finland, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together, is full of rocks and lakes, and the people lead their cattle about to the green spots between the rocks. More to the south and east, you see towns and villages surrounded with fields of cabbages, and rye, and barley, but no orchards or wheat-fields till

you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

All the candles are lighted, the bells are set ringing, and guns are fired. The priests walk round the churches and bless the people, and every one embraces his friends and neighbours, saying, "Christ is risen!" I wish I could say that Easter-day, which begins with all this joy, is spent by the people as if they were really thinking about the Saviour who died for them and rose again; but, instead of that, it is quite a day of worldly feasting and amusement. The streets are full of people eating and drinking, and diverting themselves with shows and games, and in the evening whole villages are sometimes seen in a state of intoxication. The chief cities of Russia are Moscow and Petersburg; both are very fine, and cover a great deal of ground. Moscow is in the middle of Russia; the finest part of it is the Kremlin, which is a number of palaces and churches standing together on a hill. Petersburg is on the banks of the Neva, just where it flows into the Gulf of Finland: the river divides itself into several streams, which flow between the different parts of the city. The houses are very large, and the streets and squares of Petersburg are extremely wide; it is often called a city of palaces.

Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

name myself as first of the six." Then another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said, that he would be the second; and after him four others offered themselves as companions to the first two. The governor of Calais led forth the six men to the gates of the city, with halters round their necks, and with their heads and feet bare; and he delivered them to Sir Walter Manny, the messenger of Edward, saying, "I deliver up to you, as governor of Calais, with the consent of the inhabitants, these six citizens. And I declare to you that they were and are at this day the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness to beseech the king, that they may not be put to death." "I cannot answer for what the king will do with them," replied Sir Walter, "but you may depend that I will do all in my power to save them."

Eustace and his companions were brought to the tent of Edward. When they were presented to the king, they knelt before him, and said, "Most noble king, see before you six citizens of Calais, who have been principal merchants, and who bring to you the keys of the castle of the town. We surrender ourselves to your will and pleasure, in order to save the rest of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, to have mercy and compassion upon us." All the nobles, who were present, wept at that sight. But the king looked sternly upon the prisoners, and thought of the damage which the men of Calais had formerly done him. He gave orders that the men be beheaded. All present entreated that he would be merciful, but he would not listen to them.

Then Sir Walter Manny said, "Gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger. Do not tarnish your reputation by such an act as this. All the world

will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such persons, who, of their own free will, have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens."

But the king was still unmoved. Thereupon Queen Philippa fell on her knees, and with tears said, "Gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favour. Now, I most humbly beseech you, for the sake of the Blessed Saviour, and for your love to me, that you would be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, "Ah, lady, you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you. I therefore give them to you, to do as you please with them." The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartment, and had the halters taken from off their necks; after which she clothed them anew, and served them with a plentiful dinner. She then presented each with six nobles, and had them led out of the camp in safety.

Lesson 27.

THE WORM.

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm
The frame thy wayward* looks deride,
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, He made
For all His creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

* *Wayward.*] Perverse.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
fur-ni-ture	or-na-ment	un-whole-some

THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

the merchant to whom they belong; and this mixture of green spreading trees and large ships with the clean houses and the busy people, makes Amsterdam look very cheerful. There are many other large and very clean towns in Holland; one of them is Utrecht, which stands upon ground that is not quite so flat as the rest of the country. Water is taken from Utrecht to be sold in the streets of Amsterdam, for with all their canals, the people of Amsterdam have no water that is sweet and fit to drink. In the winter, when the canals are hard frozen, they look more pleasant than at other times, for then people drive upon them in sledges, and the country women, with their large baskets upon their heads, skate to market with their husbands and children. Even the little children soon learn to skate in Holland; they learn also things of more consequence, for every child goes to school, and you can hardly find a boy or girl who is not able to read and write.

Lesson 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

Russia is that very large country which stretches all along the east of Europe; but there are not so many people as one would expect to find in so great a tract of land. Much of it is taken up with immense forests and with lakes and marshes. One part, called Finland, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together, is full of rocks and lakes, and the people lead their cattle about to the green spots between the rocks. More to the south and east, you see towns and villages surrounded with fields of cabbages, and rye, and barley, but no orchards or wheat-fields till

you draw near the middle of Russia. There, the people are able to grow plenty of corn and vegetables, but further north it is too cold. In the south of Russia the land stretches out in wide plains, some of which are dry and barren, but most of them are covered with grass. Below this is the Crimea, a small country nearly enclosed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; it is the warmest and pleasantest part of Russia, and produces abundance of delicious fruits. Most of the Russian towns and all the farm-houses and cottages are built of wood. The Russian cottages look very rough on the outside; they are made of trunks of trees laid one upon another, with two or three little openings for windows. If you go in, you find a large stove filling up the middle of the room, and benches round it, which serve both for chairs and beds in the summer-time, but in the winter the favourite resting-place is the top of the stove itself. It is large enough for several persons to stretch themselves upon it, and father, mother, and children, all wrapped in sheepskins, lie down there at night. There are also shelves in the stove, where the people put everything they wish to keep dry and warm, and you would certainly see a copper tea-pot there, and a jug of kwas. Kwas is the favourite drink of the country people; it is a mixture of barley-meal, honey, and salt, with water; and this, with black rye-bread, and cabbage-soup, are the chief articles of food in a Russian cottage. But they drink a great deal of tea also, and are extremely fond of oil and pastry; hot cakes dipped in green oil are a very favourite dainty. You will find also in every cottage a picture of Saint Nicolas, with a light burning before it. The Russians say that this saint is their great protector, and they daily bow before his picture to say their prayers. They strangely think that they may kneel and worship before a *picture*, although God has

forbidden us to make a graven image and bow down to it; and in every Russian church there are many pictures of saints with wax tapers burning before them. The labouring men and women are called in Russia, the Black people; they have fair skins and light hair, but they are "black" in one sense, by being dirty. Yet they like bathing; but the bath comes only once a week, and they do not care to keep their houses and clothes clean. The men let their hair and beards grow long, and wrap themselves in long coats and cloaks of sheepskin. The women wear a sarafan, that is, a loose gown without sleeves, and if they wish to be very smart they put on a tall cap embroidered with gold thread and a bright-red sarafan. But in the long, hard winters all are glad to cover themselves with furs and sheepskins. Sometimes it is so cold that they are obliged to cover their faces over, all but a little hole through which to see and breathe, and even then the breath freezes to the lips and nostrils. Sometimes the eyelashes freeze together, and people are obliged to grope their way into a house, and stay a few moments in the warm room till the eyelashes are thawed and they can open their eyes again. But a Russian winter has its pleasures; the chief of these are the ice-hills. Whenever the Russians can find, or make a steep slope, they pour water over it, which freezes directly and forms a smooth slippery crust of ice; then they get into a little sledge and shoot down the slope faster than I can describe. The country children make sledges for themselves out of great lumps of ice, and every bank near the villages is covered with boys and girls amusing themselves in this way. Their great holiday, however, is in the spring, at Easter. On Easter-eve the people crowd to the churches, with candles, not lighted, in their hands. As soon as midnight has struck, the priests begin to sing, "Christ is risen!"

All the candles are lighted, the bells are set ringing, and guns are fired. The priests walk round the churches and bless the people, and every one embraces his friends and neighbours, saying, "Christ is risen!" I wish I could say that Easter-day, which begins with all this joy, is spent by the people as if they were really thinking about the Saviour who died for them and rose again; but, instead of that, it is quite a day of worldly feasting and amusement. The streets are full of people eating and drinking, and diverting themselves with shows and games, and in the evening whole villages are sometimes seen in a state of intoxication. The chief cities of Russia are Moscow and Petersburg; both are very fine, and cover a great deal of ground. Moscow is in the middle of Russia; the finest part of it is the Kremlin, which is a number of palaces and churches standing together on a hill. Petersburg is on the banks of the Neva, just where it flows into the Gulf of Finland: the river divides itself into several streams, which flow between the different parts of the city. The houses are very large, and the streets and squares of Petersburg are extremely wide; it is often called a city of palaces.

Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

lived, and was slain. The princes of Europe would perhaps have done better by staying at home to govern their own countries well, than by leading so many thousand soldiers to be killed in battle. But many thought it good and pleasing to God to go and fight in Palestine, and among the rest was Edward, the eldest son of Henry III., king of England. This Edward was a very brave man. He had already defeated in England the rebellious nobles who had resisted his father. After this he went to Palestine with his wife, Eleanor of Castile. There Prince Edward fought very bravely, and won many battles. But the enemy were so terrified by his valour that they endeavoured to get rid of him, and they hired a wicked man to kill him when he was resting in his tent. The assassin, having found the prince off his guard, made the attempt. He was seized and secured, but not before he had wounded the prince. The wound was not severe, but it was known that the Saracens used poisoned daggers, and the slightest wound from these weapons would be death, unless the poison was extracted at once. His attendants stood by in alarm, not knowing what would be the end of this, but none thought of risking his life to save his master. The affectionate and faithful Eleanor lost no time in hastening to her husband. She at once put her lips to the wound and sucked out the poison. Her husband's life was saved, and the princess herself did not suffer from this noble action.

She lived to be queen of England, and mother of thirteen children: when she died, her husband grieved much for the loss of so true and loving a wife. Anxious to do honour to her memory, he erected a stone cross in every place where the hearse, which bore her body, rested in its way from the place of her death to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. These places were Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Goddington,

Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, and Charing, then a village near London, but now the centre of the metropolis, under the name of Charing Cross. The Crosses at Northampton and Waltham still remain. The latter is a most beautiful specimen of the workmanship of the day, and has lately been restored.

Lesson 26.

THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

A-part-ment	con-de-scend	prin-ci-pal
a-void-ed	con-ster-na-tion	re-pu-ta-tion
Cal-ais	gov-ern-or	re-spect-a-ble
cit-i-zen	in-hab-it-ants	sur-ren-der

Edward III., king of England, was a wise and valiant prince, but he was passionate and severe, and too often undertook wars without considering the justice of the cause.

He invaded France, and besieged Calais. After some time the inhabitants, being shut up within the walls, were reduced to the greatest distress. They offered to surrender on condition that their lives should be spared; but the king demanded that six of the principal inhabitants should be given up, for him to do with them what he would.

When this sad message was delivered, the men of Calais were in great consternation; but after a while, the most wealthy citizen of the town, by name Eustace, rose up and said, "Gentlemen, both high and low, it would be a very great pity to suffer so many people to die through famine, if any means could be found to prevent it, and it would be pleasing in the eyes of our Saviour, if such misery could be avoided. I have such faith in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I

name myself as first of the six." Then another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said, that he would be the second; and after him four others offered themselves as companions to the first two. The governor of Calais led forth the six men to the gates of the city, with halters round their necks, and with their heads and feet bare; and he delivered them to Sir Walter Manny, the messenger of Edward, saying, "I deliver up to you, as governor of Calais, with the consent of the inhabitants, these six citizens. And I declare to you that they were and are at this day the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness to beseech the king, that they may not be put to death." "I cannot answer for what the king will do with them," replied Sir Walter, "but you may depend that I will do all in my power to save them."

Eustace and his companions were brought to the tent of Edward. When they were presented to the king, they knelt before him, and said, "Most noble king, see before you six citizens of Calais, who have been principal merchants, and who bring to you the keys of the castle of the town. We surrender ourselves to your will and pleasure, in order to save the rest of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, to have mercy and compassion upon us." All the nobles, who were present, wept at that sight. But the king looked sternly upon the prisoners, and thought of the damage which the men of Calais had formerly done him. He gave orders that the men be beheaded. All present entreated that he would be merciful, but he would not listen to them.

Then Sir Walter Manny said, "Gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger. Do not tarnish your reputation by such an act as this. All the world

will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such persons, who, of their own free will, have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens."

But the king was still unmoved. Thereupon Queen Philippa fell on her knees, and with tears said, "Gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favour. Now, I most humbly beseech you, for the sake of the Blessed Saviour, and for your love to me, that you would be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, "Ah, lady, you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you. I therefore give them to you, to do as you please with them." The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartment, and had the halters taken from off their necks; after which she clothed them anew, and served them with a plentiful dinner. She then presented each with six nobles, and had them led out of the camp in safety.

LESSON 27.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm
The frame thy wayward* looks deride,
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, He made
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And spread o'er earth the grassy blade,
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Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive:
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GISBORNE.

LESSON 28.

HOLLAND.

Christ-en-ing	Hol-land	pave-ment
dis-a-gree-a-ble	mix-ture	un-health-y
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THE people who live in Holland are called Dutch: their country is the flattest part of Europe; you might go from one end of it to the other without finding a hill. You see on the map that Holland lies very much along the sea-shore, but in many places the land is much below the sea, and the Dutch are obliged to raise great banks of earth, called Dykes, to keep the sea from flowing over their fields and houses; and, with all their care, the water will sometimes burst through the dykes and destroy everything. Yet the people do not lose patience or courage; they set to work to repair their dykes, and to make the best they can of their land. It is so wet that the whole country would be an unwholesome marsh, not fit for men to live in, if they did not make a great many ditches and canals to drain off the water from the land; the water runs into the ditches, and is pumped from them into the canals by means of windmills. You would be surprised, if you were to look around you in Holland, to see so many windmills; sometimes you can count forty or fifty at once, but they are all at work pumping off the water, and not grinding corn. In such wet land corn does not grow so well as grass, and most of the country is covered with green fields, and cows feeding in them. The Dutch are famous for

their dairies, and make a great deal of butter and cheese to send to other countries. The fields have ditches between them instead of hedges, and the roads are often bordered by canals which have trees growing on their banks, and there are generally boats and barges moving slowly along, drawn by horses. The smell of so many ditches is very disagreeable and unhealthy in warm weather: the Dutch would mind it more than they do, if they did not smoke so much tobacco; a Dutchman is seldom without his pipe, and the women smoke as well as the men. They love flowers, especially tulips and hyacinths, and their gardens are kept in the neatest order; but they are not very pretty, for the Dutch clip their trees into fantastic shapes of beasts and birds, and ornament the garden walks with figures of animals painted in bright staring colours. After looking at the flower garden, it is pleasant to walk into a Dutch house, and see how beautifully clean it is: there is not a dusty corner to be found in it; and every bit of the furniture is rubbed and polished, till it shines like a looking-glass. The Dutchmen even wash the outside of their houses and the pavement of the streets. There is one village (called Broek) where every house always looks as if it had just been fresh painted; they are all white, with green doors and window shutters, and stand in gardens filled with the gayest flowers; the tops, too, of the garden gates are gilded. The people of Broek are so afraid of spoiling the fresh brightness of their doors and gates, that they never go out at the front of their houses, excepting for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral. Amsterdam is the chief city of Holland; so many canals run through the streets that there are two hundred and ninety bridges. Long rows of elms, limes, and walnut-trees stand by the side of the canals, and ships come quite up into the city, so as to stop before the very door of

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Lesson 29.

RUSSIA.

Cab-ba-ges	em-broi-der-ed	slip-pe-ry
de-li-cious	Pe-ters-burg	stret-ches
East-er	Rus-sia	wor-ship

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Lesson 30.

LAPLAND.

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?"
"From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering* grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten† in surrounding snow;

† *Tapering.*] Growing to a point.

* Animals in these regions become white in the winter.

Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and arctic* fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year;†
—From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,‡
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.§

AIKIN.

* *Arctic.*] Living in the extreme north.

† In the extreme north the sun is never seen during the winter half-year, and during the summer half-year it never sets.

‡ Boats are here made of skins of seals.

§ The soil of these cold countries produces little or no food. The inhabitants support themselves by the fish which they catch in great quantities.

LESSON 31.

DOGS.

Drown-ed	scam-per-ed	shel-ter-ed
mas-tiff	scratch-ed	suf-fi-cient-ly
New-found-land	sen-si-ble	sur-face

THERE are several kinds of dogs: you see many dogs in the streets every day, and some of them are very different from others; and in other countries there are kinds of dogs which we do not see in England.

One very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on some high mountains which are called the Alps. He is called the Dog of Saint Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the head to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every year the snow covers the

mountains amidst which these dogs live. It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow, and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way. One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the Saint Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland in North America. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way. But in England they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive, too, very well, and bring up anything from the bottom of the water. They have saved the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in. The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him; he soon caught hold

of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water, and he was so delighted and so thankful that he offered the gentleman, to whom the dog belonged, a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature that he would not part with him for all the money in the world. The Newfoundland dog sometimes saves other dogs from drowning, as well as men and children. A Newfoundland dog, that lived near the seaside, often had a fight with a great quarrelsome dog. This dog was a mastiff, which is a very large and powerful kind of dog. One day both these dogs met close by the water, and began to fight and struggle as usual: presently they both tumbled in, in the midst of their battle. The Newfoundland dog did not mind it at all, and soon swam to land; but when he saw the mastiff, which could not swim, sinking in the water, he dashed in again, seized him by the collar, and keeping his head above water, brought him to the shore. The mastiff was very grateful to him, and after that, the two dogs were always good friends; and when the Newfoundland dog was at last killed by a heavy waggon passing over his body, the mastiff was very unhappy, and pined after him for a long time.

The shepherd's dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair, and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark-grey colour. He is a very great help to shepherds who have large flocks to feed and take care of upon the hills and mountain-sides. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see anything; he could not even see his dog Sirrah, though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep-dog always goes about his work quietly, but he set off directly to seek after the lambs. All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see anything of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there. Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

LESSON 32.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised* a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

* *Poised.*] Balanced,

"Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,*
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen;
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But, then, there's their barley—how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now, what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

"O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously† tossed up her head,
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

* *Detached.*] Put aside.
† *Superciliously.*] Proudly

Lesson 33.

SUGAR.

A-me-ri-ca	ex-pen-sive	pow-der-ed
char-coal	Ja-mai-ca	tho-rough-ly
earth-en-ware	Por-tu-guese	trou-ble-some

Sugar is found in the juices of many plants, but there is none which supplies it so abundantly as the sugar-cane. The sugar cane grows chiefly in the south of Asia, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in several countries of America. It is a reed with many joints in the stem, and at each joint there is the bud of a new cane. Sugar-canes are not all alike in height; some are very tall, as much as fifteen and twenty feet high, others are only five or six feet, but all are beautiful when in flower. The cane is then of a bright yellow colour, streaked sometimes with red, the top is green, and in the midst of the long narrow leaves which hang down from it, there rises up a flower, which those who have seen it liken to a long silver wand, having at the top a plume of white feathers fringed with lilac. It is not, however, for this beautiful flower that the cane is valued, but for the sweet juice with which the stem is filled. Before the sugar-canes are quite ripe the juice smells and tastes like a sweet apple, but afterwards it becomes much sweeter, and very sticky. Then the canes are cut down and carried to the sugar-mill, where they are crushed between iron rollers, so as to squeeze out all the juice. It is of a dull-grey or green colour at first, but when it has been heated, and the scum taken off, it becomes of a clear bright yellow. After this the juice is boiled several times till it is a thick syrup, which separates, as it cools, into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains, there is a great deal of treacle or molasses, so it is all put together into casks with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle

slowly runs off, and falls into a leaden cistern placed underneath. And now the sugar is ready to be put on board ship and brought to England; but it is only still brown or soft sugar, and has yet to be made into the hard white sugar which you see in loaves or lumps in the grocers' shops. This is done here by persons called sugar refiners. They first put the sugar into water, and then filter the syrup through powdered charcoal; this charcoal is not made of wood, but of burnt bones, and, black as the powder is, the syrup runs from it clear and pure, leaving much of its brown colour behind it. After being filtered, it is put into copper vessels, which are closed up tightly, and heated by steam: when the syrup has boiled in them long enough, it is poured into earthenware moulds, which are shaped like a sugar-loaf, and left there to grow cool. It comes out of the moulds in solid loaves of sugar, but still it is not hard; so the next thing is to put these soft loaves into an oven where they are thoroughly baked. They are now firm and hard, and there is nothing more to be done than to tie them up separately in paper and send them to the grocers. All the sugar which we use in England is made from the sugar-cane; but in France, and in some parts of Germany, a great deal of white beet-root is grown, in order to make sugar from it. Beet-root sugar looks and tastes exactly like that of the sugar-cane, but it is more expensive to make.

In Canada, and other parts of North America, a great deal of sugar is made from the sweet maple, a large handsome tree that grows in the American forests. Very early in the spring, the farmers make a hole in the bark of the trees, and put little troughs under them to catch the sweet juice or sap which runs out at the hole. All the family can help to make the sugar, for the children go from tree to tree, and empty the little troughs, as soon as they are full, into a larger

vessel; then, when evening comes, fires are lighted out of doors, and all the maple-juice which has flowed out that day, is put into kettles slung over the fires. It boils till it thickens into treacle; after that, the farmer's wife boils and skims it very carefully, indoors, for a long time; it is then left to grow cold. And when cold, the maple-sugar looks like sugar-candy, and is quite as nice. The sugar-candy we have in England is made by pouring very thick syrup over small sticks, or strings, and then baking it in a very hot oven: barley-sugar is sugar boiled in water with lemon-juice.

We all make some use of sugar in our daily food now, but three hundred years ago, it was not much used even by the richest people in England, excepting on occasions when there was more feasting than usual. After the discovery of America, it was found out that the sugar-cane would flourish there, and it was planted in some of the American countries, and in the West Indies. But the poor natives of those countries were unable to do the hard work which was required in the sugar plantations: they died in great numbers from fatigue and ill usage; and then it was determined to bring negroes from Africa to do the work, because the negro is strong, and can labour under the hottest sun. Every year, therefore, ships went to Africa and brought away negroes; and the chiefs of West Africa were constantly making war upon each other, that they might catch plenty of prisoners to sell to the captains of the ships. These poor people, men and women and children, were crowded together, as many as the ship would hold, and carried across the sea to labour as slaves in America. The Spaniards and Portuguese were the first sugar-planters there; but the English took Jamaica and several more of the West India Islands, and then Englishmen had thousands of slaves to work for them. At last, some good men began to see that it was a very wicked thing to steal men away,

from their own homes, and to buy and sell our fellow-creatures as if they had been beasts of burden; and, in time, a law was made forbidding Englishmen to bring any more negroes from Africa:—then, several years afterwards, another law was made, by which every slave in the countries belonging to England was set free. This was in the year 1838, and you may suppose how happy it made our black fellow-subjects; they are as free now as ourselves to go where they please and do what they will, so long as they obey the laws. But it was only the English who set their slaves free: in those countries and islands of America which belong to other nations, the negroes are still kept in slavery, and very hard labour is required of them in raising sugar, cotton, and coffee, as well as in many other kinds of work.

LESSON 34.

THE BLIND BOY.—PART I.

Af-ter-noon	cheer-ful-ly	sul-ki-ly
beau-ti-ful	dis-con-ten-ted	to-mor-row
car-ri-age	mis-e-ra-ble	veg-e-ta-ble

LUCY TAYLOR'S father and mother lived in the country, and had a nice little cottage and garden. They were not poor, for the produce of their garden brought them plenty to live upon, and Mr. Taylor went every week to the nearest market-town with flowers, fruit, and vegetables to sell. Besides this, they kept cows, and the milk was made into butter and cheese; bees, which made honey; and poultry, which brought them plenty of eggs.

Lucy was the only child, and she was now thirteen: her father and mother were very fond of her, and tried to make her grow up a child of God; so Lucy might have been a very happy girl but for one great fault. Instead of being thankful for the blessings around her, she was discontented with her station; she would

rather have been a grand lady to ride in a carriage, and have nothing to do. One day, when Lucy came home from school, her mother called her and said, "I want you to take these eggs to Mrs. Ross at once." "Oh! mother," said Lucy, "can't father take them to-morrow in the cart? it is so hot this afternoon." "No, my dear, the eggs must go to the Hall at once; Mrs. Ross ordered them for to-day."

Lucy, instead of cheerfully giving up her own wish, went very sulkily to do as her mother bade her. The Hall was a beautiful house, about two miles from the cottage; it belonged to an old lady named Mrs. Ross, who lived alone there with her granddaughter, Miss Harriet Ross.

The walk was through shady lanes and open fields; wild flowers were growing in the hedges and on the grass, the birds sang merrily, and the bees flew about from flower to flower, sipping honey from them. But though all the country was so bright around her, Lucy did not enjoy her walk, because her eyes were blinded so that she could not see the beauty of God's works. And what had blinded her eyes? Discontent and ill-temper; those two bad passions will make all things look ugly around us. She ought to have taken a lesson from the bees buzzing near her, and busily sipping honey; they did not waste their little lives, but did the work that God gave them to do. Lucy, instead of cheerfully doing her work, kept saying to herself, "I think mother might have waited just till to-morrow to send the eggs. How hot it is, and how dusty the roads are! I shall never get to the Hall." But Lucy got there at last, and took in her eggs. Miss Harriet came to the door while she stood there, and spoke kindly to her, asking after her mother. As Lucy went out, she saw Miss Harriet's horse waiting for her to ride, and she envied the rich young lady, and thought how happy she must be; "she has nothing to vex her,

she may ride her horse and do as she likes." Lucy did not know that wealth cannot make happiness, and that there is often as much misery in the gilded palace as in the poor hovel.

Near the Hall there was a pretty wood, and Lucy, being hot and tired with her walk, went to rest in it, and find shelter from the sun. It was a lovely wood; the trees grew thick together, and the sun's rays just came peeping between their leaves. Lucy sat down by the side of a little stream that ran through the wood, and began to talk to herself. "How strange it is that some should be born to be so happy, and to live in fine houses, and have carriages and horses like Miss Harriet Ross, and then others like me have to work in the hot sun, or on the cold winter days, and have no fine things! How I wish I had been born a lady!"

"You should not wish so," said a voice close by Lucy; she started, and turning quickly round, saw a boy of about twelve years of age sitting by the tree: she had not noticed him before. He had a basket of wild flowers on the ground beside him, his dress was poor and coarse, and his face pale. Lucy was ashamed he should have heard what she said, and begged he would not tell her mother or any one else. He answered, "I do not think I know your mother, and I do not wish to tell anything of you; will you sit down and talk to me a little? I cannot see you, for I am blind." Lucy looked quickly up into the boy's eyes, and saw indeed that there was no light there, but a film was over them. In a moment, Lucy forgot all her troubles in pity for the poor blind boy.

"Oh, poor boy!" she cried, "are you indeed blind? how sorry I am! you must be very unhappy."

"No," he said, "I am not unhappy; you are very kind to pity me. How old are you?"

Lucy told him her name and age, and where she came from. When he had learnt all about her, he

told her that his name was David, and that his mother was a widow who lived in the next village, about a mile off; she was very poor, and earned only a scanty living by making lace.

"But how is it," said Lucy, when he had told her all, "how is it, David, that you are not very unhappy? you are poor and you are blind, so that you cannot see anybody around you."

A smile passed over David's face.

"I will tell you," he said, "why I am happy, if you will stay and listen. You were saying just now that you had nothing to make you happy, and yet you have a kind father and mother, a pretty cottage to live in; you have never known want, and, better still, you have eyes to see God's beautiful works, the bright sun, the green grass and trees, and all the beautiful flowers."

"Oh, yes," said Lucy, "I was wrong to complain; you are so much more miserable."

"It is true," David went on, "that I am shut out from many pleasures, but I have blessings too that I will tell you of. I have a kind mother like yours, and I love her dearly, though I have never seen her face, and she loves me more than anything in the world; she is never tired of leading me about when she is not at work. She cannot read to me, for she has never learnt, but there is a kind young lady, Miss Harriet Ross, who comes to read and talk to me, and she has taught me many things, and pretty hymns that I can sing when I am lonely."

"Miss Harriet!" cried Lucy, "is she so kind?"

"Oh! yes," said the blind boy, his face lighting up with pleasure; "she is like an angel; her voice is so soft and gentle, that I feel as if she were sent by God to comfort me. You envied her just now, but you do not know how much sorrow she has had; her father and mother both died in a foreign land far

away, and she had to come to England to live with her grandmother; but she has very bad health, so that she is sometimes unable to move for days together, and she suffers very much; so you see she has troubles as well as anybody else."

Lucy felt ashamed of her envy, when she heard of Miss Harriet's trials and her goodness. I wish that all people would remember, when they are tempted to envy others, that every one has his own burden to bear, however happy and free from care they may seem to be in the eyes of the world.

"I do sometimes feel very lonely," David went on to say, his eyes filling with tears; "day after day all is dark to me, and I wish sometimes I could open my eyes for one moment to see what the world is like, and to look at my mother's face, and still all is dark."

"Oh! poor David," cried Lucy, "I am so sorry for you!"

"And then," said, David, "I think of what Miss Harriet taught me: how Jesus opened the eyes of the blind man, and that makes me happy again."

"How?" asked Lucy, "for Jesus can't open your eyes; He is not on the earth now."

"No," said David, raising his blind eyes to the sky, "He is in heaven above, and He sees us all, and knows all our sorrows; not one of us is forgotten before Him. No, He will not in this life open my eyes as He did that man's, but Miss Harriet tells me He will do it in another way. There is a verse in the Bible which says, 'Open thou mine eyes, O Lord, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' That cannot be the eyes of the body, Miss Harriet says, but the eyes of the mind; Christ has opened the eyes of my mind to see Him in all things and to love Him, and to know that He loves me, and soon will take me home to Him, where there shall be no night."

Lesson 35.

SONG OF THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it looks!
There is sunshine on the old grey hills, and sunshine on the brooks;
A singing-bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere!
Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds;
Or seated in the deep cool shade, at some tall ash-tree's root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit?
They tell me that my father's poor—that is no grief to me,
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye can see.
They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and gem;
It may be so—and yet, methinks, I do not envy them.
When forth I go upon my way, a thousand toys are mine,
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine;
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bindweed, and the rose;
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those.
And then the fruit! the glowing fruit, how sweet the scent it breathes!
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves!
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share,
The wild-wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere.
Oh! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights;
Its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil calm delights.
I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain,
And all the winter long I sing—"Sweet summer, come again!"

slowly runs off, and falls into a leaden cistern placed underneath. And now the sugar is ready to be put on board ship and brought to England; but it is only still brown or soft sugar, and has yet to be made into the hard white sugar which you see in loaves or lumps in the grocers' shops. This is done here by persons called sugar refiners. They first put the sugar into water, and then filter the syrup through powdered charcoal; this charcoal is not made of wood, but of burnt bones, and, black as the powder is, the syrup runs from it clear and pure, leaving much of its brown colour behind it. After being filtered, it is put into copper vessels, which are closed up tightly, and heated by steam: when the syrup has boiled in them long enough, it is poured into earthenware moulds, which are shaped like a sugar-loaf, and left there to grow cool. It comes out of the moulds in solid loaves of sugar, but still it is not hard; so the next thing is to put these soft loaves into an oven where they are thoroughly baked. They are now firm and hard, and there is nothing more to be done than to tie them up separately in paper and send them to the grocers. All the sugar which we use in England is made from the sugar-cane; but in France, and in some parts of Germany, a great deal of white beet-root is grown, in order to make sugar from it. Beet-root sugar looks and tastes exactly like that of the sugar-cane, but it is more expensive to make.

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"Oh, poor boy!" she cried, "are you indeed blind? how sorry I am! you must be very unhappy."

"No," he said, "I am not unhappy; you are very kind to pity me. How old are you?"

Lucy told him her name and age, and where she came from. When he had learnt all about her, he

told her that his name was David, and that his mother was a widow who lived in the next village, about a mile off; she was very poor, and earned only a scanty living by making lace.

"But how is it," said Lucy, when he had told her all, "how is it, David, that you are not very unhappy? you are poor and you are blind, so that you cannot see anybody around you."

A smile passed over David's face.

"I will tell you," he said, "why I am happy, if you will stay and listen. You were saying just now that you had nothing to make you happy, and yet you have a kind father and mother, a pretty cottage to live in; you have never known want, and, better still, you have eyes to see God's beautiful works, the bright sun, the green grass and trees, and all the beautiful flowers."

"Oh, yes," said Lucy, "I was wrong to complain; you are so much more miserable."

"It is true," David went on, "that I am shut out from many pleasures, but I have blessings too that I will tell you of. I have a kind mother like yours, and I love her dearly, though I have never seen her face, and she loves me more than anything in the world; she is never tired of leading me about when she is not at work. She cannot read to me, for she has never learnt, but there is a kind young lady, Miss Harriet Ross, who comes to read and talk to me, and she has taught me many things, and pretty hymns that I can sing when I am lonely."

"Miss Harriet!" cried Lucy, "is she so kind?"

"Oh! yes," said the blind boy, his face lighting up with pleasure; "she is like an angel; her voice is so soft and gentle, that I feel as if she were sent by God to comfort me. You envied her just now, but you do not know how much sorrow she has had; her father and mother both died in a foreign land far

away, and she had to come to England to live with her grandmother; but she has very bad health, so that she is sometimes unable to move for days together, and she suffers very much; so you see she has troubles as well as anybody else."

Lucy felt ashamed of her envy, when she heard of Miss Harriet's trials and her goodness. I wish that all people would remember, when they are tempted to envy others, that every one has his own burden to bear, however happy and free from care they may seem to be in the eyes of the world.

"I do sometimes feel very lonely," David went on to say, his eyes filling with tears; "day after day all is dark to me, and I wish sometimes I could open my eyes for one moment to see what the world is like, and to look at my mother's face, and still all is dark."

"Oh! poor David," cried Lucy, "I am so sorry for you!"

"And then," said, David, "I think of what Miss Harriet taught me: how Jesus opened the eyes of the blind man, and that makes me happy again."

"How?" asked Lucy, "for Jesus can't open your eyes; He is not on the earth now."

"No," said David, raising his blind eyes to the sky, "He is in heaven above, and He sees us all, and knows all our sorrows; not one of us is forgotten before Him. No, He will not in this life open my eyes as He did that man's, but Miss Harriet tells me He will do it in another way. There is a verse in the Bible which says, 'Open thou mine eyes, O Lord, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' That cannot be the eyes of the body, Miss Harriet says, but the eyes of the mind; Christ has opened the eyes of my mind to see Him in all things and to love Him, and to know that He loves me, and soon will take me home to Him, where there shall be no night."

Lesson 35.

SONG OF THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it looks!
There is sunshine on the old grey hills, and sunshine on the brooks;
A singing-bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere!
Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds;
Or seated in the deep cool shade, at some tall ash-tree's root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit?
They tell me that my father's poor—that is no grief to me,
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye can see.
They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and gem;
It may be so—and yet, methinks, I do not envy them.
When forth I go upon my way, a thousand toys are mine,
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine;
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bindweed, and the rose;
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those.
And then the fruit! the glowing fruit, how sweet the scent it breathes!
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves!
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share,
The wild-wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere.
Oh! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights;
Its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil calm delights.
I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain,
And all the winter long I sing—"Sweet summer, come again!"

Lesson 36.

THE BLIND BOY.—Part II.

Alms-house	o-ver-come	sal-va-tion
ex-am-ple	pa-tient-ly	to-geth-er
in-va-lid	pov-er-ty	wa-ter-cress

Lucy for some time could not speak; she was surprised, for she had never heard any one talk like David: he was not like a child; it seemed indeed as if, to make up for his want of sight, God had given him a heart such as few have, so full of love, contentment, and hope. When he said he must go home, Lucy offered to walk with him and lead him: she forgot now that she was tired, for she wanted to do him a kindness; and so it is always, the desire to do good to others soon makes us forget our own troubles; it is the best cure for discontent.

"I don't want to be led," said David; "I know this road well enough; but will you carry my basket, and I will walk with my stick?"

Lucy took up the basket, and did not tell him she had already one to carry, but she put them both on her arm, and did not feel the weight.

"What do you do with these flowers?" she asked, "and what are these watercresses for?"

"I come nearly every day to get them," said David; "then I take them round the village, and many people buy from me because they are sorry for me."

The children walked on, talking together, till at last David stopped before a little mud cottage at the entrance of the village; they went in, and found David's mother sitting with a pillow on her lap, busily making lace. She looked up when her boy came in, and was surprised to see him with a companion. David told her who Lucy was, and she was

quite glad her poor boy had found a friend. Lucy had now to run home, for it was getting late, but she promised to come again next day. She thought a good deal about David and all he had said; she resolved to try to be good, for she saw now how much she had to be thankful for which he had not, and yet he did not complain as she had done.

So next morning Lucy was up early to milk the cow and feed the poultry, and her mother was pleased to see her so busy. Lucy had made up her mind to go to see David to-day, but her mother had something else for her to do. She was very much inclined to grumble; but then she remembered how wrong it was not to bear a little vexation when she had so much to be thankful for. The next day Lucy had nothing to do, so off she set to see David. She found him in bed, he was very unwell, and Miss Harriet was sitting there reading to him. Lucy caught the words as she walked softly in, "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?—the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" And David looked as if he felt the words in his heart. Lucy did not like to disturb them; but when David found she was there, he was very much pleased, and Lucy gave him some eggs her mother had given her to bring.

David was often for many days together unable to leave his bed, and during this time Lucy would come as often as she could to see him and read to him. When he was better, they would walk in the wood, and gather flowers, and David would talk of the love of God in giving us so many beautiful things, and would sit and listen to the song of the birds. Lucy learnt many a lesson from him, and strove day by day to grow in grace and to overcome her faults. The example of one who loves God in his heart and walks in His ways may often do more good than a

hundred sermons. It is like the scent of a sweet flower, which seems to sweeten everything near it. Remember, children who read this story, you can all shed the odour of love around you like the sweet flower.

Lucy found it very hard at first to do right, and often failed; but God, who always listens to prayer, heard hers, and did not let her be cast down. Her father and mother, too, were pleased to see her so much improved, and began to love her more and more.

But when the summer was over and the cold winter came, the children had to give up their walks in the woods. Then a lady made an offer to Lucy's mother to take Lucy, as her maid, away into another part of the country for some months; and as she promised her good wages, Mrs. Taylor thought she had better go, that she might see something of service. Lucy was very sorry to leave her home and David, but it was not to be for long.

The lady was an invalid, and her illness made her very cross. Poor Lucy had many a hard struggle to keep her temper, but she learnt that God "gives grace to the humble," so when she was scolded she bore it patiently, and tried to do her best. But she often longed for her happy home, which she learnt to value now she was away from it, and this was another lesson from God to teach her to be content.

When the spring came again, the lady returned to her home, and Lucy went back to her father and mother. She was full of delight now to see the pretty cottage again, with its budding roses trained up the wall, and to feel her parents' kisses, who were happy to have their child back. As Lucy lay down on her pillow that night, she thanked her Heavenly Father for all His mercies.

But David was not forgotten. The next morning

early Lucy set off to the village to see her dear friend: her father and mother had heard nothing of him for some time, for they seldom went to the village where he lived. Lucy ran up eagerly to the cottage door, opened it, and walked in; but strange faces met her, and all seemed changed.

"Where is David? what has become of him?" she cried.

"What, David the blind boy?" answered a man; "he has been dead a month;" then, seeing poor Lucy turn quite pale, he said, "Poor child! come and sit down a little while and rest yourself."

Lucy sat down, hardly knowing what she did. "Where is his mother?" she asked at last.

"Why, poor old soul," said the man, "when she was left alone, she went into the almshouse."

Lucy then asked where David was buried. "Mary," said the man, to a child who stood by him, "go and show the little girl David's grave."

They went together to the churchyard, and the child showed Lucy a fresh-looking grave, where the blind boy lay. His suffering, his blindness, his poverty were all over now, and his darkness was changed into light, for he was among those who shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. No stone marked his humble grave, but one simple flower like those he loved was growing up upon it. Lucy, crying, silently plucked the flower, and kept it always to remind her of his patience and kindness.

Lucy never forgot David and his lessons. As she grew in years she grew in grace, and was a comfort to her parents, for she put her trust in God, and He was the light of her life.

Lesson 37.

WE ARE SEVEN;

OR, A CHILD'S NOTION OF DEATH.

——————A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said:
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And, wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;
Yet you are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,—
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then you are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied;
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

WORDSWORTH.

Lesson 38.

STOCKING-MAKING.

Dis-ap-point-ed	in-ven-tor	steam-en-gine
E-li-za-beth	Lei-ces-ter-shire	stock-ing-frame
fac-to-ries	Not-ting-ham	suc-ces-sive

There is one part of England which supplies all the rest of the country with stockings: in the larger portion of Leicestershire, and in the south part of the counties of Derby and Nottingham, the most common kind of in-door work is stocking-weaving. In old times, stockings were either knitted, or else shaped out of linen, or cloth, with the scissors, and stitched together with a needle; but in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a frame was invented, in which stockings could be made much more quickly than it is possible for the hand to knit them. If you have ever knitted, or have watched any one who was knitting, you will know that the thread is twisted round the needles, so as to form successive rows of loops. In a stocking-frame this twisting is performed by a number of small steel hooks which are set in motion, and the stocking is not woven round, but in a flat web. When the web is taken out of the frame, the edges of it are neatly joined together with a needle and thread, and so the stocking is made. Men and women, and even young children, help to work at the stocking-frames, but steam-engines, which are used to move the looms in other kinds of weaving, are never employed in weaving stockings; at least, not in England. Stockings are woven of yarn, which is spun from cotton or wool; but yarn is not tightly twisted in the spinning, and therefore it is much softer than worsted or cotton *thread*. And so of silk stockings, they are made of silk yarn.

Stocking-weavers do not work in large factories;

they carry the yarn to their own houses, and make the stockings there; and in Leicester, especially, you would hear the rattle of the stocking-frames from morning till night, if you were walking through the poorer streets. Most of the worsted stockings are made in Leicestershire; cotton stockings come chiefly from Nottingham, and silk stockings from Derby. When stockings are very fine, or woven in delicate patterns, the sight of the poor weaver is severely strained, for although the little hooks I spoke of knit the threads together, he has to guide the work every moment. Gloves also are woven in the same kind of frame as stockings, when made of silk, cotton, or worsted, instead of leather.

When the stocking-frame was first invented, the people who gained their living by knitting stockings were very angry at it. The inventor was a clergyman, named Lee; he begged Queen Elizabeth to come and look at his frame, for he thought that when the Queen saw how quickly and easily a stocking could be woven in his frame, she would give him the right to have all stockings made in it, instead of being knitted by hand. But the Queen would not do this, for so many persons earned their bread by knitting stockings, that she would not take away their work from them. The Queen was much disappointed to find that the frame would only weave worsted stockings, and not silk; as for cotton, it was not used then for making stockings. But the frames were so improved in time, that the finest silk stockings could be woven in them as well as worsted; and, long afterwards, when cotton became cheap and plentiful, stockings were made of cotton also. There are not many countries where stockings are used by everybody so much as they are in England. Even in the north of our own island, in Scotland, the country people and the children often go barefoot, though neatly dressed in all other respects; and you

will see many a tidy-looking woman, after walking without shoes or stockings over the hills and moors, sitting down by the road-side to put them on before she goes into the town, or, if it is Sunday, before going into church. In France, and many other parts of Europe, the people are constantly seen at their work, bare-legged, both men and women.

LESSON 39.

BIRDS' NESTS.

At-ten-tion	fly-catch-er	re-mark-a-ble
con-ceal-ment	im-a-gin-a-ble	tem-pe-ra-ture
crev-ice	im-ple-ment	va-ri-e-ty

THE nests of birds are one of the many proofs we have around us of the wisdom and goodness of God; showing that His watchful and tender care is over all, even to the least of His creatures, directing each different bird to choose that shape and place for its nest best suited to its wants and habits, and most fitted to secure the safety of its young.

The difference in the form and situation, as well as in the materials used, is very remarkable, for no two birds, except those of the same kind, build their nests exactly alike. Most birds that build early in the spring seem to require warmth for their young; the blackbird and thrush line their nests with a plaster of mud, perfectly shutting out by these cottage-like walls the cold winds of the opening year. The house-sparrow will commonly build four or five times in the year, and in a variety of situations, under the warm eaves of our houses or sheds, among the branches of the fir or in thick hedges, in all which places it will collect a mass of straw and hay, and gather feathers from the poultry-yard to line the cradle for its young.

The wood-pigeon and jay, though they build their

nests on the tall underwood in the open air, will construct them so slightly that they appear scarcely strong enough to support their brood, and even the eggs may almost be seen through the loosely-connected materials.

The martin, or window-swallow, collects soft mud from the roads, or from the edges of ponds, and carries it to the wall or the window where she means to make her nest. There she plasters the mud, and mixes it also with very little bits of straw, which make it more close and solid. Then she leaves it for the rest of the day to harden, and the next morning she brings more mud, and plasters that above the other; and so, by degrees, in ten or twelve days the nest is finished—a little mud house, very snug and tight, with a small hole near the top, and the inside is lined with grass and feathers. While the martin is building she holds on to the wall with her feet and tail, and works with her beak, and as each little bit of mud is laid on she plasters it with her chin, moving her head quickly from side to side.

The goldfinch forms its nest of fine mosses, collected from the apple and the pear tree, lining it with the down of thistles besides, till it is as soft and warm as possible.

The chiff-chaff makes one of the prettiest nests imaginable, by weaving together blades of grass in the shape of a ball, and lining it with feathers. This nice little round dwelling is built in a hedge or a furze bush, and one little hole is left in the side of the ball by which the bird can go in and out. There is another little bird, the gold-crested wren, a tiny creature only three inches and a half long, that builds a still more beautiful nest. This bird weaves moss and spiders' webs together into a thick soft cup, and then lines it so deeply with feathers that, sinking in this downy bed, it seems almost to have lost itself

when sitting, and the young when hatched appear stifled with the heat of their apartment. The black cap and others, which hatch their young nearly at the same season of the year, require nothing of the kind. A little loose grass roughly twisted together, with perhaps a few scattered hairs, are quite sufficient for all the wants of these birds; yet they live only in mild temperatures, leaving us as autumn approaches for some warmer country, and we might suppose would require much warmth in our climate while sitting and hatching their young, but it is not so.

The greenfinch places its nest with little regard to concealment, and it is built in a slovenly manner, with materials of the coarsest kind; while the chaffinch, just above it in the elm, hides its nest with prudent care, and moulds it with the greatest attention to order and neatness. One bird must have a hole in the ground, to another a crevice in a wall or a chink in a tree is necessary. The grey flycatcher will have cobwebs; the bullfinch requires fine roots for its nest. Endless are the examples of variety that might be found in these minute but beautiful works of creation; and surely any one who has attentively observed them must feel the truth of our Saviour's words when He says, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

"Behold a bird's nest!
Mark it well, within, without;
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join,—his little beak was all;
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
Could compass such another?" HURDIS.

Lesson 40.

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

Nay, only look what I have found!
A sparrow's nest upon the ground,
A sparrow's nest, as you may see,
Blown out of yonder old elm-tree.

And what a medley thing it is!
I never saw a nest like this,—
Not neatly wove, with decent care,
Of silvery moss and shining hair,

But put together, odds and ends,
Picked up from enemies and friends;
See, bits of thread, and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish-bag.

There is a scrap of red and brown,
Like the old washerwoman's gown;
And here is muslin, pink and green,
And bits of calico between.

Oh, never thinks the lady fair
As she goes by with mincing * air,
How the pert sparrow, overhead,
Has robbed her gown to make his bed.

See, hair of dog, and fur of cat,
And ravellings of a worsted mat,
And shreds of silk, and many a feather,
Compacted † cunningly together.

Well, here has hoarding been, and hiving,
And not a little good contriving,
Before a home of peace and ease
Was fashioned out of things like these.

Think, had these odds and ends been brought
To some wise man renowned for thought,
Some man, of men the very gem,
Pray what could he have done with them?

* *Mincing.*] Affected.
† *Compacted.*] Fastened together.

If we had said, "Here, sir, we bring
You many a little worthless thing,
Just bits and scraps so very small,
That they have scarcely size at all;

"And out of these you must contrive
A dwelling large enough for five,
Neat, warm, and snug, with comfort stored,
Where five small things may lodge and board."

How would the man of learning vast,
Have been astonished and aghast,*
And vowed that such a thing had been
Ne'er heard of, thought of, much less seen!

Ah! man of learning, you are wrong;
Instinct† is more than wisdom strong;
And He who made the sparrow, taught
This skill beyond your reach of thought.

MARY HOWITT.

* *Aghast.*] Astonished and frightened.

† *Instinct.*] The natural impulse in animals to perform the work which God has given each to do.

LESSON 41.

PRINCE HENRY.

Ad-min-is-ter	dis-grace-ful	re-joi-ced
al-low-ance	re-as-su-red	re-lea-sed
con-fi-dent	re-cep-tion	ri-ot-ous

HENRY, Prince of Wales, was the eldest son of Henry IV., king of England. In his youth he was very wild and riotous, and, mingling with low companions, was led by them into base and disgraceful acts.

One of his unworthy associates was, upon a certain

occasion, brought before the chief justice, and being found guilty, was about to be sent to prison. The prince came into court, and insisted that the man should be released; the judge (whose name was Gascoigne) said that he was sworn to do justice, and that he would not break the laws, even in favour of the prince.

Upon this Henry became violent, and attempted himself to set the prisoner free. But the chief justice commanded him to stop, and to cease from such riot. This so enraged the prince, that he stept up to the judge, and gave him a blow upon the face. The judge then addressed the prince: "Sir, I pray you to remember that this seat of judgment is not mine, but your father's; to him you owe obedience. If his laws be thus despised by you now, who will obey you when you are sovereign, or administer the laws which you shall make? For this attempt, in your father's name, I commit you to prison, there to be kept till his pleasure be known."

Prince Henry was abashed by the rebuke; he stood mute, and looking upon the judge, presently laid down his weapon, and having bowed humbly, departed to prison. When the king heard of what had passed, he rejoiced that he had a son who could thus submit to his laws, and that he had a judge who could so fearlessly administer them.

When his father died, the prince came to the throne, under the name of Henry V., and they who knew of his former riotous life, were very anxious to see how he would act as king.

Shortly after he was crowned many of his people came to pay their respects to him. Among the rest came some of his wild companions, confident that now they should be his chief favourites.

The king soon showed that he was wiser than he

had been. He rebuked them gravely for their misconduct, and forbade them to come within ten miles of his person, till they had proved by their behaviour, that they had learnt better manners; but lest they should be led to evil courses by want, he appointed to them a sufficient allowance to keep them in what was necessary for their living.

After these came before him Sir John Gascoigne, fearful what reception he might have. But the king quickly reassured him, thanking him for his former firmness, and bidding him retain the office he discharged so worthily. "Should it happen," said he, "that hereafter a son of mine should behave as I did, may I have a chief justice as bold and faithful as you to reprove and correct him."

Lesson 42.

ITALY.

Ap-en-nines	Lom-bar-dy	state-ly
cul-ture	nu-me-rous	sur-round-ed
gon-do-la	pen-in-su-la	trel-lis-work
It-a-ly	pro-ces-sions	Ven-ice

Perhaps you can tell me what a peninsula is—land nearly surrounded by water. When you look at the map of Europe, you see, in the south, a long narrow peninsula, shaped much like a boot, stretching itself forward into the sea. That is Italy, a beautiful country, where the finest fruits and flowers will grow almost without culture. The upper part of Italy lies much amongst the Alps; but as it is on the south side of the mountains, it is much warmer there than in Switzerland, and as you descend the mountain-sides you see the farmhouses standing amidst fig-trees and clumps of olives. But the olive-tree is less pretty

than useful; it is more like a very dusty willow than anything else. There are also plenty of grape-vines climbing up the tall poplar-trees, or trained over trellis-work, so as to form shaded walks. Quite at the foot of the mountains there is an immense plain, called the Plain of Lombardy; it is sheltered by the Alps from the cold north winds, and so well watered by numerous rivers, that the meadows bring forth three or four crops of hay in the season instead of one: there is plenty of corn and fruit also, and a great many mulberry-trees for the silkworms. The very finest velvet is made here from the silk. There are some parts of this plain where you would see nothing for very many miles but fields of white lupins; the people mix the lupin-seeds with chestnuts, and so make them into bread. Milan is the chief city in Lombardy; but quite at the east there is a very famous old city, called Venice. Venice is built on one hundred and fifty islands, which are so small and so flat that the houses and churches seem to be rising out of the water, and the people go from one part of the city to another in barges, called gondolas. No sound of horses or wheels is heard in Venice, for the streets are really canals, with lofty houses on each side of them, and just a narrow footpath between the houses and the water. Below the plain of Lombardy there is a long chain of mountains, the Apennines, which divide the remainder of Italy into two parts, east and west. The country on the east of them is much covered with hills and rocks; that on the west is the most beautiful part of Italy. Florence, Rome, and Naples, and many other towns, are in the west of Italy. Naples is beautifully situated by the sea; it is also very near a great burning mountain, called Vesuvius. There is generally smoke coming out of the mountain, and sometimes flames, and, now and then, the mountain shakes very much, and casts up

hot ashes and stones, and boiling lava, which is a mixture of all the earths and other things that are inside the mountain. Several towns and villages have been destroyed by the lava, and yet the people continue to build their houses, and plant gardens and vineyards at the foot of the mountain. In the island of Sicily, which is close to the south-western point of Italy, there is another famous burning mountain, called Etna. Rome is the most famous place in Italy: it was for a very long time the chief city of the whole world; its rulers governed almost all the countries that were known at the time when our Saviour lived upon the earth. It is full of beautiful pictures and statues, and of stately churches and palaces; and the ruins of its ancient buildings are so grand that men travel from distant countries to look upon them. The Italians are very fond of fine shows and processions in their churches: they fill them with lights, and with the sweet smell of incense, and chant the services to beautiful music; but all the prayers and praises are in Latin, and every church abounds in pictures and images of saints, and especially of the Virgin Mary, before which the people kneel and pray. They are very ignorant, and above all, ignorant of the Scriptures; and in all the south of Italy you would be grieved to see the troops of lazy ragged beggars. In the north, the people are industrious and very neat in their appearance; the women wear various kinds of pretty dresses which are unlike those of any other country. The Italians speak a language which is very soft and pleasant to the ear.

Lesson 43.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse, but lov'd his friend,
And would, on just occasion, spend.
He brought him bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
But oh! my friend, this savage scene!
Pray come with me, and live with men:
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your time in feast and sport,
Enjoy yourself, for life is short."
The veriest rustic in the nation
Might yield to such an invitation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn.
The moon was up and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And now the mice sat down to eat.
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish:
Tells all their names with knowing air,
Pray taste of this—Ah! that is rare,
That jelly's rich, this wine is healing;
Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in."

Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs and drinks, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good—
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush footman, butler, dogs and all;
"A rat, a rat! clap to the door—"
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
The frighten'd mice, by fortune crost,
Give themselves fairly up for lost,
But 'mid the hurry and the rout
They just contrive to scramble out.
"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!"

POPE.

LESSON 44.

COURAGE.

Com-mand-ments	ex-pect-ed	rid-i-cu-led
cou-ra-geous	gen-e-rous	scam-per-ed
cow-ard-ly	per-sua-ding	sprawl-ing

"I NEVER thought that Frank Pitt would turn out a coward," said James Howard to his brother John.

John had been at the same school with Frank and James, and had left only half a year, so that he knew Frank very well.

"I certainly never expected it myself," said John. "Did not Frank a few weeks ago jump into the deepest part of the river to save a poor boy who had fallen in, and would have been drowned but for his aid? And was it not Frank, who stood and faced Farmer Chase's fierce bull, when the rest of the boys

all scampered away without daring to look behind them? I certainly never thought he would be a coward."

"But he is," said James; "all the boys say so."

"And how has he shown it?" asked his brother.

"Why, this evening," replied James, "we were all playing at football, and Frank, running after the ball in great haste, knocked over Charles Scott, and left him sprawling in the dirt, without stopping to ask if he was hurt."

"I do not see," said John, "that this was cowardly, though it may have been unkind."

"Stop," said James, "you have not heard half yet. Some of the boys, who saw poor Charles tumble, came up and told him that he ought to fight Frank. He had not thought much about the fall before, and did not seem to wish to fight, but they asked him whether he was afraid. Charles, you know, is a brave little fellow, and would not have it said that he was afraid. So he went up to Frank and offered to fight him. But Frank said that he would not fight; and when some of the boys asked him if he was afraid of Charles, he only turned to Charles, and asked his pardon for having pushed him down. The boys all think it very cowardly, particularly as Charles is not so strong as Frank, and Frank ought not to be afraid of him."

"Stay," said his brother, "I am not quite so sure that the boys judge rightly what is brave and what is cowardly. What did you say was the reason that Charles Scott was so ready to fight?"

"Because he could not bear to be called a coward."

"Would his being called a coward make him one?"

"I do not know; but no boy of spirit likes to have such a name as that."

"Then Charles was afraid of being called a coward, and, therefore, was ready to fight. It was fear, then, not courage, that made him so hasty?"

"I do not know;" said James; "but at any rate it must have been cowardly in Frank to be afraid of a boy less than himself."

"Yes," said John, "if he was afraid. But let us see; do you think Frank liked being thought a coward?"

"No," said James, "I saw him colour very much when he was asked if he was afraid. But he did not say anything."

"Did you ever hear that it was wrong to fight and quarrel?"

"Yes," said James, "our master has often told us so, and has read to us from the Bible, 'Resist not evil. If thy enemy smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other also.' But we boys cannot be so good; and I hope it is not very wrong to show a little spirit."

"If we disobey God's commandments," said John, "we sin, and it is not safe to talk about our not being very wrong. At any rate those who avoid fighting avoid doing what is wrong."

"Well," said James, "perhaps Frank was right after all, and I will tell the boys what you say to-morrow. But I cannot help thinking he was not very courageous."

"I am not so sure of that," said his brother. "You say that he is stronger than Charles. He could not then have run much risk of being beaten."

"No," said James; "the boys all thought that Charles would have no chance with him."

"And he was pretty sure of being laughed at and of being called a coward, if he did not fight. It seems to me then, that he had much more reason to fear being ridiculed than to fear being hurt. And I call

a boy really brave who does not fear to do right, when his companions laugh at him for it."

"But," said his brother, "why did he not say that he was not afraid?"

"Perhaps," replied John, "he thought that would only seem like boasting, and make Charles more angry. Besides he felt he had been partly wrong at the first, and he had the honesty to own it. Boys are very often mistaken in what they call courage. They think the boy most courageous who is most ready to fight, when this really arises either from passion, or from fear of ridicule; and only shows that the boy has either forgotten or dares not do what is right. It is true courage to own a fault and ask pardon for it. And when a boy does this to one weaker than himself, while his schoolfellows are persuading him to fight and laughing at him for not doing so; and he submits to such insult lest he should seem to boast or give further offence—I call that boy not only courageous but generous.

LESSON 45.

EGYPT.

A-ca-cia	E-gyp-tians	let-tu-ces
croc-o-diles	em-balm	min-a-ret
cu-cum-ber	glit-ter-ing	py-ra-mids

EGYPT is the north-eastern part of Africa; it has the Red Sea on one side of it, and a great desert of burning sand on the other. The winds which blow from this desert bring so much sand with them, that, by degrees, a large part of Egypt itself has been covered with sand. But along the banks of the river Nile the land is very fruitful. Every year, about the end of June, the Nile begins to overflow its

banks, and the water rises higher and higher, until, in September and October, the country is like a sea, with villages and trees showing like islands amidst the waters. When the waters go back, they leave a quantity of slime on the ground, in which the Egyptians sow their seed, and it springs up directly. The first crop is one of lettuces and cucumbers; these are succeeded by cotton plants, and Indian corn, which grows up very tall, with broad green leaves: and there are a great many castor-oil trees; these are beautiful plants, for they have two different flowers, one white and one red, growing on the same stalk, the young leaves are a deep purple, and the old leaves a bright green. After the cotton and the Indian corn have been gathered, the Egyptians have wheat and clover; and so one crop follows another, until the river begins to overflow again; and the land needs no ploughing. It seldom rains in Egypt: the sky is particularly clear and beautiful; in the daytime it is almost too bright, and the glittering sands make the eyes ache, but at sunset the sky is first pink, then changes from one lovely colour to another, and when all have quickly faded into darkness the moon and stars shine forth more brightly than we ever see them do here. As you go towards the south of Egypt, you find many crocodiles along the banks of the river; they love to lie there basking in the sun, and plunge into the water if any one disturbs them: in the night the crocodile lays its eggs in the sand, and there they remain hidden for several weeks, then the young crocodile bursts its egg-shell and finds its way to the river. The villages are only poor little mud houses, but the graceful palm-trees which stand around them look very pleasant, and there are many acacias also, thorny trees with yellow blossoms. In some places the poor people live in the ruins of the cities which

once stood on the banks of the Nile, but many of these are covered with sand. Travellers from Europe have often caused some of the ancient temples and tombs to be uncovered that they might look upon them; for they are very grand and wonderful, but in a few years the sand covers them over again. Very long ago God declared by His prophets that He would "execute judgment on all the gods of Egypt," and would "cut off the multitude" of her people; and so it has been done unto them. The idol temples, and the palaces, and busy towns, have long since been brought down to the dust. But there are still some very ancient monuments remaining—these are the Pyramids; they are so high that when you look at them from afar, they seem to touch the clouds. They were built by the ancient kings of Egypt for tombs. The Egyptians used to embalm their dead, and roll them up in linen in such a manner that the body, instead of turning to dust, became brown and dry like leather. (A body treated in this manner is called a mummy.) Then they buried them in chambers which had pictures painted on the walls describing the history of their lives; and in some of these chambers, which have been opened after hundreds, even thousands, of years, the paintings have been found bright and fresh. We see from them how the old Egyptians lived: there are pictures of children playing with their toys, men and women working at their trades, people hunting or feasting; sometimes there is a great battle painted on the walls, or a king seated in state and receiving the prisoners whom his soldiers have taken. Cairo is now the chief town in Egypt; it is in the north of the country, near the Pyramids and the Nile. It is curiously built; the streets are like narrow lanes, and the houses meet at the top, so as to form a sort of roof and keep out the hot sun from the street

beneath. People mounted on donkeys jostle against each other in these narrow ways; men go by in loose flowing robes and turbans, and women with their faces quite covered over, excepting two holes for the eyes; and there are numbers of little children, with scarcely any clothing, and their heads shaved all but one lock of hair on the crown. There are many tall slender towers in Cairo, painted in red and white stripes: the people are mostly followers of the false prophet Mahomet, and these towers, called minarets, belong to their places of worship. Every evening, at sunset, men stand in the minarets and call aloud to each other, "God is great! There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!"

LESSON 46.

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

A TROOP of horses met in state,
On weighty matters to debate,
When, stepping forth before the rest,
A fiery colt the throng address'd.
"Alas! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude * retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends! your strength and might;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!

* *Servitude.*] Slavery.

Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Let man the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."
A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When, lo! with grave and solemn tread,
An aged steed advanc'd and said:
"When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.*
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man our aid we yield,
Assisting him to till the field;
But doth not he divide the care,
And in our labours freely share?
How many sheds and stables rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain;
We share the toil, and share the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heaven assign'd."
The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors,† was bitted.

GAY.

* *Domains.*] Possessions.
† *Ancestors.*] Forefathers.

LESSON 47.

ELIZABETH WOODCOCK.

Ac-cu-mu-late	con-ver-sa-tion	Feb-ru-a-ry
a-light-ed	en-cum-ber-ed	im-pris-on-ment
bois-te-rous-ly	ex-haust-ed	fer-vent-ly
Cam-bridge	ex-tri-cate	sur-pri-sed

ELIZABETH WOODCOCK was the wife of a farmer at Impington, a village about three miles from Cambridge. Between six and seven o'clock on the evening of Saturday the 2nd of February, 1799, she was returning home on horseback from the Cambridge market.

It was a very stormy night, a bleak wind blew boisterously from the north-east. The ground was covered with snow which had fallen during the day, and which, being drifted by the wind, had filled the lanes and hollows, and was lying against the trees and hedges to a considerable depth. The poor woman was not half a mile from her home when her horse started, and ran backwards to the brink of a ditch. Fearing lest he should fall into it, she alighted from the animal's back, intending to walk and lead him home. The horse broke from her, turned out of the road, and ran away over the open common field. She followed him, and in doing so lost one of her shoes. Being encumbered by a heavy basket full of goods, which she had brought from market, she soon became very weary; but she persisted in her pursuit, and at last caught the horse at an opening in the hedge, about a quarter of a mile from the place where she had alighted. She now took the bridle and again attempted to lead him home, but her hands and feet, particularly her left foot, which was without a shoe, were very much benumbed; and she had not gone far before she found herself so fatigued

and exhausted that she was unable to proceed further. Sitting down upon the ground in this state, and letting go the bridle, "Tinker," she said, calling the horse by his name, "I am too tired to go any further, you must go home without me," and exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy upon me! what will become of me?" The ground on which she sat was on a level with the common field, close under a thicket on the south-west. She well knew the situation of it, and its distance from her own house. There was then but a small quantity of snow drifted near her, but it was beginning to accumulate, and did actually accumulate so rapidly that, when Chesterton bell rang at eight o'clock, she was completely enclosed and hemmed in by it. The snow was partly kept off her by the branches of the bush under which she lay, forming a kind of arched vault over her head. The depth of the snow was in al about six feet, over her head between two or three.

She could make no effort to extricate herself, and her clothes were stiffened with cold. Resigning herself then to her sad fate, she sat waiting for the dawn of day. She slept very little during the night; and early the next morning she distinctly heard the ringing of a church bell at one of the villages not far off. She now bethought herself of some means to make her imprisonment known, and observing a kind of opening running upward through the snow, she managed to break off a branch from the thicket, and push it through the snow with her handkerchief fastened upon it.

For eight nights and nearly eight days the poor woman lay undiscovered in this miserable situation. She slept little. She could perfectly distinguish night from day. She heard the bells of her own village, and of some of the neighbouring villages several different times, and noticed frequently the sound of

carriages along the road, the bleating of sheep, and the barking of dogs. One day she overheard a conversation between two gipsies, close by her, about an ass which they had lost. She frequently shouted out, but her voice could not pass through the snow, and no one heard her.

The gipsies who came so near her snow-formed cavern, were never sensible of any sound, though she did all in her power to attract their attention. In this sad plight the thoughts of her husband and her children, one of whom was an infant of two years and a half old, came upon her, but she calmed her soul by praying fervently to Him who "shall deliver the poor when he crieth, the needy also, and him that hath no helper."

It was a curious and surprising circumstance, that she had scarce any sense of hunger after the first day. Thirst, indeed, she felt throughout, but this she could relieve by the snow, which indeed served her, in some measure, for both meat and drink. Towards the end of a week a thaw set in, and the opening, which has been before mentioned, was considerably enlarged. She made an effort to release herself, but found her limbs powerless. And now for the first time she began to despair of ever being discovered, and returning alive to her home.

But the Almighty had not forgotten her. On Sunday evening the 10th of February, a young farmer passed over the open field and came very near the spot where the woman was. A coloured handkerchief hanging upon a twig caught his eye. He saw an opening in the snow, and stooping down to look into it, heard the sound of a person breathing with difficulty. A shepherd, who happened to be near, now came up, and looking in at the opening, saw the woman, whom he knew. He called out, "Are you there, Elizabeth Woodcock?" She replied, with a faint voice, "Yes, dear John Stittle" (that was the

shepherd's name); "I know your voice, help me out of this place." Stittle cleared away the snow till he was able to reach her. She eagerly grasped his hand, saying, "I have been here a long time." "Yes," the man answered, "ever since Saturday." "Ay, Saturday week," she replied; "I have heard the church bells go two Sundays for church."

Help was soon procured, and she was carried to her home, but in a very weak and exhausted state. Food was given her in very small quantities at first, and by the most careful treatment she was by degrees brought round (though she was never restored to perfect health), after having been buried in the snow, and left entirely without food, seven days, seven nights, and seventeen hours.

LESSON 48.

BIRDS.

BEASTS have very different kinds of covering for their bodies; some are clothed in smooth skins with very short hair, some have bristles, some have long shaggy hair, others have woolly coats, and others again have thick soft fur. But all birds have feathers, the most beautiful dress, and the lightest. It is very light, for the quills of the feathers are hollow, and the body is so full of air that a bird can breathe through many parts of it, and not only through the nostrils as men and beasts do. It is by being so full of air that a bird can easily raise itself up from the earth, and remain on the wing so long, and that some birds which are made to swim in the water float like a cork even upon the roughest sea. Birds are divided into six or seven different classes. There are the birds of prey, which have strong hooked beaks and claws with which they can tear their food. These

birds feed on the flesh of other animals, either alive or dead; the eagle is of this kind, and the owl, and the hawk. Then there are the birds whose feet are formed for perching; most of our singing birds are of this kind, and so are sparrows and crows and magpies. Next to these are the climbing birds; these have two toes behind, and two before, on each foot, and the outer toe is turned backward like a thumb. Parrots are of this kind, and woodpeckers, and cuckoos. All these birds can climb trees, and some of them, like the cuckoo, can climb much better than they can walk. The next class are birds of the pigeon or dove kind. They have three toes before and one behind, and their voice is always a soft, mournful cooing. After these come the birds whose feet are mostly formed for walking upon the ground, and their wings are short and not very strong. Our useful cocks and hens, pheasants, turkeys, and the beautiful peacock, are all of this kind. Then there are the birds which can run the most swiftly, and most of these are able to wade in the water. They have generally long legs, and a great many have long necks and wings also. The heron is of this kind; he is a large grey bird that may often be seen by the waterside in quiet places. There he stands on one of his long legs, watching patiently for fishes, frogs, and other creatures which live in the water; and as soon as one appears, he darts his long yellow beak upon it like lightning. Of this kind too are the pretty birds called water-hens, and coots, which build their nests in reeds and bushes close to the water. These birds can swim; and it is a pleasant sight when the old birds float upon the water, followed by a whole brood of little ones. If the young cones are frightened, they take shelter under a tuft of weeds or a large leaf. The water-hen is of a dark olour, but she has a scarlet forehead; she is very

careful to hide her eggs, covering them over with dry rushes or leaves when she goes away from her nest, so that no one would think there was anything there. Last of all, there are the swimming birds; geese, ducks, and swans are of this kind. There are also many swimming birds which live by the sea-shore and feed upon fish; one of these is the gannet, a large white bird, nearly a yard long. The gannets are very kind to each other: when the mother-bird is sitting upon her nest, her mate feeds her from his own mouth; he plunges into the sea to catch fish, and brings three or four at a time to his companion, opening his mouth that she may pull them out with her beak, and swallow them.

LESSON 49.

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

THE greenhouse is my summer seat;
My shrubs, displaced from that retreat,
Enjoyed the open air:
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace* long,
Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang as blithe† as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never missed.

But Nature works in every breast,
Instinct is never quite suppressed;
And Dick felt some desires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between the wires.

* *Solace.*] Comfort. † *Blithe.*] Merrily.

The open windows seemed to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confined;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

For settling on his grated roof,
He chirped, and kissed him, giving proof
That he desired no more;
Nor would forsake his cage at last,
Till gently seized I shut him fast
A prisoner as before.

O ye, who never knew the joys
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
With revel, mirth, and shout!
Blush, when I tell you how a bird
A prison with a friend preferred
To liberty without.

COWPER.

LESSON 50.

THE HOLY LAND.

De-so-late	Geth-sem-a-ne	Naz-a-reth
em-bow-er-ed	in-crust-ed	Sa-ma-ri-a
ex-ces-sive-ly	Je-ru-sa-lem	Ti-be-ri-as
Gal-i-lee	Ju-dæ-a	wil-der-ness

THE Holy Land is the country which God gave to the children of Israel. It was afterwards divided into three portions, Judæa in the south, Samaria in the middle, and Galilee in the north of the land. It is divided from Egypt by the Wilderness, and we may travel across the stony desert now as the Israelites did; but we shall not find Judæa now what it was then, "a land flowing with milk and

honey." Most of Judæa is barren and desolate: Samaria and Galilee are still very lovely, but there also you find many ruins of towns which show that the land was once full of people; and the remains of the terraces and garden-walls on the hills tell us that they used to be covered with fruit-trees and vineyards, instead of the bushes and wild flowers which grow there now. If we enter Judæa from the desert, we shall pass by Hebron, where Abraham lived; it looks very pleasant standing on the slope and at the foot of a hill; and then, going towards Jerusalem, we shall travel along a road which winds about among the hills, and between corn-fields and olive-groves and vineyards, each vineyard having a little tower where a man stays to watch the fruit. This road will bring us to Bethlehem, near to which there are large flocks of sheep and goats feeding. Bethlehem is on a steep chalky hill; at the foot of the hill there is a stream of water, and many beautiful gardens; but the country soon changes, the hills are bare rocks, and the ground seems to be quite parched with drought. At last we shall see some steeples and minarets, and square gloomy-looking buildings with flat roofs. A hill studded with olive-trees hangs over the town. This is Jerusalem, and the hill is the Mount of Olives; when you are upon it, you can see into the streets of the city.

On Mount Moriah, where the temple of God stood, the Mahometans have built a temple for their own false worship; they will not suffer any Jew or Christian to enter it: but there are some large old stones near, which the Jews believe to be a part of their own temple wall, and some of them go every Friday evening (when their sabbath begins) to repeat their prayers close to these stones; they think that those prayers are sure to be heard

Between the city and the Mount of Olives there is a little brook; this is Kedron; it is only full of water in the rainy season of the year. There is a bridge over it, near to which stand eight large ancient olive-trees, which mark the place of the garden of Gethsemane. South of the Mount of Olives is the pretty quiet little village of Bethany, and then the land is all desolate and stony till you come to the banks of the Jordan; but they are covered with trees and bushes so thickly that you cannot see the water till you are close upon it. The river Jordan flows into the lake called the Dead Sea. The shores of the lake are one hundred and twenty miles round, and they are strewn in many places with lava, and salt, and rocks, which look as if they had been burned to a cinder. There are no fish in the lake; its waters are excessively salt and bitter, and so heavy that a man will float upon them like a cork. If you were to sail upon the Dead Sea, you would find your clothes and face and hands become incrusted with salt, and the salt spray would make your eyes and lips smart very painfully. On the shores of these dismal waters, there are the ruins of several large cities, which are supposed to be those of Sodom and the other wicked cities upon which "God rained fire and brimstone."

A long way to the north of Jerusalem, there is a city called Nablous, quite embowered in orchards and gardens; this is the place that was called Sychar, and Jacob's well is near it, covered with such a heavy stone that it needs several men to lift it off. Still going to the north, you come to a hill where ruined terraces and broken pillars show themselves amongst the olives and fig-trees; these are the ruins of Samaria. From this place to Mount Carmel, which stands by the Mediterranean Sea, the country is full of villages and quite beautiful; large trees

shade the hills, but there are no trees on Carmel, though its sides and top are covered with bushes and flowers.

Nazareth is a good way to the north of Samaria; it is in a little valley amongst rugged hills. From Nazareth we should go eastward to the beautiful lake of Tiberias. This is also called the Sea of Galilee; its waters are sweet and full of fish. The river Jordan runs quite through it on its way to the south of the land. Most of the people in the Holy Land are Mahometans; many of them wild Arab robbers, who oppress the poor country people very much.

LESSON 51.

THE MISSION TO TRANQUEBAR.

As-ton-ish-ed	Fred-e-rick	re-mon-stra-ted
Co-pen-ha-gen	i-dol-a-ters	se-ri-ous-ly
de-it-ies	mis-sion-a-ries	set-tle-ment
dis-cours-ing	mul-ti-tude	sov-e-reign
en-trea-ties	por-ce-lain	Tran-que-bar

IN the year 1705 two young Danes landed at Tranquebar, an European settlement on the southern coast of India. The settlement had been formed for the purpose of trading with the native inhabitants; and the Europeans who lived there had too long thought only of the riches they could thus gain, and had forgotten that it was their duty to preach the name of Christ to the unhappy idolaters among whom they lived.

Frederick the Fourth, King of Denmark, was the first Protestant sovereign who determined to make an effort to convert these heathens. And it was he who had sent out from Copenhagen the two missionaries who landed at Tranquebar. Their names were Ziegenbalg and Plutscho.

The land, which they had sought, was far distant from their native country, and the danger of crossing the seas was much greater than in the present day. But these faithful men remembered that the Apostle St. Paul had been in journeyings often, in watchings often, in hunger and in thirst, in perils by land, in perils by sea, in perils by robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils among false brethren, but had not counted his life dear unto him, if only he could win men to Christ.

In the simple and earnest spirit of the Apostle they came to preach the Gospel to the Indians. They had to bear harder things than storms and dangers. They found everything corrupt among the Pagans; and the Christians, settled in India, ridiculed, instead of assisting them in their efforts. But God was with them, and, if He permitted them to be cast down, He did not leave them in despair.

One day as they were taking a journey into the country, they saw an idol temple, wherein one of the principal gods of the heathens was worshipped. The idol was made of porcelain, of a very choice and rare kind. Around it were other porcelain images of lesser gods. Many people were gathered there worshipping these false deities.

Deeply moved by so sad a sight, the two Danes stood forth in the midst of the crowd. They were alone—no friendly aid was near. But they knew that they had a friend and protector in heaven. They went boldly forward; they threw some of the images to the ground; they struck off the heads and limbs of others. And they strove to convince the astonished multitude that they were bowing the knee to weak and silly idols. The people were amazed, and though one of the priests remonstrated, the bold Danes were suffered to retire unhurt.

The heathen poets were found to be the greatest

opposers of Christianity. With one among these the missionaries had been in the habit of discoursing for three years, but they had no hopes of him—he was so full of his fancies and corrupt reason. At length he began to think more seriously, and the missionaries, seeing this, employed him to translate part of the Holy Scriptures into native verse. The word of God, thus brought before him, at last pierced his heart, and after a time he came to his employers and declared himself to be a believer. "I never found," said he, "any solid rest in those idle books of poetry; I am convinced that they contain nothing but lies."

Now came the hour of trial. It was soon known that the poet was about to become a Christian. His parents, who were still heathen, tried to dissuade him from his purpose. They shut him up for three days together without anything to eat or drink, so that he was nearly starved to death. But he was firm. All his friends and relations came together to him, using threats and entreaties of every kind. But he fled from them and hid himself in a widow's house. Here his parents found him out. They told him that they would kill him with poison. This threat being in vain, his mother fell down before his feet, endeavouring to gain him over by tears and persuasions. The poet also received a letter from a great man, promising that if he would return to his former religion he should be made a governor and a prince, but threatening to burn him if he should reject the offer. When the day was, by his earnest desire, fixed for his baptism, his family went to the governor of the city, and begged him to interfere. And now the whole city was stirred up as if an enemy had been at the gate. But the poet still stood firm. He appealed to the governor against the violence of his enemies. He gave strong reasons for what he was about to

do. He declared himself willing to die rather than abandon the cause of Christ.

The poet was baptized, and the missionaries rejoiced to see him enter upon his new life, giving up the pride of reason and the pleasures of the world. He heard no more flatterers of his wit and of his verses, but grew to be a sincere and sober-minded man.

LESSON 52.

THE LORD'S DAY.

How welcome to the saints, when press'd
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile!

Now from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a different air:
Compos'd and soften'd by the day,
All things another aspect * wear.

How happy if their lot is cast
Where statedly† the Gospel sounds!
The word is honey to their taste,
Renews their strength, and heals their wounds.

Though pinch'd with poverty at home,
With sharp afflictions daily fed,
It makes amends, if they can come
To God's own house for heavenly bread!

With joy they hasten to the place
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feast upon His grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

* *Aspect.*] Appearance.
† *Statedly.*] At the regular times.

Lesson 53.

SCHWARTZ, THE INDIAN MISSIONARY.

Part I.

Ac-tu-al-ly	ex-er-tion	re-ward-ed
be-seech-ing	in-ter-view	strength-en-ing
ef-fa-ced	min-is-try	trans-fer-red
e-stab-lish-ing	per-mis-sion	zeal-ous-ly

Christian Frederick Schwartz was born at Sonnenburg, in Germany, on October the 26th, 1726. His mother, who died when he was very young, upon her death-bed devoted her son to God, and exacted a promise from her husband that Christian should be trained up for the service of his Maker alone. He was educated for the ministry, and became desirous of being employed to preach the Gospel to the heathens in India. Having obtained his father's consent, he set out for Copenhagen, from which place he went forth. Shortly after this he proceeded to London, from which place he embarked for India, and in July, 1750, arrived at Tranquebar. Before he left Germany he had studied the language of the natives of this part of India, and a few months after his arrival preached his first sermon in that language, in the church which Ziegenbalg had reared.

For twelve years he laboured patiently and zealously in the service of the Danish Mission College at Tranquebar. His labours, however, were not as yet rewarded with any great success. But the time was not thrown away; he did not know half the difficulties of a missionary's life until he had actually entered upon it. During his long residence at Tranquebar he was being trained for his future career. In the constant society of missionaries he gradually imbibed their steady and persevering spirit. The memory,

also, of his mother's dying charge, in which she had devoted him to God, could never be effaced by any change of circumstances. He continued his exertions amidst many disappointments and trials. "Perhaps the fruit will appear," he said, "when I am laid at rest."

He now removed to Trichinopoly, a town more than a hundred miles inland, and in the year 1766, he had raised there both a church and school. In this year he entered into the service of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to whose care the Danish mission of Tranquebar was about this time transferred. While at Trichinopoly he laboured daily, going about among the heathen, reading to them, and beseeching them to be reconciled to God. From this place he wandered to many a village and town, but he had still to wait in patience. For six more years he made little progress, but some converts were gained, and at last the heathen began to pay considerable attention. When a few more years had passed away, there were thousands who listened to the word with joy, though they could not yet make up their minds to become Christians. By this time, however, many even of the highest families had been converted, and a whole village, consisting of sixty houses, had forsaken their idols. "On the whole," Schwartz writes at this time, "God hath given me to witness much that was joyful to the strengthening of my faith, and the comfort of my heart, in the midst of all the sorrows that I daily witness."

For some time Schwartz had been very desirous of establishing a mission at Tanjore, a town not far from Trichinopoly, where the Rajah, or native prince, lived. Schwartz visited the town from time to time, and had many interviews with the rajah, who was much struck with the missionary's simple earnestness, and became his sincere friend. The rajah himself remained a heathen; but he at last gave Schwartz the

desired permission to build at Tanjore a church for the native converts, similar to that which was already built at Trichinopoly. "Blessed be God!" exclaimed Schwartz; "may they all practise the truth which is now preached in the midst of their habitations."

LESSON 54.

BLESSED BE THY NAME FOR EVER.

BLESSED be thy Name for ever!
Thou of life the guard and giver;
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy Name for ever!

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
That rises from the azure* sea
Like breathings of eternity.†
God of life! that fade shall never,‡
Blessed be thy Name for ever!

HOGG.

* *Azure.*] Blue.

† The fresh breath of the morning appears something like foretaste of the glories of eternity.

‡ *That fade shall never.*] Life which shall never end.

Lesson 55.

SCHWARTZ, THE INDIAN MISSIONARY.

Part II.

A-pos-tle	ful-fil-led	lam-en-ta-tions
cha-rac-ter	in-junc-tions	pro-tect-or
dis-in-ter-est-ed	in-scri-bed	pro-vi-sions
faith-ful-ly	la-bo-ri-ous	re-luc-tance

Schwartz was perfectly true and honest, because his heart was filled with the spirit of truth; and the heathen, though they did not understand his motives, valued and trusted him.

Once when the British were at war with an Indian prince, named Hyder Ali, they were desirous to treat for peace. But Hyder said, "Do not send to me any of your agents, for I do not trust their words or treaties, but if you wish me to listen to your proposals, send to me the missionary of whose character I have heard so much from every one. Him I will receive and trust." Schwartz went, and peace was concluded.

War again broke out, and Hyder invaded the country. The inhabitants fled for safety to the towns, and Tanjore was crowded with natives and with soldiers. There was a great lack of food in the fortress, while there was plenty in the country round about. But the persons who tilled the soil had been so cruelly plundered, both by the native prince and by the English, that they would not supply provisions. At length the rajah said, "We all have lost our credit. Let us try whether the inhabitants will trust Mr. Schwartz." Schwartz sent out letters to the men, promising that they should be paid for what was brought in. In two or three days a thousand bullocks were obtained, and in a short time a large

quantity of grain. By this means the town was saved.

A few years afterwards, the rajah lay at the point of death. His son was a young boy, and the rajah knew no one but Schwartz to whom he could safely intrust him. "He is not my son but yours," said the dying rajah; "unto your hands I deliver him."

Schwartz accepted the charge with reluctance, but having undertaken it, he faithfully fulfilled his duty to the young rajah.

Laborious as was his work, Schwartz lived to a good old age. He preached the Gospel in India no less than forty-eight years. His latter years were cheered by the sight of many heathen gathered unto the Lord. Several fellow-labourers were employed in the same field, and supported by the same Society, with himself. And in these missionaries he found zealous assistants and affectionate friends.

In his last illness, the young rajah came to his bedside to receive his last injunctions. Schwartz received him very affectionately, and thus spoke to him:—"After God has called me hence, I request that you will be careful not to indulge a fondness for pomp and grandeur. You are convinced that my endeavours to serve you have been disinterested. What I now request of you is, that you would be kind to the Christians — be to them a father and protector. I heartily wish you would renounce your idolatry, and serve and honour the only true God. May He be merciful, and enable you to do it." He then inquired if he sometimes read the Bible, and again entreated him, that amidst the snares of a throne, he would not forget his eternal hope.

After this Schwartz rallied, and even resumed his labours. But it was only for a short time. He was soon again seized with illness, from which he did not

recover. Almost every missionary in India gathered around their "father," as they had always called him. His pains were very great, but he bore them with silence—only when left alone, at times his groans were deep. On the last day of his life, when his friends had left him that he might rest awhile, he was heard to pray in a low voice:—"Let my last conflict, O God, be full of peace and trust; hitherto Thou hast preserved me, hitherto Thou hast brought me; benefits have been poured upon me without ceasing. I deliver my spirit into Thine hands. In mercy receive me; for Thou hast redeemed me, Thou faithful God." When his friends returned, they saw that his end was nigh. He then begged that, as a last proof of their kindness, they would sing the hymn he was so fond of, "Only to Thee, Lord Jesus Christ." They sung, and though he was dying, he joined in the words with a clear voice, but before the hymn closed, his voice fell suddenly. All instantly ceased singing, and bent over him in silence. By a sudden effort of strength he opened his eyes once more, looked earnestly on them, then gently turned to one of his first and faithful converts, and died without a sigh or struggle.

On the evening of the following day his remains were committed to the earth. It was a very awful and affecting sight, on account of the bitter cries and lamentations of the multitude of people, who crowded into the garden. In the midst of the funeral procession, the rajah came up, and entreated once more to look upon his face. The lid of the coffin was removed. The prince shed a flood of tears over the body, and covered it with a cloth of gold.

The rajah never ceased to remember Schwartz. He continued to protect the Christians, as Schwartz had requested, and erected a monument to him in

the mission church of Tanjore. On this monument are inscribed the following lines, written by the prince himself (whose name was Sarabojee) :—

Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
Honest, pure, free from disguise;
Father of captives, the widow's support,
Comfort in sorrow of every sort;
To the benighted, dispenser of light,
Doing and pointing to that which is right;
Blessing to princes, to people, to me;
May I, my father, be worthy of thee!
Wisheth and prayeth thy Sarabojee.

LESSON 56.

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

THOU art gone to the grave,—but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals * before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave,—and its mansion † forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long,
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's ‡ song.

* *Portals.*] Gates.
† *Mansion.*] House, here applied to the body.
‡ *Seraphim.*] Angels.

Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

BISHOP HEBER.

LESSON 57.

SELFISHNESS.

A-muse-ment	pains-ta-king	re-solv-ed
con-sul-ting	pop-u-lar	spi-rit-ed
in-ten-tions	puz-zle	thought-less
in-vi-ta-tion	quick-ness	whis-per

CHARLES and John were at the same school, but were boys of very different characters.

Charles was a high-spirited lad, full of fun, and always ready to join his companions in any sport. He was quick at his lessons, but used to waste a great deal of time, so that the master, though he had no cause to punish him, was often obliged to find fault with him for not doing his best. Charles might have been one of the first in the school if he had tried. As it was, he was not above the middle, and many a boy learnt to be idle from him, who had not his quickness or his knack of escaping punishment. Out of school Charles was a prime favourite. He took the lead in all the boys' amusements, and, though rather too fond of choosing his game without consulting others, he was so active, and kept up the sport so well, that the boys were always ready to confess that Charles's choice was the best.

John was a very quiet plodding boy. He was not naturally so clever as Charles, but he was very

painstaking. The whole time he was in school, he was attending to his lessons, and none of his neighbours could ever draw him off to whisper or play He was, however, good-natured enough; he would always help a boy with his task when he was allowed to do so, and never refused to do any little thing he could for any of his companions. He did not seem very fond of sports; he would join in them between school hours if he was asked, but it was in rather a quiet manner; and he would often sit down in the schoolroom, while the others were at play, and draw a map, or puzzle out something in his lessons that he had not thoroughly understood. John was always one of the first at school, but the moment the school was over, he used to set off home, and would never listen to any invitation to stay behind. "What a selfish fellow John is!" said one of the most thoughtless of the boys one day, upon John's refusal to stay and play at cricket; "how different from Charles! He is always ready to help us to get up a game."

Was the boy right? We shall see presently.

John was the son of a poor widow, with very slender means, who had also a younger son, very sickly and quite helpless. The widow knew that it would be everything to John to be well taught, so she worked hard, and almost starved herself to send him to school. John knew this, and though he said little, he often thought of his mother's kindness, and resolved it should not be thrown away.

When he first went to school, he used to long to stay and play with his companions after school hours, but he knew that his brother was at home alone, and his mother out at work; so he determined to give up his playtime to help his poor little brother, who used to look anxiously for John's return: for John would sit by his chair, and tell him what he

had learnt at school, and show him the maps he had been drawing, and read to him out of some of his books, till his mother came in. Then he would fetch her water for the tea-kettle, and help her to put the cottage in order. If it was fine, he would carry his brother in his chair into the field near the cottage, to hear the birds sing, and would bring him back before the dew fell, and help him to his bed, and watch over him till he slept. Then he would sit down and study some book, or draw a map, or do some other school work; for he had set his mind upon becoming a pupil-teacher, and he used to think how he might some day be a schoolmaster, and how his mother and brother should come and live with him, and they might all be happy together. But if he was ever so deep in his books, or hard at work on his maps, and heard his brother cry out, he was quickly at his side to get him what he wanted; and he would in a minute leave what he was about, to help his mother to lift the flour-tub, or to get some more water, or to do any job she might want.

Charles's parents were poor too. He was the eldest of a large family, and his little brothers and sisters were very fond of him, for he was good-natured whenever he was with them. But he was very little at home. He might, indeed, have been very useful to his mother, who was left alone with five little children to attend to, while her husband was out at work; Charles might have looked after them in the evening while she went to the shop, and while she was washing or making bread. She was so good and kind whenever Charles did come home to help her, that Charles's conscience often smote him for not doing so more often. But he was fond of play, and he liked being popular with his school-fellows; so many a day, when he had resolved to

go home after school, he could not resist an invitation to cricket, but would stay till the sun was just setting, the liveliest of the lively, while his poor mother was working hard, and wishing that she had some one to help her a little. Charles's mother was very anxious he should be a pupil-teacher, and he was so quick that he might easily have been successful; but he did not like the boys to call him a plodder, and he was proud to show how well he could do with little trouble. Sometimes he would think of his mother, and then he would do better for a time; but if he came to any disagreeable lessons, he had not resolution to overcome the difficulty, and an idle neighbour would soon draw him off from his good intentions. So with all his good-humour, it was pretty clear that, whether in or out of school, Charles always pleased himself.

Which was the selfish boy, Charles or John?

LESSON 58.

INDIA AND CHINA.

As-pa-ra-gus	float-ing	moun-tain-ous
bam-boo	Gan-ges	shape-less
Cal-cut-ta	Him-a-la-ya	Tar-ta-ry

THESE are the two chief countries in Asia, they contain by far the most people; indeed, it is said that more than half the people that are in the whole world live in India and China. We will speak first of India, or Hindostan, which is, you know, a very large peninsula in the south of Asia. It is more than nine times as large as Great Britain and Ireland put together. Part of it is mountainous; there are long ranges of heights which run along the east and west sides of the peninsula towards

the south, and there are others which run nearly across India. But the highest of all are quite in the north, the Himalaya mountains, whose snowy tops reach far above the clouds. A very large portion of India, however, consists of vast plains; the chief of them is that great plain which covers the north-eastern part of the country, and is watered by the river Ganges, which runs down from the Himalaya mountains, and flows through the plain for fifteen hundred miles before it falls into the sea. The air in the mountains is cool and pleasant, and the people who are made ill by the heat of the plains, go up to the mountains that they may grow strong again, for in the plains of India the heat is very hard to bear. Sometimes the sun scorches like a furnace; but in the great rains, which fall for two months every summer, the air is so heavy with the damp and yet so hot, that it makes you feel tired all the day long. In the rainy season some of the great rivers which flow into the Ganges, overflow their banks for about a hundred miles, and make the country look like a sea. The Hindoos are very glad of this, for they live chiefly upon rice, which needs to be under water while it is growing; they go about in boats amongst their fields then. But there are other portions of the plain which are not overflowed, and where sugar-canes and cotton and corn grow, and mulberry-trees for the silk-worms. There are plenty of other fruit-trees, not such as we have in England, for the plain is too hot for them, though they grow very well upon the hills, but cocoa-nuts, and trees with large juicy fruits; the nicest is the mango, which looks something like a pear, but it does not taste like one. The Hindoo villages are surrounded with cocoa-palms and mango-trees, and there are plenty of bamboos everywhere. The bamboo is a sort of grass or cane:

it pushes up a thick shoot like asparagus at first, but in a very few weeks this young stem grows up to be forty or fifty feet high, and sends out stiff branches, sometimes armed with thorns. The stems are strong, and light, too, being hollow, and they are of great use for building and making furniture; when split, they are woven into mats, and baskets, and sails for vessels. This useful plant grows all over the south of Asia. The most curious Indian tree is the banyan; its branches grow down till they touch the ground, strike root there, and spring up into new trees all joined to the old, so that one banyan is like a whole grove, and can shelter even thousands of persons under its branches. Peacocks, and other beautiful birds live in the woods, and there are abundance of all the animals which are most useful for food. But troublesome insects and snakes are abundant also; and where the woods are thickest, there are tigers and other fierce creatures. Monkeys are numerous everywhere, and the Hindoos allow them to be very troublesome, for they look upon them as sacred animals. They honour kites also, and serpents; and they worship many idols, and do very cruel and wicked things in the hope of pleasing their false gods. There are many ancient cities in India; some are partly in ruins; the chief of them all is Benares on the Ganges: pilgrims come from all parts of India to worship at Benares, for it is thought to be a very holy place. The chief city of the English in India is Calcutta; it is on the banks of the Hooghly, one of the streams into which the Ganges parts itself before falling into the sea.

China lies between the sea on the east, and the deserts of Tartary on the west. The western half of China is very mountainous, and there are many large forests there, and mines; the south and middle

of the eastern half are hilly, but the north-east is flat. The country is watered by many large rivers, and there is a canal more than six hundred miles long, which joins the largest rivers to each other and to the sea. The banks of the canal and of the rivers are covered with towns and villages, full of people and of bustle from daylight to sunset; then all becomes quiet. The number of people in eastern China is astonishing; even on the rivers and lakes there are thousands who dwell in floating houses, and live by catching fish and waterfowl. On the land you see neither meadows nor cattle; the Chinese want all their ground for cotton and corn, and rice and fruit. They use no milk, so there are very few cows, and the sheep feed on wild pasture-lands where nothing but grass will grow.

The tea-plants, which are so useful to us as well as to the Chinese, grow on the lower hills, and the Chinese pluck the leaves one by one, with the greatest care. They are very industrious; they work beautifully in ivory and bamboo, and make much cotton and silk, and very fine porcelain. Their houses are always low, with roofs shaped like a tent; no chimneys, for a Chinaman does not make a fire in cold weather, but puts on one thick garment over another till he is warm enough; and the windows are filled with gauze or oil-paper instead of glass. Few women are seen out of doors in China: the men look almost like women at first, with their long gowns and petticoats; but a Chinese lady could not well walk the streets, for she cannot stand very firmly upon her feet. They were bound up when she was a child, to prevent them from growing, and so they became mere shapeless lumps; but this is thought a beauty in China. So are very long nails; a lady's nails are sometimes long enough to be bound round her wrists. The chief city of

China is Pekin in the north. The English have a little island, Hongkong, in the south of China, and they have built a town there called Victoria.

Lesson 59.

OUR ENGLISH HOME.

Oh! who would leave our happy land,
Where peace and plenty dwell,
To roam upon a foreign strand,
Whose wonders travellers tell?

The orange sheds its sweet perfume
Beneath Hispania's * skies;
But we've the apple's ruddy bloom
The orchard's rich supplies!

The cocoa and the date-tree spread
Their boughs in India's clime;
The yellow mango hangs o'erhead,
And stately grows the lime;

But we've the cherry's tempting bough,
The currant's coral gem;
What English child will not allow
That these may vie with them?

Italy boasts its citron groves,
And walks of lemon-trees;
Ceylon, its spicy nuts and cloves,
That scent the summer breeze;

But we've the peach and nectarine red,
The ripe and blooming plum,
The strawberry, in its leafy bed,
When holidays are come.

* *Hispania.*] The ancient name for Spain.

The purple vine its harvest yields,
France, in thy fertile plain;
But we've the yellow waving fields
Of golden British grain.

Heaven on our favoured land hath smiled,
From want and war we're free;
The noble's heir, the peasant's child,
Alike have liberty.

Grateful we'll praise the Mighty hand
That sheds such blessings here,
Protecting still our native land
From ills that others fear.

Still let us love this spot of earth—
The best where'er we roam—
And duly estimate the worth
Of our dear English home.

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

LESSON 60.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

Dan-ger-ous	har-bour	per-ish-ed
Ed-dy-stone	in-ge-ni-ous	Ply-mouth
found-a-tions	light-house	wreck-ed

ABOUT fourteen miles from Plymouth Harbour, in the midst of the English Channel, there is a rock which can just be seen at low water; at high water it is completely covered—this is the Eddystone. It lies nearly in the track of the ships which pass up or down the Channel, and many a vessel has been lost there with all her brave crew. People often wished to place a lighthouse on the Eddystone: you know, perhaps, that a lighthouse is a tower where lights are kept burning, to warn the sailors when they draw near to a dangerous place. But even at low water, so small a portion

of the Eddystone rock was seen, and the sea washed over it so frequently, that for a long time no one ventured to begin the work. At last, a clever man, who had contrived many ingenious things, undertook to build the lighthouse. He finished it in four years; it was built of wood, and strongly fastened to the rock with irons; and when it was completed, he felt so sure that it would resist the fury of the waves, that he wished he "might be in it, during the worst storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens." A very few years afterwards, he was there on the 26th of November 1703, and on that night such a tempest raged as has never since been known in England. Even on dry land some persons died of terror at that awful storm. In the morning, when the clouds had cleared off, sufficiently for people to look towards the rock, there was nothing to be seen but the waves beating over it; the lighthouse and its builder, and all who were with him, had perished. A few years afterwards, another lighthouse was built, which lasted forty-six years, and then took fire, and was burned down. And now it was determined to employ stone instead of wood. A very clever man, named Smeaton, was the builder. He first cut steps in the rock, and then fitted the lowest courses of stones into them; and as the building rose higher and higher, each course of stones was closely fitted into the one below it, and joined also by large oaken nails, and the strongest cement. The tower was shaped something like the stem of an oak-tree, broad at the foundation, and gradually lessening as it rose. It is about eighty feet high; there are four rooms in it, one above another, and at the top is a room like a very large lantern, where the lights are kept burning. Smeaton caused these words to be engraven in one of the lower courses of stone: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it;" and on the morning

after the building was finished, he went with all his workmen to return thanks to God, who had enabled them to complete their useful work so well. This is now nearly one hundred years ago, and in all that time the Eddystone lighthouse has stood firmly amidst the raging sea, and has preserved numbers of vessels from being wrecked upon the rock.

LESSON 61.

SNAILS.

Care-ful-ly	di-vi-sion	slant-ing
crawl-ing	grass-hop-pers	thick-en-ing

BESIDES the animals which have a backbone, there is another great division, viz., of those which have no backbone. Leeches and snails belong to this division, and grasshoppers and beetles, ants, also, and bees, and flies, and spiders, and many more creatures that fly in the air or creep upon the earth, and there are also a great many that live in the water. I dare say you have very often seen a snail crawling along, and you know that it carries its house with it, for the snail lives in its shell, and in one place its body is strongly fastened to the shell. Several kinds of snails are found in England, and some of them are very small; but the kind which we all see the most frequently is the large snail with a brown shell, which lives in our gardens, and feeds upon the cabbages and lettuces. The snail lays its eggs in the ground; they are white and round, and very small, and the old snail hides them very carefully in the earth.

In a little more than two weeks the young snails come out of the eggs, each with its shell upon its back. Both the snail and its shell are very soft at

first, but as the snail grows larger, it makes its house larger too; it has in its own body the stuff of which the shell is made. This is a mixture of lime and of a soft jelly-like juice; it looks at first like a very thin skin, but the snail goes on thickening it on the inside until it has grown into a strong, hard shell. It makes its shell slanting, round and round, from left to right; there are generally four rounds and a half when the shell is quite finished. When the snail wants to eat, it moves along with its body stretching out of the shell, and then you can see the horns which it has on the top of its head; there are four, two long horns and two shorter horns under the long ones. The snail's eyes are at the end of the long horns, and it can bend the horns different ways, so as to see everything which is about it. When the snail is frightened, it draws the horns quite in and hides them. Its mouth is under the short horns: in it there are eight teeth, with which the snail cuts through the leaves that it feeds upon. In dry weather snails come out at night to feed, and sleep during the day snugly coiled up in their shells, and hidden in some safe corner; but after a shower of rain they will come out and feed in the daytime, for they like wet weather, and you will generally find them in the dampest parts of the garden. But they do not like cold: when the snail feels that winter is coming, it not only draws itself quite into its shell, but shuts up the opening of the shell with doors made of the same stuff, but not so thick and hard, as the shell itself; these doors are glued to the sides of the shell, and so all is kept quite tight and dry, and the snail sleeps comfortably through the winter. In the beginning of April he wakes up, forces off the doors of his shell, and comes out again to enjoy himself amongst the fresh green leaves. Should the shell chance to get broken, the snail mends it, and even when it is

almost broken to pieces, he will make it up whole again in a few days. Thrushes and blackbirds eat snails: in some countries, however, not only birds but men eat them, and say that they are good and wholesome food. There are some parts of Germany where snails are taken care of, in order that they may afterwards be sold and eaten. Children go out and gather up all the snails they can find, and they are then carried to the snail-gardens. A snail-garden is a piece of ground without any trees or bushes, and with water running all round it; little heaps of moss and twigs are scattered over the ground, under which the snails shelter themselves from the heat of the sun and also from the cold, and every day they are fed with cabbage-leaves, and other green food such as they like. When the weather becomes cold in the autumn, the snails get under the heaps of twigs, make doors to their shells, and fasten themselves up for the winter. Then the people who keep the snail-gardens come and take them up, and pack them in boxes with straw, and so they are sent away to be sold for food.

LESSON 62.

BEES.

Back-wards	fes-toon	knead-ing
bris-tles	hatch-ed	mag-ni-fy-ing
clev-er-ness	hol-low-ed	mean-while

THE little busy bee is one of the wisest and most useful of the creatures which God has given to us. It makes delicious food for us, it gives us wax for many useful purposes; and the manner in which it provides these things and stores them up, is so curious, that no one ever watched the ways of the bees,

without being surprised and pleased at their cleverness.

Bees live together in a hive which is provided for them: in this hive they build up curious cells of wax, some of which are filled with honey, some with bee-bread, and some with young bees. Besides the bees which gather honey and make the cells, there are in the hive drones that do no work, and a queen, who is the mother of all the rest, and to whom they pay all possible respect.

The bees have a little trunk or tube, which they thrust into the middle of the flowers to suck out the sweet juice. This trunk looks as if it were all one piece; but, seen through a magnifying glass, it is found to be made up of five parts, one in the middle, and two on each side. The one in the middle is the bee's tongue, with which it laps up the honey and conveys it to a stomach, called the honey-bag, for the bee has more than one stomach. When the bee has filled her honey-bag, she flies back to the hive and puts the honey into the cells, and when the cells are full, some of them are sealed up with wax. Those are for the winter, when the bees cannot get any honey from the flowers; but some of the cells of honey are left open, that in rainy weather, even during the summer-time, the bees may take some honey from them for themselves, for they cannot fly about amongst the flowers on very rainy days. But they get other things besides honey from the flowers. They collect the yellow dust which is in them; you will see a bee roll itself over and over in the inside of a flower, till it is covered with the dust. The last joint but one of their legs is made like a brush; the hairs are longer there than on any other part of their bodies; with these little brushes they get off the dust which is sticking to them all over, and they make it up into two little yellow

heaps, which they carry back to the hive in two little baskets. These baskets are on the middle joint of their hinder legs. That part of the leg is very broad, and hollowed out so as to form a basket with three sides to it, and round the edges there are strong hairs, like bristles, which keep the yellow dust from falling out, even when the bees have heaped up the baskets very full indeed. They mix this dust with honey and water, into a sort of paste, which is called bee-bread, because they feed their young ones with it. Besides these things, they get from the buds of trees a reddish sort of gum. This they work up into little balls until it is dry enough not to stick, and then they pass the balls backwards with their feet, and put them into the baskets; and they go on making balls of the gum until the baskets are quite full. This gum is carried to the hive, and when the bees fly back with it, some of their companions always come to meet them, and to unload them of their burdens, and then the gum is carried to those bees which are at work upon the cells. The cells are all polished or lined with it, and all the crevices in the inside of the hive also are stopped up with gum.

The working bees in a hive are divided into two classes; one class takes care of the young and feeds them, they are called the nurse-bees; the others make wax, and they are called the wax-workers. But the nurse-bees and the wax-workers help each other to build the cells and to gather honey. They always build what are called combs, and each comb is made up of a great many cells. Each of the cells has six sides to it. Wise men found out, after much thought and study, that if the cells were to take up as little room in the hive, and to use up as little wax as possible, they ought to be made with six sides; but the little bees have had no man to teach them this wisdom.

they have always made their combs of six-sided cells, fitting into each other so exactly that you could not put the point of a pin between them, for—

"'Twas God who taught them all the way,
And gave their little skill."

When they are going to build, the wax-workers have, first of all, to make the wax; they eat plenty of honey, for the wax is made from the food which they have eaten, and they hang themselves up in a curious way. Those which are nearest to the top of the hive lay hold of it with the claws of their fore-legs, the bees which are next to them lay hold of them by the hind-legs, and so on, until a number of the bees have formed themselves into a festoon or curtain, and in that way they hang for many hours quite still. They have been seen to hang for fifteen hours without moving: all this while the wax is being made, and it is then seen in eight little pockets, which are under the body of the bee. When it is ready, the bee takes out some of the wax with its hinder-legs, and with the fore-legs carries it to its mouth, chews the wax, and wets it with the tongue, till it is both white and thick. The little tongue is most useful; the bee can flatten it to work the wax as if it were a trowel, or she can point it like a sharp pencil; and so she goes on, kneading the wax and working at it, till it is ready to be stuck to the comb. When one bee has emptied her pockets of wax, and stuck it all on, another bee comes and does the same thing; and so they go on, one after another, till all the wax has been used. But in the meanwhile the nurse-bees are very busy too, for they are hollowing out the wax, which the others have made and stuck on, into the shape of cells. And when the cells have been hollowed out in the wax, some of the bees come and finish them off quite neatly, and polish them all over by drawing their mouth and feet and body

over every part of the work. The bees who finish the cells never leave off to go and fetch food for themselves; some of the others go and fetch honey, and stand by their companions who are at work, until they are ready to be fed. When the little workers are hungry, they bend down their trunks, then the bees who are waiting upon them squeeze the honey out of their honey-bags, and the hungry people eat as much as they want, and go back to their work.

Some of the cells are made for the queen's eggs to be put into; the egg is hatched in a few days, and a very small worm or grub comes out of it: these little grubs are fed by the nurse-bees with bee-bread, and when they have grown to their full size, they spin a silky covering for themselves and for the walls of their cells. When that is done, the bees fasten them up in their cells, with a mixture of wax and the yellow dust of flowers, and the grub remains fastened up for some time, while it is changing into the shape of a bee. When it is quite changed, it breaks through all its coverings, and comes out able to fly about and to work like the other bees. The bees are extremely clean and nice in their hives: if any insect gets in, it is stung to death, and carried out at once; but if a slug or a snail should get in, the bees cannot carry it out, so they cover it up with that gum which I told you they gathered from the buds of the trees.

Lesson 63.

TO A BEE.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace
On the meadow with dew so grey,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee!
After the fall of the cistus flower,
When the primrose of evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;
In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent,
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy bee.

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy bee!
What is the end of thy toil;
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil;—
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy bee!

SOUTHEY.

LESSON 64.

THE ADVENTURES OF COLUMBUS.—PART I.

Ad-van-tage	en-cou-ra-ging	im-a-gin-a-tion
ad-ven-tu-rous	en-er-gy	in-dig-nant
au-tho-ri-ty	en-ter-prise	pro-ject-or
cir-cu-lat-ed	ge-o-graph-i-cal	ter-rit-or-y
Chris-to-pher	haz-ard-ous	un-ex-plo-red

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was born at Genoa in the year 1435. In his boyhood he showed a remarkable fondness for geographical studies, and a decided taste for the life of a sailor. He was received at an early age on board a ship, of which his uncle was the commander, in whose company he made some long and hazardous voyages. When thirty-five years old Columbus took up his residence at Lisbon, where

he married and settled. He supported himself by drawing maps; and his wife being the daughter of an old captain, he heard from her many accounts of her late father's voyages. The Portuguese were at this time much occupied in voyages of discovery, and new lands were continually brought to light by adventurous mariners. These circumstances took hold of the imagination of Columbus. Various tales of islands in the Western Sea were circulated from time to time in the city of Lisbon, and Columbus was led by these, and by other stories of ancient and of modern times, to believe that by sailing directly to the west he should arrive at land hitherto unexplored. America was as yet unknown, and the eastern boundary of India had not been determined. Columbus believed that India might stretch out so far as to approach in some degree to the western shores of Europe. To reach this land by crossing the Western Ocean was henceforth the great object of Columbus' life. But a poor mariner could not fit out ships necessary for this undertaking, and he felt that he could only take possession of any new territory in the name of some sovereign. He applied first to the king of Portugal, and set before him and before his ministers the advantages which were likely to result from such a discovery. For some time the king turned a deaf ear to the proposal, and when at last aroused to more serious attention, he detained Columbus at his court with delusive promises, while he privately sent out ships to make the attempt unknown to the original projector. The attempt failed; and Columbus, indignant at this unworthy treatment, quitted the kingdom of Portugal in disgust, and took up his abode in Spain. His reception there was, to a certain degree, more encouraging; but he had to endure many disappointments, and to wait many weary years before he could obtain the help which

he desired. At one time, after repeated delays, he gave up further attempts, and retired to Palos, a little town upon the sea-coast, prepared to abandon Spain for ever. Fortunately he found at Palos one or two friends, who entered into his views, and were able to serve him. They detained him until a final attempt should be made to interest Queen Isabella in the scheme, and they were at last successful. Columbus was once more invited to the court; his demands were conceded, and he came back to Palos with royal authority to obtain vessels and men, in order to set out forthwith upon his voyage of discovery. But it was no easy matter to engage mariners in such a service. The Western Ocean was entirely unknown, and there were strange and fabulous stories of various dangers. In this age sailors were not in the habit of venturing far out of sight of land, and the most skilful seamen were terrified at the prospect of such a voyage. By patience and energy, Columbus overcame these difficulties, and at last three vessels were ready with one hundred and twenty persons on board. Of these three vessels only one was decked. On this Columbus himself went on board. Its name was *Santa Maria.* The two other vessels, called the *Pinta* and the *Nina,* had no decks in the middle; but the cabins for the crew were built up high in the sterns, the other end being open. Vessels of this kind were called *caravels,* and were more fitted for river than for sea voyages.

Eighteen years had passed since Columbus first conceived the idea of his enterprise. The greater part of these years had been spent by him amidst poverty, neglect, and ridicule. The prime of his life had wasted away, and when at last his perseverance was rewarded with success, he was in his fifty-sixth year. His example should encourage those who are disposed to faint under difficulties never to despair.

Lesson 65.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

A FORWARD hare, of swiftness vain,
The genius * of the neighbouring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd;—
For geniuses are ever proud.
He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow—
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren half a length.
A tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation:
"O puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match; nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial."
'Twas 'done' and 'done,' 'all fair,' 'a bet,'
Judges prepared, and distance set.
The scampering hare outstripped the wind;
The creeping tortoise lagged behind,
And scarce had passed a single pole
When puss had almost reached the goal.†
"Friend tortoise," quoth the jeering hare,
"Your burden's more than you can bear;
To help your speed it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell;
Jog on a little faster, prithee:‡
I'll take a nap and then be with thee."
The tortoise heard his taunting § jeer,
But still resolved to persevere;
On to the goal securely crept,
While puss, unknowing, soundly slept.
The bets were won, the hare awoke,
When thus the victor tortoise spoke:

* *Genius.*] Gifted with particular cleverness.
† *Goal.*] The winning-post.
‡ *Prithee.*] I pray thee.
§ *Taunting.*] Mocking.

"Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts:
You may deride my awkward pace;
But *slow and steady* wins the race!"

LLOYD.

LESSON 66.

THE ADVENTURES OF COLUMBUS.—PART II.

THE VOYAGE.

An-da-lu-si-a	lit-er-al-ly	squad-ron
driz-zling	me-te-or	tran-quil-ly
launch-ing	mys-te-ry	voy-a-ger
mag-ni-fi-cent	rue-ful-ly	with-er-ed

IN the year 1492 the three ships under the command of Columbus left Palos. Officers and men entered upon the enterprise full of awe, committing themselves to the especial guidance and protection of Heaven. A deep gloom was spread over the whole people of Palos. Every inhabitant had some relative or friend aboard the squadron. The spirits of the seamen, already dejected by their own fears, were still more cast down by the grief of those they left behind, who took leave of them with tears and lamentations, and as of men they were never likely to see again.

The ships first sailed to the Canary Islands, where they were delayed about three weeks in making some necessary repairs. At last, on the 6th of September, they set sail from the island of Gomera, and were now fairly launched upon their voyage into the unknown parts of the Atlantic. For three days a profound calm kept the vessels loitering with flagging sails within a short distance of the land. On the 9th of September a breeze sprang up with the sun;

their sails were once more filled, and in the course of the day the heights of Ferro, the last of the Canary Isles, gradually disappeared.

On losing sight of this last trace of land, the hearts of the crews failed them. They seemed literally to have taken leave of the world. Behind them was everything dear to the heart of man; country, family, friends, life itself: before them everything was mystery and peril. The admiral tried in every way to soothe their fears. He described to them the magnificent countries to which he was about to conduct them, abounding with gold and precious stones, with cities of wealth and splendour. He promised them land and riches: nor were these promises intended to deceive them; he certainly believed that he should fulfil them all.

On the 11th they fell in with part of a mast which appeared to have belonged to a large vessel, and had evidently been a long time in the water. The crews looked ruefully upon this wreck of some unfortunate voyager, drifting at the entrance of these unknown seas.

On the 14th of September the voyagers were rejoiced by the sight of what they considered signs of land. A heron, and another bird, neither of which is supposed to venture far from land, hovered about the ships. On the following night they were struck with awe by beholding a meteor, or, as Columbus calls it in his journal, a great flame of fire, which seemed to fall from the sky into the sea about four or five leagues distant. Such meteors are common in warm climates, and especially near the tropics.

The wind had hitherto been favourable, with occasional clouds and showers, and they had made great progress. They were now within the influence of the trade wind, which, following the sun, blows steadily from east to west. With this breeze they

were wafted gently but speedily over a tranquil sea. The air was soft, the sky clear, and the breezes so sweet and refreshing, that it reminded Columbus of the pure and balmy mornings of April in Andalusia.

They now began to see large patches of herbs and weeds drifting from the west, and increasing in quantity as they advanced. Some of these weeds were such as grow about rocks, others such as are produced in rivers; some were yellow and withered, others so green as apparently to have been recently washed from land. On one of these patches was a live crab, which Columbus carefully preserved. They saw a white bird, of a kind which never sleeps upon the sea. Tunny-fish also played about the ships, one of which was killed by the crew of the Nina.

On the 18th the same weather continued. The crews were all in high spirits; each ship strove to get in the advance, and every seaman was eagerly on the look-out; for a large reward had been promised to him who should first discover land.

On the following day there were drizzling showers, which Columbus thought favourable signs, and boobies flew on board the ships, birds which he observed seldom fly twenty leagues from land. He thought he might be possibly between islands lying to the north and south, but was unwilling to waste the present fair wind by going in search of them. Besides, he had confidently affirmed that land was to be found by keeping stedfastly to the west; and he resolved to keep one bold course to the westward till he should reach the coast of India.

Lesson 67.

THE ADVENTURES OF COLUMBUS.—Part III.

THE VOYAGE—*continued.*

Ac-cus-tom-ed	de-fi-ance	in-va-ri-a-ble
ad-judg-ed	dis-char-ging	mu-tin-ous
a-wa-ken-ing	ex-panse	threat-en-ing
be-guil-ed	glim-mer-ing	van-ish-ed
coun-ten-ance	ig-no-rant	vic-tu-al

By this time the sailors were growing uneasy at the length of the voyage. They had advanced much further west than ever man had sailed before, and they were still daily pressing onward and onward into the boundless ocean. The signs of land which had from time to time cheered them had only mocked their hopes, and the same endless expanse of sea and sky still continued to extend before them. Even the gentle breeze, so constantly favourable, became now a source of gloom. For they began to fancy that in these seas the wind blew always from the east, and so would never permit their return to Spain.

Columbus used every effort to dispel their fears, awakening fresh hopes, and pointing out new signs of land. On the 20th of September there were light breezes from the south-west. This, though it checked their progress, was useful as convincing the crews that the wind did not always blow from the east.

Several birds also visited the ships: three, of a small kind which keep about groves and orchards, came singing in the morning, and flew away again in the evening.

For three days there was a continuance of light summer airs from the southward and the westward, and the sea was as smooth as a mirror. The crews, however, became uneasy at the calmness of the wea-

ther. They observed that the contrary winds were unsteady and so light as not to ruffle the surface of the sea, which was as calm as a lake of dead water. Everything differed, they said, in these strange regions from the world to which they had been accustomed. The only winds which prevailed with any continuance and force were from the east; and they had not power to ruffle the ocean. There was a risk of their perishing amidst the still waters, or being prevented by contrary winds from ever returning to their native country.

Columbus continued with admirable patience to reason with their fancies. But the more he argued the more boisterous the sailors became, till, fortunately, a heavy swell in the sea partly removed the terrors occasioned by the continued calm.

The crews became daily more and more impatient, and there was danger of their rebelling and forcing him to turn back. What was to become of them should their provisions fail? Their ships were too weak even for the voyage they had already made, and how should they be able to return, unless they found a port where they might victual and refit?

Columbus was not ignorant of the mutinous disposition of his crew, but he still maintained a steady and serene countenance, soothing some with gentle words, endeavouring to excite others by hopes of riches, and openly threatening those who should venture to impede the voyage.

On the 25th of September the wind again became favourable, and they were able to resume their voyage directly to the west. In the evening of this day, while Columbus and his pilot were studying the map, to make out where they were, they heard a shout from the Pinta, and saw the captain mounted on the stern of the vesse., crying "Land! land! Sir, I claim my reward." He pointed to the south-west,

where there was indeed an appearance of land, at about twenty-five leagues distance. Upon this, Columbus threw himself on his knees and returned thanks to God, and the crew of the two vessels joined together in repeating the hymn, "Glory to God in the highest." The seamen now mounted to the mast-head, or climbed about the rigging, straining their eyes in the direction pointed out. The morning light, however, put an end to their hopes as to a dream. The fancied land proved nothing but an evening cloud, and had vanished in the night. With dejected hearts they once more resumed their western course.

Fresh signs of land, however, soon diverted the attention of the crew and beguiled them onward, and for several days the seamen were constantly on the look-out, and were continually giving the cry of land, at the least appearance of the kind. To put a stop to these false alarms, Columbus declared, that should any one give such notice, and land not be discovered within three days, he should forfeit all claim to the reward.

On the morning of the 7th October the admiral's crew again thought they saw land, but no one ventured to give the cry. The Nina, being a good sailer, pressed forward, and soon after gave the signals agreed upon, by discharging a gun, and hoisting a flag at the mast-head. But again, as they advanced, their hopes were disappointed, and before evening the fancied land had melted into the air.

The crews now sunk into a degree of dejection proportional to their late excitement, but fresh signs of land diverted their attention, and for three days they still went on. When, at the end of the third day, no land appeared, they broke out into open clamour, and insisted on returning homewards, and abandoning the search as hopeless. Columbus tried

to pacify them by gentle words and promises, but when these failed he spoke out boldly. He told them that the ships had been sent out to discover the Indies, and that he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should succeed in this undertaking.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew. Fortunately the next morning there were signs of land which could no longer be mistaken. Besides a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind that keeps about rocks; then a branch of a thorn, with berries on it, floated by them: then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff carved by hand. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to eager hope; and throughout the day each one was on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening when, according to invariable custom, his crew had sung their vesper hymn, Columbus addressed them. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them, by soft and favouring breezes, over a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears increased, and thus guiding them to the promised land. As the evening darkened, he took his station on the top of the castle or cabin, on the high stern of his vessel. About ten o'clock he thought he beheld a light glimmering in the distance. Fearing lest his hopes might deceive him, he called to one of his companions, and asked if he saw such a light. The person addressed saw it, but by the time a third person had been summoned, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hands of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. These gleams were, however, so uncertain,

that few thought much of them. Columbus considered them as certain signs of land, and that, moreover, the land was inhabited.

They continued their course till two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner on board that vessel, but the prize was afterwards adjudged to Columbus, because he had previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail and lay to, waiting anxiously for the dawn.

Lesson 68.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant* shore?—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child."

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant† forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues‡ of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

* *Radiant.*] Shining. † *Fragrant.*] Sweet-smelling
‡ *Hues.*] Colours.

" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time does not breathe on its fadeless* bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

MRS. HEMANS.

* *Fadeless.*] Unfading.

LESSON 69.

THE ADVENTURES OF COLUMBUS.—PART IV.

THE NEW WORLD.

As-sem-bling	cruis-ing	pro-duc-tion
ca-noe	dis-trib-u-ted	sol-emn
com-plex-ion	ho-ri-zon	Span-i-ards
con-fu-sion	is-land-ers	su-pe-rior

IT was on Friday morning, the 12th October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned, he saw before him a level island covered with trees, like an immense orchard. The inhabitants were seen coming from all parts of the wood and running to the shore. They were perfectly naked, and, as they stood gazing at the ships, appeared overcome with wonder. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly dressed in scarlet, and holding the royal standard, whilst boats put off from the Pinta and Nina.

On landing Columbus threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts, indeed, overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus then drew his sword,

displayed the royal standard, and assembling round him those who had landed, took solemn possession in the name of the sovereigns of Spain.

The natives of the island, when they first saw the ships, had supposed them monsters, which had come up out of the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach to watch them, and were greatly surprised by their sails, which seemed to them to be huge wings. When they beheld their boats come to shore, and a number of strange beings land upon the beach, they at first fled into the woods. Finding that no one attempted to pursue them, they, by degrees, ventured to approach the Spaniards, frequently bowing before them, as if they were superior beings. They gazed in wonder at the complexion, the beards, the shining armour, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. When they had recovered further from their alarm they came nearer and touched their beards, and examined their hands, and faces, admiring their whiteness. They now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the sky which bounded the horizon,* or had come down from heaven on their ample wings, and that these wonderful beings were inhabitants of the skies.

The Spaniards were equally surprised at the appearance of the natives, who differed from any race of men they had ever seen. They were quite naked, and their bodies were painted with a variety of colours. Their complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely without beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the Africans, but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks were left long behind and falling upon their shoulders.

The islanders were friendly and gentle. Their

* *Horizon.*] The boundary line, where the earth and sky appear to meet.

only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint, or with the tooth or bone of a fish. Columbus distributed among them coloured caps, glass beads, hawks' bells, and other trifles, which were most eagerly received. On the following morning the shore was thronged with the natives. Some swam off to the ship, others came in light barks, called canoes, formed of a single tree hollowed out, and capable of holding from one man to the number of forty or fifty. These they managed skilfully with paddles, and, if overturned, swam about in the water with perfect ease, righting their canoes, and baling out the water.

Columbus, after a short time, left the island he had first visited, and discovered several more islands lying near it. When he touched at one of the largest of these, Columbus thought he had reached the mainland; and as he always imagined that the coast of India stretched out far to the east, he believed he had now come to India. From this circumstance the group of islands discovered by Columbus, which lie off the eastern coast of America, still bears the name of the West Indies, and all the native inhabitants of that part of the globe are commonly called Indians. Columbus did not reach the mainland of America, although it was so near. He proceeded, however, to several of the islands; and while he was cruising about, the Pinta parted company, and he was left with only his own ship, the Santa Maria, and the caravel, the Nina.

Columbus was at all times very watchful, and seldom left the deck, but one very calm night he ventured to do so, and retired to his cabin to rest for a short time. No sooner had he retired than the steersman gave the helm to one of the ship-boys and went to sleep. The rest of the sailors followed his example, and in a little while the whole crew

was asleep. Meanwhile the currents, which ran along the coast, carried the ship quietly, but with force, upon a sand-bank. The boy, feeling the rudder strike, cried out for help. Columbus was the first on deck. He bade the master of the ship to take the boat, and endeavour by ropes to get the ship off the bank. The master and several sailors sprang on board a boat, but, in the confusion, neglected to obey the order of Columbus, and rowed off to the caravel, which was about half a league distant. The captain of the caravel at once sent off a boat, but, by the time it arrived, it was too late to save the ship. All that they could do was to get the crew and stores safe out, and Columbus and his men had to take refuge in the caravel. This loss of his largest vessel induced Columbus to build a fortress on one of the islands, and to leave behind him some of the sailors to occupy it, while he returned to Spain. With the rest of the men he now went on board the Nina, the smallest of the three vessels which had come out, taking with him some of the natives, men and women, and many of the fruits and productions of the country.

Columbus was about to pursue his course and make still further discoveries, having heard from the natives of numerous lands very near, when he observed that his crew were beginning to be discontented at the length of the voyage. He was anxious also himself to carry home the news of his wonderful discovery, and there was still some danger before him in crossing the ocean in his small vessel. The Pinta had by this time again joined him; and a favourable breeze springing up, he shifted his sails on the 16th January, 1493, to the great joy of his crews, and directed his course for Spain.

Lesson 70.

THE ADVENTURES OF COLUMBUS.—Part V.

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

Ad-verse	drench-ing	pros-pe-rous-ly
an-chor-ed	en-clo-sed	re-main-der
con-grat-u-la-ting	Jan-u-a-ry	ship-wreck
con-stant-ly	mod-e-ra-ted	tem-pest-u-ous

The trade-wind which had been so favourable to Columbus on his voyage out, was equally adverse to him on his return. During the remainder of the month of January, the vessels had to make their way against a wind blowing constantly from the east. In the early part of February, they had more favourable breezes, and were able to steer direct for Spain. On the 12th of February, when they began to hope they should soon see land, the wind came on to blow violently with a heavy sea. On the following day, after sunset, the wind and swell increased, and there were three flashes of lightning seen in the north-east, which were considered by Columbus as the signal of a coming tempest. The storm soon burst upon them with the utmost fury. The crazy vessels were ill able to bear this, and all night long they were driven about in the utmost danger. On the morning of the 14th there was a lull, but before night the storm was as violent as ever. The Pinta was now separated from the other ship, and was not again seen until Columbus had reached Spain. All night long the Nina was tossed about by the fury of the storm; and when the day dawned, the sailors looked out upon a wild broken sea of raging waves. As the sun rose, the wind and the waves rose with it, and the bark was driven along by the fury of the storm. The sailors offered

prayers to Heaven for safety, but gave themselves up for lost. Columbus, expecting that he should never reach land, wrote an account of his voyage, and having sealed it, directed it to the king and queen of Spain. He wrapped it in a waxed cloth, and put the packet in a cake of wax; he then enclosed the whole in a large barrel and threw it into the sea, hoping that soon it might be picked up by some ship. At sunset they saw a streak of clear sky in the west, and the wind and storm were somewhat less furious during the night.

On the morning of the 16th, the cry of land was given by a mariner from the topmast; but just as they were about to bring the ship to shore, the wind changed again, and they were kept back from land for two days more. On the evening of the 17th, they approached so near the land that they were able to cast anchor. For several days Columbus had neither slept nor taken food: although ill at the time, he had remained on deck, exposed to wintry cold, to the pelting of the storm, and the drenching surges of the sea. It was not until the night of the 17th, that he got a little rest, quite worn out by fatigue and anxiety. On the morning of the 18th of February, they landed, and found themselves on one of the Azores, a possession of the crown of Portugal.

The trials of Columbus were, however, not yet over: a part of his crew having been sent on shore, they were seized and thrown into prison by the governor of the island. The king of Portugal, afraid that the voyage of Columbus might interfere with his own discoveries, had sent orders to the governor of the islands in the west, to seize and detain him whenever he was met with. Fortunately Columbus had remained on his vessel, and at last, after a few days, the sailors were released and returned on board.

On the 24th February, the wind was favourable for the voyage to Spain; they weighed anchor, and the ship went on prosperously till the 27th. Then boisterous gales arose; and for several days they had to encounter very stormy weather, until about midnight on the 2nd of March, the ship was struck by a squall of wind, which rent all her sails, and drove her along with resistless violence. The next day there were various signs of land, which they supposed must be the coast of Portugal; but the tempest increased to such a degree that they doubted whether they should ever reach a port. In the course of the following night the storm was yet more furious. The sea was broken, wild, and mountainous: at one moment the light bark was tossed high in the air, and the next moment seemed sinking in the depths of the ocean. The rain at times fell in torrents, the lightning flashed, and the thunder pealed from various parts of the heavens.

In the first watch of this fearful night, the sailors gave the usually welcome cry of land, but now it only increased the alarm. They feared lest they should be driven on shore or dashed upon the rocks. Taking in sail, therefore, they kept to sea as much as possible, and waited anxiously for the morning light.

At daybreak, on the 4th of March, they found themselves off the rock of Cintra, in the mouth of the Tagus. Columbus had a strong distrust of the good-will of the Portuguese, but was forced to run in for shelter. He accordingly anchored about three o'clock, to the great joy of the crew, who returned thanks to God for their escape from so many perils.

The inhabitants came off from various parts of the shore, congratulating them upon what they considered a miraculous preservation. They had been watching the vessel the whole morning with great anxiety, and putting up prayers for her safety. The

oldest mariners of the place assured Columbus they had never known so tempestuous a winter; many vessels had remained for months in port, weather-bound, and there had been numerous shipwrecks.

Columbus soon received a message to invite him to the court of the king of Portugal. He went, somewhat anxious as to the manner in which he would be received, after the ungenerous treatment he had met with in the Azores. The king, however, treated him with kindness and liberality, and listened with astonishment to his wonderful story. The weather having moderated, Columbus again set sail from Lisbon on the 13th of March, and at midday on the 15th, arrived safely in the harbour of Palos, from which he had sailed on the 3rd of August in the preceding year.

LESSON 71.

A THOUGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

In ev'ry object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee;
Firm as the rocks Thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.

In ev'ry object here I see
Something, my heart, that points at thee.
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And, like the tides, in constant motion.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Lesson 72

THE ADVENTURES OF COLUMBUS.—Part VI.

THE RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS IN SPAIN.

A-gi-ta-tion	con-course	ma-jes-ties
bal-co-nies	cu-ri-os-i-ties	pros-e-lytes
Bar-ce-lo-na	dec-o-ra-ted	re-la-tives
brace-lets	ex-pe-ri-en-ced	spec-ta-tors
cho-ris-ters	ex-tra-or-di-na-ry	tri-umph

The friends and relatives of the sailors who had embarked with Columbus, had by this time given up all hopes of their return. Great, therefore, was the agitation of the men of Palos, when they beheld one of the ships coming up the river; but when they learnt that she returned in triumph from the discovery of a world, they were quite wild with joy. The bells were rung, the shops shut, and all business was stopped: for a time there was nothing but hurry and tumult. Some were anxious to know the fate of a relative, others of a friend, and all to learn the particulars of so wonderful a voyage. When Columbus landed, the multitude thronged to see and welcome him, and a grand procession was formed to the principal church, to return thanks to God for so wonderful a discovery made by the people of that place.

Understanding that the court was at Barcelona, he felt disposed to proceed thither immediately in his caravel. Reflecting, however, on the dangers and disasters he had already experienced on the seas, he resolved to proceed by land. He despatched a letter to the king and queen, informing them of his arrival; and soon after departed for Seville to await their orders, taking with him six of the natives

whom he had brought from the New World. One had died at sea, and three were left ill at Palos.

Shortly after his arrival at Seville, Columbus received a letter from the sovereigns, expressing their delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court. Columbus lost no time in obeying, but set out at once for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians, and the various curiosities brought from the New World.

The fame of his discovery had gone abroad throughout the land. Wherever he passed, the country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the roads, and thronged the villages; the street windows and balconies of the towns were all filled with men and women, who greeted him with shouts of applause. His journey was constantly impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him, and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much astonishment as if they had been natives of the moon.

About the middle of April, Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a magnificent reception. It was a most lovely day. As he drew near the city, many nobles and a vast concourse of the people came forth to meet and welcome him, and accompany him to the palace. First came the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these were carried various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals, rare plants, and Indian bracelets of gold. Columbus followed on horseback, surrounded by nobles. The streets were almost impassable from the multitude: the windows and balconies were crowded with women; the very roofs were covered with spectators.

To receive him with suitable pomp, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public,

under a rich canopy of cloth of gold, in a vast and splendid hall. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by all the principal nobles of Spain. At length Columbus entered the hall: as he approached, the sovereigns rose as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he offered to kiss their hands. They raised him in the most gracious manner, and ordered him to seat himself in their presence, a rare honour in the proud court of Spain.

At their request, he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered. He showed specimens of unknown birds and other animals, of rare plants, of gold-dust and of golden ornaments, and, above all, the natives of those countries, who were objects of extraordinary interest. All these, he said, were but tokens of greater discoveries yet to be made, which would add countries of immense wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes * to the true faith.

The eyes of the sovereigns were filled with tears of joy and gratitude. When Columbus had finished, they sank on their knees, and, raising their hands to heaven, gave thanks and praises to God. All present followed their example. The anthem, "We praise Thee, O God," was sung by the choristers of the chapel-royal. The thoughts and feelings of all present were borne up from earth to heaven. Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this great event, offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

* *Proselytes.*] Persons who come into a new faith, having given up their old religion.

LESSON 73.

THE POTATO.

Grie-vous-ly	pos-i-tive	three-prong-ed
in-do-lence	re-com-men-ded	un-ac-count-a-ble
nou-rish-ment	Ra-leigh	un-cer-tain-ty
o-pen-awk	safe-guard	Vir-gin-i-a

POTATOES are now so generally used in every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland, that many people will be surprised to hear that the plant was unknown before the discovery of the New World. Columbus was the first European that saw this plant, which he found growing in the islands he discovered. When the Spaniards became acquainted with North and South America, the potato was in common use among the natives of both continents. In the north it was called Openawk, but in the south Papas, which the Spaniards changed into Battata, and the Portuguese further softened it into Ba-ta-ta, whence comes our name Potato.

The first person who introduced the potato into England was Sir Walter Raleigh, who brought it from Virginia in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is said that after Raleigh had first planted the potato in his garden at Youghal, in Ireland, his gardener was grievously disappointed on tasting the apples of the fine American fruit, as they called it, and that he accidentally discovered the virtue of its root, when he was told by his master to throw away the useless weeds. A writer who lived a few years later, in a book of plants, gave a drawing of it, with some curious details of its qualities, and of the various modes in which it may be dressed for the table. He especially recommended its use in delicate preserves and sweetmeats, and said that it might be rendered

quite wholesome by having the roots eaten, sopped in wine, adding, "to give them the greater grace in eating they should be boiled with prunes."

For more than a century and a half after its first introduction it was not cultivated except in gardens. It was first grown as a field crop in Scotland in the year 1772.

A strange objection to potatoes was urged at the time when they were first becoming known, by some ignorant men who denied the lawfulness of eating them, because they are not mentioned in the Bible. We may well consider this vegetable as one of the best gifts of Providence, when we observe how well it seems to suit every soil and every climate, and how much nourishment it supplies both to man and beast. In Ireland it forms the chief part of the food of a large proportion of the inhabitants; but many people have considered that the little trouble which is required to cultivate it is a positive mischief, because it encourages idle and improvident habits; but this is in truth only a proof how the best of God's gifts may be abused.

During the last few years a very curious and unaccountable blight, well known as the potato disease, has visited this plant in various places. It has not been equally destructive every year, and some places have escaped much more than others. In general low lands have suffered most; but it is not possible to lay down any general rule upon this subject, and we must now consider the potato as a very uncertain crop. Great as is the misery which has been occasioned by the failure of the potato crop, especially in Ireland, we cannot fail to see even here the goodness of God, in the midst of judgment remembering mercy. Many who were accustomed to do no more than plant the potato in autumn, and wait till the following summer for the crop

which was to support them through the year, have been forced by this calamity to the more industrious habits necessary for the cultivation of grain. And while potatoes still grow abundantly enough to supply us with great quantities of food, their uncertainty checks indolence and improvidence, and helps to train the labourer in that industry, without which he can never prosper.

Potatoes may be raised either from seed or from the root. It is by the use of the seed that new kinds are introduced, for it does not at all follow that the new potato will be like the root from which the seed is taken. Thus we get from the same kind of seed many varieties, both of form and colour; round, flat, oblong, red, pink, black, white, mixed, and purple, of every shade and colour. When a particular seedling is found to be valuable, the root must be carefully preserved, in order to produce plants of the same kind. Each root contains several buds or eyes, and it has been usual to cut the root into as many parts as it contains eyes, and to plant each separately; but since the potato disease has appeared, it has been found that the best safeguard against it is to plant the roots whole.

Although potatoes are more easily raised than many other crops, yet those who wish to grow the best kinds and greatest quantities will find plenty of work even in a potato field. The soil must be well broken up by continual ploughings, and manure must be carted and ploughed in before the roots are set. After the planting, the ground is rolled, and when the plants are six or seven inches high, a plough is passed between the rows, care being taken not to injure the plants. Weeders then hoe the plants carefully, next a harrow is used, and then a particular kind of plough called the earthing-plough, which heaps up the earth against the plants, and

leaves furrows between the rows. This is the way in which potato-fields are worked in Scotland and Ireland. In England all the work required is generally done by the hand-hoe. When the crop is fully ripe, the stalks wither, and it is time to take up the roots; they are turned up either with a three-pronged fork or a plough.

The time for setting potatoes is in the spring, and the general crop is gathered in the autumn, although some kinds come in much earlier.

By grating potatoes into water, and straining the pulp, we may procure a kind of starch which answers all the purposes of arrowroot, and is much cheaper; and by pressing boiled mealy potatoes through a course sieve we get fine white flour, which, when mixed with wheat-flour, may be made into bread.

LESSON 74.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
MOTHER, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;—
FATHER, by the breeze of eve,
Called, thy harvest work to leave—
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

TRAVELLER, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
MOURNER, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
CAPTIVE, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
SAILOR, on the darkening sea;—
Lift the heart and bend the knee

WARRIOR, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
WOMAN, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial-plain;
Ye that TRIUMPH, ye that SIGH,
Kindred * by one holy tie!
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
LIFT THE HEART AND BEND THE KNEE!

MRS. HEMANS.

* *Kindred.*] United as relations.

LESSON 75.

A TAME BEAVER.

Ab-stain-ed	in-stinct	sur-vi-vor
ad-ap-ta-tion	Ma-cau-co	sweep-ing-brush
ad-mi-ra-bly	pit-i-a-ble	warm-ing-pan

A TAME beaver was once kept in this country by Mr. Broderip, who gives the following interesting account of it:—

"The animal arrived in this country in the winter of 1825, very young, being small and woolly, and without the covering of long hair which marks the full-grown beaver. It was the sole survivor of five or six which were shipped at the same time, and it was in a very pitiable condition. Good treatment quickly restored it to health, and kindness soon made it familiar. When called by its name, 'Binny,' it generally answered with a little cry, and came to its owner. The hearth-rug was its favourite haunt, and thereon it would lie stretched out, sometimes on its back, sometimes on its side, and sometimes flat on its belly, but always near its master. The building instinct showed itself immediately it was let out of its cage and materials were placed in its way; and

this before it had been a week in its new quarters. Its strength, even before it was half grown, was great. It would drag along a large sweeping-brush or a warming-pan, grasping the handle with its teeth so that the load came over its shoulder, and carrying it to the point where it wished to place it. The long and large materials were always taken first, and two of the longest were generally laid crosswise, with one of the ends of each touching the wall, and the other ends projecting out into the room. The space between the crossed brushes and the wall he would fill up with hand-brushes, rush-baskets, books, boots, sticks, cloths, dried turf, or anything portable. As the work grew high, he supported himself on his tail, which propped him up admirably, and he would often, after laying on one of his building materials, sit up over against it, appearing to consider his work. This pause was sometimes followed by changing the position of the material, and sometimes it was left in its place. After he had piled up his materials in one part of the room (for he generally chose the same place), he proceeded to wall up the space between the feet of a chest of drawers which stood at a little distance from it, high enough on its legs to make the bottom a roof for him; using for this purpose dried turf and sticks, which he laid very even, and filling up the spaces with bits of coal, hay, cloth, or anything he could pick up. This last place he seemed to fix upon for his dwelling: the former work seemed to be intended for a dam. When he had walled up the space between the feet of the chest of drawers, he proceeded to carry in sticks, cloths, hay, cotton, and to make a nest; and when he had done he would sit up under the drawers, and comb himself with the nails of his hind feet. In this operation, that which appeared at first to be a deformity was shown to be a beautiful adaptation to

the necessities of the animal. The huge webbed hind feet of the beaver turn in so as to give the appearance of clumsiness; but if the toes were straight, instead of being curved, the animal could not use them for the purpose of keeping its fur in order, and cleansing it from dirt and moisture.

"Binny generally carried small and light articles between his right fore leg and his chin, walking on the other three legs; and large masses, which he could not grasp readily with his teeth, he pushed forwards, leaning against them with his right fore-paw and his chin. He never carried anything on his tail, which he liked to dip in water, but he was not fond of plunging in the whole of his body. If his tail was kept moist, he never cared to drink; but if it was kept dry it became hot, and the animal appeared distressed and would drink a great deal.

"Bread, and bread and milk and sugar, formed the principal part of Binny's food; but he was very fond of juicy fruits and roots. He was a most entertaining creature; and some highly-comic scenes occurred between the worthy, but slow, beaver, and a light and airy macauco * that was kept in the same apartment."

The beaver is not only sociable but very affectionate. Two young ones were once taken alive and brought to a neighbouring factory in Hudson's Bay, where they throve very fast until one of them was killed accidentally. The survivor instantly felt the loss, began to moan, and abstained from food till it died. A modern traveller mentions a similar instance which fell under his notice in North America. A male and female were kept together in a room, where they lived happily till the male was deprived of his partner by death. For a day or two he appeared to be hardly aware of his loss, and brought food and

* *Macauco.*] A small kind of monkey.

laid it before her: at last, finding that she did not stir, he covered her body with twigs and leaves, and was in a pining state when the gentleman lost sight of him.

LESSON 76.

THE BEAR IN A BOAT.

A SHAGGY bear of manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;
For dext'rously, and safe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the swarm:
Thus thriving on industrious toil,
He gloried in his pilfer'd spoil.
This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
He thought himself both wise and great.
Conceited, busy, bustling, bold,
His arrogance* was uncontroll'd:
The beasts, with admiration, stare,
And think him a prodigious bear.
At last more bold and reckless † grown,
He fancies every trade his own;
No task too difficult appears,
He feels no doubts or idle fears;
Does everything, or tries to do,
And right or wrong still blunders through.
It chanc'd as, on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the shore.
He stopt, and, turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents ‡ his vaunting § strain:
"What blundering puppies are mankind,
In every science ‖ always blind!

* *Arrogance.*] Pride. † *Reckless.*] Careless of danger
‡ *Vents.*] Gives forth. § *Vaunting.*] Boasting.
‖ *Science.*] Branch of knowledge.

From me that helm shall conduct learn,*
And man his ignorance discern."
So saying, with audacious pride,
He gains the boat, and climbs the side.
The beasts, astonish'd, line the strand:
The anchor's weigh'd: he drives from land:
The slack sail shifts from side to side;
The boat untrimm'd † admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,
His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost.
The bear, presuming in his skill,
Is here and there officious still;
Till, striking on the dangerous sands,
Aground the shatter'd vessel stands.
To see the bungler thus distrest,
The very fishes sneer and jest:
E'en gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clamorous watermen appear;
Threats, and abuse, insult his ear:
Seiz'd, thrash'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land;
Derision ‡ shouts along the strand. GAY.

* That rudder shall learn what good guidance is.
† *Untrimmed.*] Not well balanced.
‡ *Derision.*] Ridicule.

LESSON 77.

BOOKS.

In-scrip-tions	man-u-script	Scrip-ture
Je-re-mi-ah	pa-py-rus	Sub-stan-ces
Je-hoi-a-kim	parch-ment	Tin-ne-vel-ly
li-bra-ry	Per-ga-mus	vol-ume

WE very often think least of the most common things. Books are now so plentiful that we find them in every cottage, and most children, rich and poor, are able to read them.

Before the art of printing was discovered, all books

were written with the hand, and were called *manuscript*, which means "written with the hand." Men used then to write on different substances which they found most fit for the purpose. In Egypt they used a kind of rush, called *papyrus*, whose leaves they spread out and rolled smooth, and though we have long ceased to use these leaves, we still call what we write upon, *paper* and *leaves*.

In some foreign countries they still use palm-leaves, on which they write with metal points called *stiles*.

The present Bishop of Victoria, in an account of a tour which he made through Tinnevelly, a few years ago, says, that at one mission station where he preached he saw some of the native Christians taking notes of his sermon with metal stiles on palm-leaves, which are there used instead of paper. "The noise of these stiles," the bishop writes, "was heard throughout the church, and the sound appeared like that of animals nibbling stubble."

Another name of a rush used for writing was *biblus*, and the Greeks called their books after this rush. This is why the Holy Scripture is called the *Bible*, the *Book*, the *Book of Books*.

In other parts of the world men wrote upon the bark of trees, and the Latin name for bark is *liber*, which is also Latin for a book. From this word comes *library*, the place of books. Many think that the English word *book* is derived from *beech*, because men used to write on the bark of that tree.

In later times men wrote on sheep-skins, prepared for the purpose; these skins are called *parchment*, from the name of the town *Pergamus*, in Asia Minor, where they were first used. When the skins of parchment had been written, they were not bound like our books, but were rolled up together, and this is why one book was called a *volume*, which means *a thing rolled up*

This was the kind of book on which the prophet

Jeremiah was commanded to write. "It came to pass in the fourth year of Jehoiakim, the son of Josiah, king of Judah, that this word came unto Jeremiah from the Lord, saying, Take thee a roll of a book, and write therein all the words that I have spoken unto thee against Israel, and against Judah." This roll the king Jehoiakim most wickedly destroyed. "Now the king sat in the winter-house in the ninth month; and there was a fire on the hearth burning before him. And it came to pass, that when Jehudi had read three or four leaves, he cut it with the penknife, and cast it into the fire that was on the hearth, until all the roll was consumed in the fire that was on the hearth."

It was also usual in old times to engrave words with iron tools upon hard rocks, that those who went by might read them. On some rocks in Asia we still see such inscriptions, which were made a long time ago. There are many on Mount Sinai in Arabia, which are supposed by some to have been made by the children of Israel when they passed through the wilderness. This is the kind of writing to which Job alludes: "Oh that my words were now written! that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!"

When God gave the Ten Commandments to Moses, they were written on tables of stone, which were afterwards laid up and kept in the ark.

There was another way of writing in use among the ancients. This was to spread wax smoothly upon a small tablet, and to write upon this wax with a metal stile. When the friends came together to name the child of Zacharias and Elizabeth, "They made signs to his father how he would have him called, and he asked for a writing-table and wrote, His name is John."

This writing-table was a waxen tablet, on which Zacharias wrote.

Lesson 78.

PAPER-MAKING.

Blot-ting-pa-per	dec-kle	wire-sieve
con-vert-ing	ma-chine	wrap-per
couch-er	news-pa-per	wri-ting-ink

Rushes, bark, and parchment did pretty well to write upon, when there were but few books. But we could never make all the books which are now circulated, if there were not some material suited for our purpose, which we could prepare more easily, and obtain in much greater quantities.

The material we use is *paper*. This is much more useful than the rushes or the bark of old times; and if it is not quite so durable as parchment, it is more convenient in many ways. I will now tell you how paper is made.

The best paper is made of linen rags, but cotton and other materials are also much used. Of late years a method has been found out of converting straw into paper; and there are newspapers which are regularly printed on this straw paper. If you go to paper mills, you will be shown a room full of great heaps of old dirty rags, brought in from all parts of Europe, and you will perhaps be surprised when you are told that such dirty rags, of every colour, will make clean white paper like the leaves of your book.

These rags are first well washed and soaked in water. They are then put into a kind of box. In the sides of the box there are sharp spikes, and a roller turns round in it, which is also furnished with spikes. The rags are kept in water while the roller moves round and round, tearing and rending them to small pieces, till at last the rags and the water form a pulp not very unlike thick paste. While this has been going on, a

kind of lime has been mixed up with the rags, and has made the pulp quite white. The pulp is now placed in a large vat and kept warm, while at the same time it is constantly stirred up to prevent the heavier parts settling to the bottom.

A man, called the *dipper*, stands by the vat with a mould in his hands. This mould is made of a piece of wire-cloth, stretched out tight upon a wooden frame. There are no sides to the mould, but it is all quite level. Besides the mould, the dipper holds a very thin frame of wood, without any bottom, which fits close upon the mould, but can be taken away from it. This is called a *deckle;* it is of the size that the sheets of paper are to be made. While the deckle is on, it forms a small rim to the mould; and the mould with its deckle is like a very shallow square wire-sieve.

The dipper dips the mould into the vat, and keeps it flat as he lifts it up. The pulp which is within the deckle cannot flow away. He shakes it to make it lie even upon the mould, and the water drains through the wire. Then he lays the mould on the edge of the vat, and takes off the deckle, which he uses for another mould. The pulp in the first mould is left there two or three seconds to drain, and then another workman, called the *coucher*, shifts the sheet to a flat piece of woollen cloth. By this time another mould with a sheet upon it is ready. So the dipper takes the first mould from the coucher, and uses it again, while the coucher takes the second sheet off as he did the first, and lays it on another piece of cloth, which he has placed upon the first sheet. In this way a pile of sheets is made, and the sheets with the cloths between them are put into a heavy press, where most of the water still in the sheet is pressed out. Then the cloths are taken away, and the sheets are pressed by themselves, and are afterwards hung up, five or six together, to be thoroughly dried in the drying-room.

The wires of the mould leave marks upon the pulp, and the lines, frequently seen in paper, are the marks made by these wires. The owner of the mill often has the wires twisted in such a way as to form his name and other devices on the mould. These we see quite plain in the paper, when it is held up to the light. But some people like paper quite smooth and without lines. In order to make this, the bottom of the mould is formed of very fine wire woven something like cloth, and this kind of paper is therefore called *Wove Paper*.

Writing paper is dipped five or six times into a tub of size, which is a particular kind of glue. If it were not for this, the ink would run when we write upon it. Printing paper does not require so much size, because the printing-ink does not run so much as writing-ink. Blotting-paper is made without size. After this the sheets are pressed over and over again in various ways, and the imperfect sheets taken out. The edges of the paper are then cut smooth, it is counted into quires of twenty-four sheets and folded; and lastly put up into reams of twenty quires, pressed in the reams, and tied up in wrappers for sale.

This is the way in which paper is made by hand. But it may be easily imagined that to obtain all the paper now constantly in use, we require some quicker way of making it. To do this, many curious machines have been invented by clever men, in which there are wheels and rollers of all kinds. These are so contrived as to be all moved by a steam-engine: a machine is made to tear the rags, to pour out the pulp, to shake the wire-moulds, to press the sheets, and to do all that is necessary to make the pulp into paper; so that the pulp may be seen poured in at one end of the machine, and coming out as paper at the other. In this way more paper can be made by one machine in the course of a day, than could be made by hundreds of

workmen in the same time. Besides this, the sheets can be made of any length in a machine; and this is how we get the paper for the walls of rooms in lengths of thirty yards and more.

LESSON 79.

AUSTRALIA.

Aus-tra-li-a	good-hu-mour-ed	por-cu-pine
cock-a-too	kan-ga-roo	Syd-ney

THIS is the largest island in the world: it is as large as Europe; yet when you look at it upon your map, you see that most of it is a blank, without names of towns, or rivers, or mountains. Englishmen first settled in Australia in the year 1788, and since then they have gone by degrees farther into the country; but still we know very little of any part of the island, excepting those portions which are near the sea. The people whom the English found living in Australia were nearly black; they moved from place to place in search of food, just putting up a few boughs or pieces of bark for a shelter at night. Those who lived on the coast found shell-fish, the others hunted the wild animals with sharp wooden spears, and if they could not find any of these, they fed upon roots and grubs. The women were very badly treated, their husbands looked upon them as mere slaves and beasts of burden; and they fought continually, and feasted upon the dead bodies of their enemies. But it has been found that these wild miserable savages are able to learn quickly, and that they are often very grateful and good-humoured when well treated. There are not now a great many of them. Australia possesses such curious plants and animals as are not met with anywhere else; there are ferns as large as trees, and

tree-nettles, fifteen or twenty feet high. There is also a tree with a tall thick stem, and at the top, instead of branches, there is a tuft of leaves like grass. Most of the Australian trees have stiff dark-green leaves, and do not lose their leaves in the winter. The winter in Australia is in June and July; and Christmas-day comes in the bright hot summer-time, when the gardens are full of fruit and flowers, for the English people have planted the flowers and fruits and vegetables of Europe, and they grow very well in Australia. There are plenty of beautiful wild flowers there, such as are not seen anywhere else, but they do not smell so sweetly as our flowers in England. There are a great many curious birds, but very few of them sing; there are plenty of talking birds, parrots and cockatoos; the English shoot them for food, a parrot pie is a favourite dish. There is also a bird called "the laughing jackass." It laughs three times a day, as regularly as a clock; early in the morning you hear a laugh, then a great many, as if a whole troop were laughing together, then all is still, but the laughing begins again at noon, and once more in the evening. And there are two sorts of creatures, which have the four legs and body of a beast with a bill like a duck; one of them lives upon ants and their eggs, and sleeps all the winter; its body is covered with prickles like a porcupine; the other one has a smooth coat of fur like a mole. There are some creatures too which have a bag under the stomach, in which they carry their young ones, till they are strong enough to take care of themselves. One of them is the kangaroo, a pretty gentle creature, which is often kept as a pet by the English settlers, but it is hard to catch one. It does not run, but usually sits upright on its hind-legs, and the little fore-legs which are very short look something like hands; when pursued, it takes immense leaps, and is soon far off. The kangaroo

feeds upon grass. One wild animal is very troublesome, the dingo, or wild dog, but it looks much more like a fox than a dog. These creatures are the great enemies of the sheep, and mangle them terribly before they kill them. The Englishmen have built towns in several places; they divide their settlements into four: Western Australia, which was also called Swan River, from the black swans which were seen there;—South Australia,—Port Phillip, or Victoria,—and New South Wales. The two last are now famous for the great quantity of gold which is found there; but they are besides rich in fine farms and pastures. South Australia has copper-mines. Besides these there is the fine fruitful island of Van Diemen's Land. Sydney, in New South Wales, is the chief town of Australia.

LESSON 80.

FOREIGN BIRDS.

Al-ba-tross	hum-ming-birds	par-ro-quet
ap-pro-pri-ate-ly	mea-sure	pen-guins
ca-na-ries	mock-ing-bird	pro-nounce

THE pretty yellow birds, called canaries, which you see in cages, are not found wild in any country of Europe; they belong to some islands, called the Canary Isles, which are near the north-west coast of Africa. But the wild canary-bird has not quite such beautiful feathers as those which you see in cages.

Among the most common of foreign birds are parrots, of all kinds of varieties of beautiful colours. These birds have the singular power of learning to pronounce words: some are much more clever in this respect than others; and though we can scarcely think they know the meaning of what they say, it is

curious to observe how appropriately they bring in many of their expressions. Parrots come principally from South America and Australia: the latter country abounds in birds of this kind; such are the cockatoo and the small parrot, or parroquet.

In America there is a bird called the mocking-bird, because it imitates every sound that it hears. It mews like the cat, barks like the dog, sometimes it screams like a wounded chicken, and the hen comes running up fancying that one of her little ones is hurt; at other times it will whistle like a man, or make a noise as if a wheelbarrow were being trundled along. There are some other American birds which seem to speak quite plainly, but they always say the same thing. One of these will settle quite close to you and say, "Who are you? who, who, who are you?" Another calls out, "Work away, work away!" and one bird says in a mournful voice, "Whip-poor-Will, whip-poor-Will," over and over again. There is one, too, which makes a sound just like the tolling of a church bell, very slow and solemn, and so loud that it can be heard three miles off. It is called the bell-bird. The smallest and the most beautiful birds in the world are the humming-birds; they are found in America, and there are many kinds of them. They feed upon insects and upon the juices of flowers, and make a sound like the buzzing of a large bee, and some of them are no larger than a bee; others are four or five inches long, but all of them are of the most bright and lovely colours, red, yellow, green, blue, and gold. The least of them all is called the fly-bird; its bill and legs are not thicker than a pin, its head shines in green and purple, and its breast is of a bright flame colour. It builds a little mossy nest, only one inch across, and lays in it two white eggs, which are not larger than peas.

There are some birds which are seen at sea much more frequently than on land, one of these is the great white albatross. This bird measures fourteen feet across when its wings are stretched out, nearly five yards that is, so you can suppose how very large it is; but it is not a heavy bird, and it lives almost always on the wing, sailing along like a white cloud, and sometimes descending to the water's edge to catch fish. Their feet are very large and webbed, so that they can walk upon the water when it is smooth, and the noise of their tread is heard by the sailors when they are a great way off. When these great birds want to make a nest, they go to the desolate rocks in the most southern parts of the world, and sometimes they join themselves to some other sea-birds called penguins, so that many hundred birds meet together in the same place. They seem to consult together for a day or two, and then they mark out a great square piece of ground; they leave one side of it open that they may go in and out, and make a wide smooth pathway round the other three sides. Here they walk in the daytime, and a few of the party march up and down the path at night like sentinels. All the middle of the square they clear out very nicely, picking up the stones in their bills and carrying them away, and then they mark the ground out into little squares. When that has been done, the penguins make their nests in the middle, and the albatrosses make theirs at the corners of the little squares. They make very different nests: the penguin only scratches a hole in the earth just big enough to prevent her egg from rolling out, for she only lays one egg; but the albatross throws up a little mound of earth and grass and shells, and places her egg there. The penguins are very odd-looking birds; they walk quite upright, one after another, like a company of soldiers, and they

stretch their necks and hold up their heads very high; their wings are very short indeed, and stick out like arms. These little wings are black, and they have black heads, but the fore-part of their body is beautifully white.

Lesson 81.

THE GLORIES OF ETERNITY.

I PRAIS'D the Earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I prais'd the Sea, whose ample field *
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say
"Our beauties are but for a day!"

I prais'd the Sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I prais'd the Moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky;
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! O Good beyond compare!†
If thus Thy meaner works are fair!
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must those mansions be
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

BISHOP HEBER.

* *Ample field.*] Broad surface. † *Compare.*] Comparison.

LESSON 82.

FORGIVENESS.—PART I.

Ac-know-ledge	in-ju-ries	pro-vo-ca-tion
ag-grie-ved	mis-chie-vous	re-sent-ment
con-gre-ga-tion	no-to-ri-ous	re-ven-ged
for-give-ness	play-mate	stealth-i-ly

DAVID JONES was justly considered one of the most good-natured boys in the village of Esham. If he had any dispute with his playmates, however much he might feel himself aggrieved, he had but one maxim, "Forgive and forget." He practised this rule so well that there was not a single boy in the village-school against whom he felt any grudge; and as good-natured boys are generally liked, he was a universal favourite with his schoolfellows. The injuries indeed that David sustained, if he sustained any, were not of a very serious character. There might be occasionally an angry word or a hasty blow; but he had sometimes given provocation, and in nine cases out of ten the offender was soon sorry for what he had said or done, and was ready to acknowledge it; so that David used often to think that it was no very hard matter to forgive, and would wonder to hear the clergyman exhorting his congregation so earnestly to do what seemed to him quite easy and natural.

One day, however, it happened that David was speaking rather warmly to some of his schoolfellows about the sin and folly of using bad language, when Caleb Dickson happened to pass by. Caleb was the most unfortunate boy in the parish. His parents were dead, and he lived with an uncle, who was a very bad man, and was harsh and cruel to his nephew. Caleb learnt nothing good from his uncle; and from hearing him constantly uttering profane oaths, soon began to imitate his bad language, and was

quite notorious in the village as a common swearer. David was not indeed thinking particularly of Caleb when he spoke about bad language; but Caleb took it to himself, and fiercely declared with an oath that he would be revenged. David did not think much of this, but went to school as usual, and after school returned home. But as he came to his father's house, what was his astonishment to see the corner of the garden which belonged to him, and which he cultivated entirely himself, in complete confusion. A strawberry-bed, which he had weeded and watered and watched with the utmost care, was utterly ruined. He had intended his first dish for his mother, and had been anxiously expecting the time when he should gather them. The blossoms had been abundant, and the fruit had set, so that in a few days he had every reason to hope that he should be able to enjoy the long-expected pleasure. There would be no strawberries this year. Every plant was torn up, and the mischief-maker seemed to have taken the utmost pains to make his work complete. Poor David was at first utterly astounded by this unlooked-for misfortune. He thought of the labour he had bestowed on this garden, and how often he had reckoned upon the pleasure his mother would have in eating fruit of his growing; and he sat down and burst into tears. Just then he heard a noise in the hedge, and looking over it he saw Caleb Dickson creeping stealthily along the ditch from a gap through which he had scrambled. David remembered Caleb's words about revenge, and saw at once who had destroyed his garden.

His first impulse was to run and call for help to catch and punish Caleb. His parents were out at work, so he set off to find some of his neighbours. But while he was hastening to the next cottage, the thought came upon him, "Am I acting up to the maxim, forgive and forget?" He paused awhile. It was a

kind of lime has been mixed up with the rags, and has made the pulp quite white. The pulp is now placed in a large vat and kept warm, while at the same time it is constantly stirred up to prevent the heavier parts settling to the bottom.

A man, called the *dipper*, stands by the vat with a mould in his hands. This mould is made of a piece of wire-cloth, stretched out tight upon a wooden frame. There are no sides to the mould, but it is all quite level. Besides the mould, the dipper holds a very thin frame of wood, without any bottom, which fits close upon the mould, but can be taken away from it. This is called a *deckle;* it is of the size that the sheets of paper are to be made. While the deckle is on, it forms a small rim to the mould; and the mould with its deckle is like a very shallow square wire-sieve.

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AUSTRALIA.

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cock-a-too	kan-ga-roo	Syd-ney

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ap-pro-pri-ate-ly	mea-sure	pen-guins
ca-na-ries	mock-ing-bird	pro-nounce

The pretty yellow birds, called canaries, which you see in cages, are not found wild in any country of Europe; they belong to some islands, called the Canary Isles, which are near the north-west coast of Africa. But the wild canary-bird has not quite such beautiful feathers as those which you see in cages.

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There are some birds which are seen at sea much more frequently than on land, one of these is the great white albatross. This bird measures fourteen feet across when its wings are stretched out, nearly five yards that is, so you can suppose how very large it is; but it is not a heavy bird, and it lives almost always on the wing, sailing along like a white cloud, and sometimes descending to the water's edge to catch fish. Their feet are very large and webbed, so that they can walk upon the water when it is smooth, and the noise of their tread is heard by the sailors when they are a great way off. When these great birds want to make a nest, they go to the desolate rocks in the most southern parts of the world, and sometimes they join themselves to some other sea-birds called penguins, so that many hundred birds meet together in the same place. They seem to consult together for a day or two, and then they mark out a great square piece of ground; they leave one side of it open that they may go in and out, and make a wide smooth pathway round the other three sides. Here they walk in the daytime, and a few of the party march up and down the path at night like sentinels. All the middle of the square they clear out very nicely, picking up the stones in their bills and carrying them away, and then they mark the ground out into little squares. When that has been done, the penguins make their nests in the middle, and the albatrosses make theirs at the corners of the little squares. They make very different nests: the penguin only scratches a hole in the earth just big enough to prevent her egg from rolling out, for she only lays one egg; but the albatross throws up a little mound of earth and grass and shells, and places her egg there. The penguins are very odd-looking birds; they walk quite upright, one after another, like a company of soldiers, and they

stretch their necks and hold up their heads very high; their wings are very short indeed, and stick out like arms. These little wings are black, and they have black heads, but the fore-part of their body is beautifully white.

LESSON 81.

THE GLORIES OF ETERNITY.

I PRAIS'D the Earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I prais'd the Sea, whose ample field *
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say
"Our beauties are but for a day!"

I prais'd the Sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I prais'd the Moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky;
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! O Good beyond compare!†
If thus Thy meaner works are fair!
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must those mansions be
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

BISHOP HEBER.

* *Ample field.*] Broad surface. † *Compare.*] Comparison.

LESSON 82.

FORGIVENESS.—PART I.

Ac-know-ledge	in-ju-ries	pro-vo-ca-tion
ag-grie-ved	mis-chie-vous	re-sent-ment
con-gre-ga-tion	no-to-ri-ous	re-ven-ged
for-give-ness	play-mate	stealth-i-ly

DAVID JONES was justly considered one of the most good-natured boys in the village of Esham. If he had any dispute with his playmates, however much he might feel himself aggrieved, he had but one maxim, "Forgive and forget." He practised this rule so well that there was not a single boy in the village-school against whom he felt any grudge; and as good-natured boys are generally liked, he was a universal favourite with his schoolfellows. The injuries indeed that David sustained, if he sustained any, were not of a very serious character. There might be occasionally an angry word or a hasty blow; but he had sometimes given provocation, and in nine cases out of ten the offender was soon sorry for what he had said or done, and was ready to acknowledge it; so that David used often to think that it was no very hard matter to forgive, and would wonder to hear the clergyman exhorting his congregation so earnestly to do what seemed to him quite easy and natural.

One day, however, it happened that David was speaking rather warmly to some of his schoolfellows about the sin and folly of using bad language, when Caleb Dickson happened to pass by. Caleb was the most unfortunate boy in the parish. His parents were dead, and he lived with an uncle, who was a very bad man, and was harsh and cruel to his nephew. Caleb learnt nothing good from his uncle; and from hearing him constantly uttering profane oaths, soon began to imitate his bad language, and was

quite notorious in the village as a common swearer. David was not indeed thinking particularly of Caleb when he spoke about bad language; but Caleb took it to himself, and fiercely declared with an oath that he would be revenged. David did not think much of this, but went to school as usual, and after school returned home. But as he came to his father's house, what was his astonishment to see the corner of the garden which belonged to him, and which he cultivated entirely himself, in complete confusion. A strawberry-bed, which he had weeded and watered and watched with the utmost care, was utterly ruined. He had intended his first dish for his mother, and had been anxiously expecting the time when he should gather them. The blossoms had been abundant, and the fruit had set, so that in a few days he had every reason to hope that he should be able to enjoy the long-expected pleasure. There would be no strawberries this year. Every plant was torn up, and the mischief-maker seemed to have taken the utmost pains to make his work complete. Poor David was at first utterly astounded by this unlooked-for misfortune. He thought of the labour he had bestowed on this garden, and how often he had reckoned upon the pleasure his mother would have in eating fruit of his growing; and he sat down and burst into tears. Just then he heard a noise in the hedge, and looking over it he saw Caleb Dickson creeping stealthily along the ditch from a gap through which he had scrambled. David remembered Caleb's words about revenge, and saw at once who had destroyed his garden.

His first impulse was to run and call for help to catch and punish Caleb. His parents were out at work, so he set off to find some of his neighbours. But while he was hastening to the next cottage, the thought came upon him, "Am I acting up to the maxim, forgive and forget?" He paused awhile. It was a

kind of lime has been mixed up with the rags, and has made the pulp quite white. The pulp is now placed in a large vat and kept warm, while at the same time it is constantly stirred up to prevent the heavier parts settling to the bottom.

A man, called the *dipper*, stands by the vat with a mould in his hands. This mould is made of a piece of wire-cloth, stretched out tight upon a wooden frame. There are no sides to the mould, but it is all quite level. Besides the mould, the dipper holds a very thin frame of wood, without any bottom, which fits close upon the mould, but can be taken away from it. This is called a *deckle;* it is of the size that the sheets of paper are to be made. While the deckle is on, it forms a small rim to the mould; and the mould with its deckle is like a very shallow square wire-sieve.

The dipper dips the mould into the vat, and keeps it flat as he lifts it up. The pulp which is within the deckle cannot flow away. He shakes it to make it lie even upon the mould, and the water drains through the wire. Then he lays the mould on the edge of the vat, and takes off the deckle, which he uses for another mould. The pulp in the first mould is left there two or three seconds to drain, and then another workman, called the *coucher*, shifts the sheet to a flat piece of woollen cloth. By this time another mould with a sheet upon it is ready. So the dipper takes the first mould from the coucher, and uses it again, while the coucher takes the second sheet off as he did the first, and lays it on another piece of cloth, which he has placed upon the first sheet. In this way a pile of sheets is made, and the sheets with the cloths between them are put into a heavy press, where most of the water still in the sheet is pressed out. Then the cloths are taken away, and the sheets are pressed by themselves, and are afterwards hung up, five or six together, to be thoroughly dried in the drying-room.

The wires of the mould leave marks upon the pulp, and the lines, frequently seen in paper, are the marks made by these wires. The owner of the mill often has the wires twisted in such a way as to form his name and other devices on the mould. These we see quite plain in the paper, when it is held up to the light. But some people like paper quite smooth and without lines. In order to make this, the bottom of the mould is formed of very fine wire woven something like cloth, and this kind of paper is therefore called *Wove Paper*.

Writing paper is dipped five or six times into a tub of size, which is a particular kind of glue. If it were not for this, the ink would run when we write upon it. Printing paper does not require so much size, because the printing-ink does not run so much as writing-ink. Blotting-paper is made without size. After this the sheets are pressed over and over again in various ways, and the imperfect sheets taken out. The edges of the paper are then cut smooth, it is counted into quires of twenty-four sheets and folded; and lastly put up into reams of twenty quires, pressed in the reams, and tied up in wrappers for sale.

This is the way in which paper is made by hand. But it may be easily imagined that to obtain all the paper now constantly in use, we require some quicker way of making it. To do this, many curious machines have been invented by clever men, in which there are wheels and rollers of all kinds. These are so contrived as to be all moved by a steam-engine: a machine is made to tear the rags, to pour out the pulp, to shake the wire-moulds, to press the sheets, and to do all that is necessary to make the pulp into paper; so that the pulp may be seen poured in at one end of the machine, and coming out as paper at the other. In this way more paper can be made by one machine in the course of a day, than could be made by hundreds of

workmen in the same time. Besides this, the sheets can be made of any length in a machine; and this is how we get the paper for the walls of rooms in lengths of thirty yards and more.

LESSON 79.

AUSTRALIA.

Aus-tra-li-a	good-hu-mour-ed	por-cu-pine
cock-a-too	kan-ga-roo	Syd-ney

THIS is the largest island in the world: it is as large as Europe; yet when you look at it upon your map, you see that most of it is a blank, without names of towns, or rivers, or mountains. Englishmen first settled in Australia in the year 1788, and since then they have gone by degrees farther into the country; but still we know very little of any part of the island, excepting those portions which are near the sea. The people whom the English found living in Australia were nearly black; they moved from place to place in search of food, just putting up a few boughs or pieces of bark for a shelter at night. Those who lived on the coast found shell-fish, the others hunted the wild animals with sharp wooden spears, and if they could not find any of these, they fed upon roots and grubs. The women were very badly treated, their husbands looked upon them as mere slaves and beasts of burden; and they fought continually, and feasted upon the dead bodies of their enemies. But it has been found that these wild miserable savages are able to learn quickly, and that they are often very grateful and good-humoured when well treated. There are not now a great many of them. Australia possesses such curious plants and animals as are not met with anywhere else; there are ferns as large as trees, and

tree-nettles, fifteen or twenty feet high. There is also a tree with a tall thick stem, and at the top, instead of branches, there is a tuft of leaves like grass. Most of the Australian trees have stiff dark-green leaves, and do not lose their leaves in the winter. The winter in Australia is in June and July; and Christmas-day comes in the bright hot summer-time, when the gardens are full of fruit and flowers, for the English people have planted the flowers and fruits and vegetables of Europe, and they grow very well in Australia. There are plenty of beautiful wild flowers there, such as are not seen anywhere else, but they do not smell so sweetly as our flowers in England. There are a great many curious birds, but very few of them sing; there are plenty of talking birds, parrots and cockatoos; the English shoot them for food, a parrot pie is a favourite dish. There is also a bird called "the laughing jackass." It laughs three times a day, as regularly as a clock; early in the morning you hear a laugh, then a great many, as if a whole troop were laughing together, then all is still, but the laughing begins again at noon, and once more in the evening. And there are two sorts of creatures, which have the four legs and body of a beast with a bill like a duck; one of them lives upon ants and their eggs, and sleeps all the winter; its body is covered with prickles like a porcupine; the other one has a smooth coat of fur like a mole. There are some creatures too which have a bag under the stomach, in which they carry their young ones, till they are strong enough to take care of themselves. One of them is the kangaroo, a pretty gentle creature, which is often kept as a pet by the English settlers, but it is hard to catch one. It does not run, but usually sits upright on its hind-legs, and the little fore-legs which are very short look something like hands; when pursued, it takes immense leaps, and is soon far off. The kangaroo

feeds upon grass. One wild animal is very troublesome, the dingo, or wild dog, but it looks much more like a fox than a dog. These creatures are the great enemies of the sheep, and mangle them terribly before they kill them. The Englishmen have built towns in several places; they divide their settlements into four: Western Australia, which was also called Swan River, from the black swans which were seen there;—South Australia,—Port Phillip, or Victoria,—and New South Wales. The two last are now famous for the great quantity of gold which is found there; but they are besides rich in fine farms and pastures. South Australia has copper-mines. Besides these there is the fine fruitful island of Van Diemen's Land. Sydney, in New South Wales, is the chief town of Australia.

LESSON 80.

FOREIGN BIRDS.

Al-ba-tross	hum-ming-birds	par-ro-quet
ap-pro-pri-ate-ly	mea-sure	pen-guins
ca-na-ries	mock-ing-bird	pro-nounce

THE pretty yellow birds, called canaries, which you see in cages, are not found wild in any country of Europe; they belong to some islands, called the Canary Isles, which are near the north-west coast of Africa. But the wild canary-bird has not quite such beautiful feathers as those which you see in cages.

Among the most common of foreign birds are parrots, of all kinds of varieties of beautiful colours. These birds have the singular power of learning to pronounce words: some are much more clever in this respect than others; and though we can scarcely think they know the meaning of what they say, it is

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There are some birds which are seen at sea much more frequently than on land, one of these is the great white albatross. This bird measures fourteen feet across when its wings are stretched out, nearly five yards that is, so you can suppose how very large it is; but it is not a heavy bird, and it lives almost always on the wing, sailing along like a white cloud, and sometimes descending to the water's edge to catch fish. Their feet are very large and webbed, so that they can walk upon the water when it is smooth, and the noise of their tread is heard by the sailors when they are a great way off. When these great birds want to make a nest, they go to the desolate rocks in the most southern parts of the world, and sometimes they join themselves to some other sea-birds called penguins, so that many hundred birds meet together in the same place. They seem to consult together for a day or two, and then they mark out a great square piece of ground; they leave one side of it open that they may go in and out, and make a wide smooth pathway round the other three sides. Here they walk in the daytime, and a few of the party march up and down the path at night like sentinels. All the middle of the square they clear out very nicely, picking up the stones in their bills and carrying them away, and then they mark the ground out into little squares. When that has been done, the penguins make their nests in the middle, and the albatrosses make theirs at the corners of the little squares. They make very different nests: the penguin only scratches a hole in the earth just big enough to prevent her egg from rolling out, for she only lays one egg; but the albatross throws up a little mound of earth and grass and shells, and places her egg there. The penguins are very odd-looking birds; they walk quite upright, one after another, like a company of soldiers, and they

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Lesson 81.

THE GLORIES OF ETERNITY.

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With garlands gay of various green;
I prais'd the Sea, whose ample field *
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How glorious must those mansions be
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BISHOP HEBER.

* *Ample field.*] Broad surface. † *Compare.*] Comparison.

LESSON 82.

FORGIVENESS.—PART I.

Ac-know-ledge	in-ju-ries	pro-vo-ca-tion
ag-grie-ved	mis-chie-vous	re-sent-ment
con-gre-ga-tion	no-to-ri-ous	re-ven-ged
for-give-ness	play-mate	stealth-i-ly

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kind of lime has been mixed up with the rags, and has made the pulp quite white. The pulp is now placed in a large vat and kept warm, while at the same time it is constantly stirred up to prevent the heavier parts settling to the bottom.

A man, called the *dipper*, stands by the vat with a mould in his hands. This mould is made of a piece of wire-cloth, stretched out tight upon a wooden frame. There are no sides to the mould, but it is all quite level. Besides the mould, the dipper holds a very thin frame of wood, without any bottom, which fits close upon the mould, but can be taken away from it. This is called a *deckle;* it is of the size that the sheets of paper are to be made. While the deckle is on, it forms a small rim to the mould; and the mould with its deckle is like a very shallow square wire-sieve.

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LESSON 80.

FOREIGN BIRDS.

Al-ba-tross	hum-ming-birds	par-ro-quet
ap-pro-pri-ate-ly	mea-sure	pen-guins
ca-na-ries	mock-ing-bird	pro-nounce

THE pretty yellow birds, called canaries, which you see in cages, are not found wild in any country of Europe; they belong to some islands, called the Canary Isles, which are near the north-west coast of Africa. But the wild canary-bird has not quite such beautiful feathers as those which you see in cages.

Among the most common of foreign birds are parrots, of all kinds of varieties of beautiful colours. These birds have the singular power of learning to pronounce words: some are much more clever in this respect than others; and though we can scarcely think they know the meaning of what they say, it is

curious to observe how appropriately they bring in many of their expressions. Parrots come principally from South America and Australia: the latter country abounds in birds of this kind; such are the cockatoo and the small parrot, or parroquet.

In America there is a bird called the mocking-bird, because it imitates every sound that it hears. It mews like the cat, barks like the dog, sometimes it screams like a wounded chicken, and the hen comes running up fancying that one of her little ones is hurt; at other times it will whistle like a man, or make a noise as if a wheelbarrow were being trundled along. There are some other American birds which seem to speak quite plainly, but they always say the same thing. One of these will settle quite close to you and say, "Who are you? who, who, who are you?" Another calls out, "Work away, work away!" and one bird says in a mournful voice, "Whip-poor-Will, whip-poor-Will," over and over again. There is one, too, which makes a sound just like the tolling of a church bell, very slow and solemn, and so loud that it can be heard three miles off. It is called the bell-bird. The smallest and the most beautiful birds in the world are the humming-birds; they are found in America, and there are many kinds of them. They feed upon insects and upon the juices of flowers, and make a sound like the buzzing of a large bee, and some of them are no larger than a bee; others are four or five inches long, but all of them are of the most bright and lovely colours, red, yellow, green, blue, and gold. The least of them all is called the fly-bird; its bill and legs are not thicker than a pin, its head shines in green and purple, and its breast is of a bright flame colour. It builds a little mossy nest, only one inch across, and lays in it two white eggs, which are not larger than peas.

There are some birds which are seen at sea much more frequently than on land, one of these is the great white albatross. This bird measures fourteen feet across when its wings are stretched out, nearly five yards that is, so you can suppose how very large it is; but it is not a heavy bird, and it lives almost always on the wing, sailing along like a white cloud, and sometimes descending to the water's edge to catch fish. Their feet are very large and webbed, so that they can walk upon the water when it is smooth, and the noise of their tread is heard by the sailors when they are a great way off. When these great birds want to make a nest, they go to the desolate rocks in the most southern parts of the world, and sometimes they join themselves to some other sea-birds called penguins, so that many hundred birds meet together in the same place. They seem to consult together for a day or two, and then they mark out a great square piece of ground; they leave one side of it open that they may go in and out, and make a wide smooth pathway round the other three sides. Here they walk in the daytime, and a few of the party march up and down the path at night like sentinels. All the middle of the square they clear out very nicely, picking up the stones in their bills and carrying them away, and then they mark the ground out into little squares. When that has been done, the penguins make their nests in the middle, and the albatrosses make theirs at the corners of the little squares. They make very different nests: the penguin only scratches a hole in the earth just big enough to prevent her egg from rolling out, for she only lays one egg; but the albatross throws up a little mound of earth and grass and shells, and places her egg there. The penguins are very odd-looking birds; they walk quite upright, one after another, like a company of soldiers, and they

stretch their necks and hold up their heads very high; their wings are very short indeed, and stick out like arms. These little wings are black, and they have black heads, but the fore-part of their body is beautifully white.

Lesson 81.

THE GLORIES OF ETERNITY.

I PRAIS'D the Earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I prais'd the Sea, whose ample field *
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say
"Our beauties are but for a day!"

I prais'd the Sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I prais'd the Moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky;
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! O Good beyond compare!†
If thus Thy meaner works are fair!
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must those mansions be
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

BISHOP HEBER.

* *Ample field.*] Broad surface. † *Compare.*] Comparison.

LESSON 82.

FORGIVENESS.—PART I.

Ac-know-ledge	in-ju-ries	pro-vo-ca-tion
ag-grie-ved	mis-chie-vous	re-sent-ment
con-gre-ga-tion	no-to-ri-ous	re-ven-ged
for-give-ness	play-mate	stealth-i-ly

DAVID JONES was justly considered one of the most good-natured boys in the village of Esham. If he had any dispute with his playmates, however much he might feel himself aggrieved, he had but one maxim, "Forgive and forget." He practised this rule so well that there was not a single boy in the village-school against whom he felt any grudge; and as good-natured boys are generally liked, he was a universal favourite with his schoolfellows. The injuries indeed that David sustained, if he sustained any, were not of a very serious character. There might be occasionally an angry word or a hasty blow; but he had sometimes given provocation, and in nine cases out of ten the offender was soon sorry for what he had said or done, and was ready to acknowledge it; so that David used often to think that it was no very hard matter to forgive, and would wonder to hear the clergyman exhorting his congregation so earnestly to do what seemed to him quite easy and natural.

One day, however, it happened that David was speaking rather warmly to some of his schoolfellows about the sin and folly of using bad language, when Caleb Dickson happened to pass by. Caleb was the most unfortunate boy in the parish. His parents were dead, and he lived with an uncle, who was a very bad man, and was harsh and cruel to his nephew. Caleb learnt nothing good from his uncle; and from hearing him constantly uttering profane oaths, soon began to imitate his bad language, and was

quite notorious in the village as a common swearer. David was not indeed thinking particularly of Caleb when he spoke about bad language; but Caleb took it to himself, and fiercely declared with an oath that he would be revenged. David did not think much of this, but went to school as usual, and after school returned home. But as he came to his father's house, what was his astonishment to see the corner of the garden which belonged to him, and which he cultivated entirely himself, in complete confusion. A strawberry-bed, which he had weeded and watered and watched with the utmost care, was utterly ruined. He had intended his first dish for his mother, and had been anxiously expecting the time when he should gather them. The blossoms had been abundant, and the fruit had set, so that in a few days he had every reason to hope that he should be able to enjoy the long-expected pleasure. There would be no strawberries this year. Every plant was torn up, and the mischief-maker seemed to have taken the utmost pains to make his work complete. Poor David was at first utterly astounded by this unlooked-for misfortune. He thought of the labour he had bestowed on this garden, and how often he had reckoned upon the pleasure his mother would have in eating fruit of his growing; and he sat down and burst into tears. Just then he heard a noise in the hedge, and looking over it he saw Caleb Dickson creeping stealthily along the ditch from a gap through which he had scrambled. David remembered Caleb's words about revenge, and saw at once who had destroyed his garden.

His first impulse was to run and call for help to catch and punish Caleb. His parents were out at work, so he set off to find some of his neighbours. But while he was hastening to the next cottage, the thought came upon him, "Am I acting up to the maxim, forgive and forget?" He paused awhile. It was a

kind of lime has been mixed up with the rags, and has made the pulp quite white. The pulp is now placed in a large vat and kept warm, while at the same time it is constantly stirred up to prevent the heavier parts settling to the bottom.

A man, called the *dipper*, stands by the vat with a mould in his hands. This mould is made of a piece of wire-cloth, stretched out tight upon a wooden frame. There are no sides to the mould, but it is all quite level. Besides the mould, the dipper holds a very thin frame of wood, without any bottom, which fits close upon the mould, but can be taken away from it. This is called a *deckle;* it is of the size that the sheets of paper are to be made. While the deckle is on, it forms a small rim to the mould; and the mould with its deckle is like a very shallow square wire-sieve.

The dipper dips the mould into the vat, and keeps it flat as he lifts it up. The pulp which is within the deckle cannot flow away. He shakes it to make it lie even upon the mould, and the water drains through the wire. Then he lays the mould on the edge of the vat, and takes off the deckle, which he uses for another mould. The pulp in the first mould is left there two or three seconds to drain, and then another workman, called the *coucher*, shifts the sheet to a flat piece of woollen cloth. By this time another mould with a sheet upon it is ready. So the dipper takes the first mould from the coucher, and uses it again, while the coucher takes the second sheet off as he did the first, and lays it on another piece of cloth, which he has placed upon the first sheet. In this way a pile of sheets is made, and the sheets with the cloths between them are put into a heavy press, where most of the water still in the sheet is pressed out. Then the cloths are taken away, and the sheets are pressed by themselves, and are afterwards hung up, five or six together, to be thoroughly dried in the drying-room.

The wires of the mould leave marks upon the pulp, and the lines, frequently seen in paper, are the marks made by these wires. The owner of the mill often has the wires twisted in such a way as to form his name and other devices on the mould. These we see quite plain in the paper, when it is held up to the light. But some people like paper quite smooth and without lines. In order to make this, the bottom of the mould is formed of very fine wire woven something like cloth, and this kind of paper is therefore called *Wove Paper*.

Writing-paper is dipped five or six times into a tub of size, which is a particular kind of glue. If it were not for this, the ink would run when we write upon it. Printing paper does not require so much size, because the printing-ink does not run so much as writing-ink. Blotting-paper is made without size. After this the sheets are pressed over and over again in various ways, and the imperfect sheets taken out. The edges of the paper are then cut smooth, it is counted into quires of twenty-four sheets and folded; and lastly put up into reams of twenty quires, pressed in the reams, and tied up in wrappers for sale.

This is the way in which paper is made by hand. But it may be easily imagined that to obtain all the paper now constantly in use, we require some quicker way of making it. To do this, many curious machines have been invented by clever men, in which there are wheels and rollers of all kinds. These are so contrived as to be all moved by a steam-engine: a machine is made to tear the rags, to pour out the pulp, to shake the wire-moulds, to press the sheets, and to do all that is necessary to make the pulp into paper; so that the pulp may be seen poured in at one end of the machine, and coming out as paper at the other. In this way more paper can be made by one machine in the course of a day, than could be made by hundreds of

workmen in the same time. Besides this, the sheets can be made of any length in a machine; and this is how we get the paper for the walls of rooms in lengths of thirty yards and more.

LESSON 79.

AUSTRALIA.

Aus-tra-li-a	good-hu-mour-ed	por-cu-pine
cock-a-too	kan-ga-roo	Syd-ney

THIS is the largest island in the world: it is as large as Europe; yet when you look at it upon your map, you see that most of it is a blank, without names of towns, or rivers, or mountains. Englishmen first settled in Australia in the year 1788, and since then they have gone by degrees farther into the country; but still we know very little of any part of the island, excepting those portions which are near the sea. The people whom the English found living in Australia were nearly black; they moved from place to place in search of food, just putting up a few boughs or pieces of bark for a shelter at night. Those who lived on the coast found shell-fish, the others hunted the wild animals with sharp wooden spears, and if they could not find any of these, they fed upon roots and grubs. The women were very badly treated, their husbands looked upon them as mere slaves and beasts of burden; and they fought continually, and feasted upon the dead bodies of their enemies. But it has been found that these wild miserable savages are able to learn quickly, and that they are often very grateful and good-humoured when well treated. There are not now a great many of them. Australia possesses such curious plants and animals as are not met with anywhere else; there are ferns as large as trees, and

tree-nettles, fifteen or twenty feet high. There is also a tree with a tall thick stem, and at the top, instead of branches, there is a tuft of leaves like grass. Most of the Australian trees have stiff dark-green leaves, and do not lose their leaves in the winter. The winter in Australia is in June and July; and Christmas-day comes in the bright hot summer-time, when the gardens are full of fruit and flowers, for the English people have planted the flowers and fruits and vegetables of Europe, and they grow very well in Australia. There are plenty of beautiful wild flowers there, such as are not seen anywhere else, but they do not smell so sweetly as our flowers in England. There are a great many curious birds, but very few of them sing; there are plenty of talking birds, parrots and cockatoos; the English shoot them for food, a parrot pie is a favourite dish. There is also a bird called "the laughing jackass." It laughs three times a day, as regularly as a clock; early in the morning you hear a laugh, then a great many, as if a whole troop were laughing together, then all is still, but the laughing begins again at noon, and once more in the evening. And there are two sorts of creatures, which have the four legs and body of a beast with a bill like a duck; one of them lives upon ants and their eggs, and sleeps all the winter; its body is covered with prickles like a porcupine; the other one has a smooth coat of fur like a mole. There are some creatures too which have a bag under the stomach, in which they carry their young ones, till they are strong enough to take care of themselves. One of them is the kangaroo, a pretty gentle creature, which is often kept as a pet by the English settlers, but it is hard to catch one. It does not run, but usually sits upright on its hind-legs, and the little fore-legs which are very short look something like hands; when pursued, it takes immense leaps, and is soon far off. The kangaroo

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LESSON 80.

FOREIGN BIRDS.

Al-ba-tross	hum-ming-birds	par-ro-quet
ap-pro-pri-ate-ly	mea-sure	pen-guins
ca-na-ries	mock-ing-bird	pro-nounce

THE pretty yellow birds, called canaries, which you see in cages, are not found wild in any country of Europe; they belong to some islands, called the Canary Isles, which are near the north-west coast of Africa. But the wild canary-bird has not quite such beautiful feathers as those which you see in cages.

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stretch their necks and hold up their heads very high; their wings are very short indeed, and stick out like arms. These little wings are black, and they have black heads, but the fore-part of their body is beautifully white.

Lesson 81.

THE GLORIES OF ETERNITY.

I PRAIS'D the Earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I prais'd the Sea, whose ample field *
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say
"Our beauties are but for a day!"

I prais'd the Sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I prais'd the Moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky;
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! O Good beyond compare!†
If thus Thy meaner works are fair!
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must those mansions be
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

BISHOP HEBER.

* *Ample field.*] Broad surface. † *Compare.*] Comparison.

Lesson 82.

FORGIVENESS.—Part I.

Ac-know-ledge	in-ju-ries	pro-vo-ca-tion
ag-grie-ved	mis-chie-vous	re-sent-ment
con-gre-ga-tion	no-to-ri-ous	re-ven-ged
for-give-ness	play-mate	stealth-i-ly

David Jones was justly considered one of the most good-natured boys in the village of Esham. If he had any dispute with his playmates, however much he might feel himself aggrieved, he had but one maxim, "Forgive and forget." He practised this rule so well that there was not a single boy in the village-school against whom he felt any grudge; and as good-natured boys are generally liked, he was a universal favourite with his schoolfellows. The injuries indeed that David sustained, if he sustained any, were not of a very serious character. There might be occasionally an angry word or a hasty blow; but he had sometimes given provocation, and in nine cases out of ten the offender was soon sorry for what he had said or done, and was ready to acknowledge it; so that David used often to think that it was no very hard matter to forgive, and would wonder to hear the clergyman exhorting his congregation so earnestly to do what seemed to him quite easy and natural.

One day, however, it happened that David was speaking rather warmly to some of his schoolfellows about the sin and folly of using bad language, when Caleb Dickson happened to pass by. Caleb was the most unfortunate boy in the parish. His parents were dead, and he lived with an uncle, who was a very bad man, and was harsh and cruel to his nephew. Caleb learnt nothing good from his uncle; and from hearing him constantly uttering profane oaths, soon began to imitate his bad language, and was

quite notorious in the village as a common swearer. David was not indeed thinking particularly of Caleb when he spoke about bad language; but Caleb took it to himself, and fiercely declared with an oath that he would be revenged. David did not think much of this, but went to school as usual, and after school returned home. But as he came to his father's house, what was his astonishment to see the corner of the garden which belonged to him, and which he cultivated entirely himself, in complete confusion. A strawberry-bed, which he had weeded and watered and watched with the utmost care, was utterly ruined. He had intended his first dish for his mother, and had been anxiously expecting the time that he should gather them. The blossoms had been abundant, and the fruit had set, so that in a few days he had every reason to hope that he should be able to enjoy the long-expected pleasure. There would be no strawberries this year. Every plant was torn up, and the mischief-maker seemed to have taken the utmost pains to make his work complete. Poor David was at first utterly astounded by this unlooked-for misfortune. He thought of the labour he had bestowed on this garden, and how often he had reckoned upon the pleasure his mother would have in eating fruit of his growing; and he sat down and burst into tears. Just then he heard a noise in the hedge, and looking over it he saw Caleb Dickson creeping stealthily along the ditch from a gap through which he had scrambled. David remembered Caleb's words about revenge, and saw at once who had destroyed his garden.

His first impulse was to run and call for help to catch and punish Caleb. His parents were out at work, so he set off to find some of his neighbours. But while he was hastening to the next cottage, the thought came upon him, "Am I acting up to the maxim, forgive and forget?" He paused awhile. It was a

hard struggle, and he could not help feeling it was impossible that he could forget what had occurred. But he said to himself, "If I cannot forget, I can at least forgive." And upon this he grew more calm, and prayed in his heart that God would help him to forgive.

So he dried his eyes and set to work to put his garden in order, and had done a great deal by the time his parents came home. He then told them that some mischievous person had destroyed his garden, without mentioning Caleb's name, and said that he did not wish any pains to be taken to find out the culprit, as he had determined to try and forgive him. His father and mother, who were very good and sensible people, saw what an effort David was making to master his resentment, and instead of attempting to discover the offender, told David that he was quite right; and his mother, with a tear in her eye, assured him that the pleasure she should have had in receiving his strawberries, could not have been half so great, as it was to see her son striving heartily to act the part of a Christian in forgiving injuries.

LESSON 83.

DIVINE GUIDANCE SOLICITED.

BY cool Siloam's* shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's† dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

* *Siloam.*] A spring of water outside the walls of Jerusalem, whose waters flowed along the valley from an upper to a lower pool.
† *Sharon.*] A valley lying on the west of Samaria.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike Divine:

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own!

BISHOP HEBER.

LESSON 84.

FORGIVENESS.—PART II.

Be-gin-ning	lodg-ing	sin-ce-ri-ty
de-struc-tion	o-pin-ion	soft-en-ed
in-debt-ed	rea-son-a-ble	tres-pas-ses

DAVID was much comforted by his mother's words, and resolved to act up to his first determination. He made light of the injury to his schoolfellows, and it was soon forgotten by them. But David did not forget it. He often wished he could prove to himself the sincerity of his forgiveness by doing some act of kindness to Caleb. But Caleb kept entirely out of his way, as was natural enough, and it was some weeks before they met. One day, however, as Caleb was in full pursuit of a horse, David came up, and by his assistance the horse was quickly caught. Caleb

could not well avoid thanking David for his kindness, and told him that he had saved him from a severe beating, which he should certainly have got from his uncle if the horse had not been caught. "For indeed," he added in a very sad tone, "my uncle leads me the life of a dog, and every day it is worse and worse." "But could not you get work," said David, "and would not your uncle let you go out to work?" "I do not know that he would object to anything, to get rid of me," replied Caleb, "and I am sure I would gladly try anything. Mr. Jameson, the draper, once told me he wanted an errand-boy, but he would not take any one that could not read and write, and I am never likely to be taught anything." David was not sorry to find Caleb in this mood, and at once said, very good-naturedly, "If you really wish to learn, I think I could teach you as much as reading and writing; and as the days are now long, I can very well spare an hour every evening, if you can meet me in the barn near our house." Caleb was ashamed to be indebted to one whom he had injured so much; but he could not resist such an offer, as he was really beginning to wish to be better off than he now was. So it was agreed they should begin the following evening. Before they parted, David said quietly but firmly, "I have always been taught that it is wicked to swear, and you will not, I hope, be angry if I say, that if you come you must promise never to use any bad language while you are with me." Caleb's conscience smote him, for he remembered how angry he had been when he had fancied David had spoken of his bad language before. But now he was in a better frame of mind, and what David said seemed so reasonable, that he at once gave the required promise. The boys now parted; and David went home ten times more happy than if he had caused Caleb to be punished, as he had deserved, for the

shameful destruction of his garden. For some time the teaching proceeded, and Caleb, being anxious to learn, got on well. The regularity of the work, and the effort he had to make to keep his tongue from evil speaking, had, besides, an excellent effect upon Caleb; and when he was able to read, the lessons in the books which David brought him made a strong impression on his mind, so that it was really surprising to see how much he was changed for the better in the course of a few months. When he had learned to read and write tolerably well, he went to Mr. Jameson and offered his services as errand-boy. Mr. Jameson had no very good opinion of him; but when he told him how he had been employing himself with David, he thought there must be some good in him, and reflecting upon the miserable manner in which he had been brought up, he felt anxious to save the boy from misery and ruin. He first sent for David, and questioned him about Caleb. David told him about his steadiness in learning, and particularly said how careful Caleb had been about using bad language, since he had mentioned it to him; and he spoke so warmly in his favour, that Mr. Jameson said, "Well, my boy, I know you are a good lad, and you have done a very kind act towards Caleb in every way. But you seem to me to speak as if you had some particular reason for desiring to serve him." David answered that Mr. Jameson was right, but that he had rather not mention the reason. "Well," said Mr. Jameson, "I have no right to pry into your secret. I have no doubt, whatever the reason, it is an honest one."

He now sent for Caleb, and told him that he would consent to take him upon trial. He would give him clothes and food and lodging in his own house for a year, and if Caleb served him well, he would then give him wages, which would increase as he became

feeds upon grass. One wild animal is very troublesome, the dingo, or wild dog, but it looks much more like a fox than a dog. These creatures are the great enemies of the sheep, and mangle them terribly before they kill them. The Englishmen have built towns in several places; they divide their settlements into four: Western Australia, which was also called Swan River, from the black swans which were seen there;—South Australia,—Port Phillip, or Victoria,—and New South Wales. The two last are now famous for the great quantity of gold which is found there; but they are besides rich in fine farms and pastures. South Australia has copper-mines. Besides these there is the fine fruitful island of Van Diemen's Land. Sydney, in New South Wales, is the chief town of Australia.

LESSON 80.

FOREIGN BIRDS.

Al-ba-tross	hum-ming-birds	par-ro-quet
ap-pro-pri-ate-ly	mea-sure	pen-guins
ca-na-ries	mock-ing-bird	pro-nounce

THE pretty yellow birds, called canaries, which you see in cages, are not found wild in any country of Europe; they belong to some islands, called the Canary Isles, which are near the north-west coast of Africa. But the wild canary-bird has not quite such beautiful feathers as those which you see in cages.

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In America there is a bird called the mocking-bird, because it imitates every sound that it hears. It mews like the cat, barks like the dog, sometimes it screams like a wounded chicken, and the hen comes running up fancying that one of her little ones is hurt; at other times it will whistle like a man, or make a noise as if a wheelbarrow were being trundled along. There are some other American birds which seem to speak quite plainly, but they always say the same thing. One of these will settle quite close to you and say, "Who are you? who, who, who are you?" Another calls out, "Work away, work away!" and one bird says in a mournful voice, "Whip-poor-Will, whip-poor-Will," over and over again. There is one, too, which makes a sound just like the tolling of a church bell, very slow and solemn, and so loud that it can be heard three miles off. It is called the bell-bird. The smallest and the most beautiful birds in the world are the humming-birds; they are found in America, and there are many kinds of them. They feed upon insects and upon the juices of flowers, and make a sound like the buzzing of a large bee, and some of them are no larger than a bee; others are four or five inches long, but all of them are of the most bright and lovely colours, red, yellow, green, blue, and gold. The least of them all is called the fly-bird; its bill and legs are not thicker than a pin, its head shines in green and purple, and its breast is of a bright flame colour. It builds a little mossy nest, only one inch across, and lays in it two white eggs, which are not larger than peas.

There are some birds which are seen at sea much more frequently than on land, one of these is the great white albatross. This bird measures fourteen feet across when its wings are stretched out, nearly five yards that is, so you can suppose how very large it is; but it is not a heavy bird, and it lives almost always on the wing, sailing along like a white cloud, and sometimes descending to the water's edge to catch fish. Their feet are very large and webbed, so that they can walk upon the water when it is smooth, and the noise of their tread is heard by the sailors when they are a great way off. When these great birds want to make a nest, they go to the desolate rocks in the most southern parts of the world, and sometimes they join themselves to some other sea-birds called penguins, so that many hundred birds meet together in the same place. They seem to consult together for a day or two, and then they mark out a great square piece of ground; they leave one side of it open that they may go in and out, and make a wide smooth pathway round the other three sides. Here they walk in the daytime, and a few of the party march up and down the path at night like sentinels. All the middle of the square they clear out very nicely, picking up the stones in their bills and carrying them away, and then they mark the ground out into little squares. When that has been done, the penguins make their nests in the middle, and the albatrosses make theirs at the corners of the little squares. They make very different nests: the penguin only scratches a hole in the earth just big enough to prevent her egg from rolling out, for she only lays one egg; but the albatross throws up a little mound of earth and grass and shells, and places her egg there. The penguins are very odd-looking birds; they walk quite upright, one after another, like a company of soldiers, and they

stretch their necks and hold up their heads very high; their wings are very short indeed, and stick out like arms. These little wings are black, and they have black heads, but the fore-part of their body is beautifully white.

Lesson 81.

THE GLORIES OF ETERNITY.

I PRAIS'D the Earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I prais'd the Sea, whose ample field *
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say
"Our beauties are but for a day!"

I prais'd the Sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I prais'd the Moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky;
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! O Good beyond compare!†
If thus Thy meaner works are fair!
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must those mansions be
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

BISHOP HEBER.

* *Ample field.*] Broad surface. † *Compare.*] Comparison.

LESSON 82.

FORGIVENESS.—PART I.

Ac-know-ledge	in-ju-ries	pro-vo-ca-tion
ag-grie-ved	mis-chie-vous	re-sent-ment
con-gre-ga-tion	no-to-ri-ous	re-ven-ged
for-give-ness	play-mate	stealth-i-ly

DAVID JONES was justly considered one of the most good-natured boys in the village of Esham. If he had any dispute with his playmates, however much he might feel himself aggrieved, he had but one maxim, "Forgive and forget." He practised this rule so well that there was not a single boy in the village-school against whom he felt any grudge; and as good-natured boys are generally liked, he was a universal favourite with his schoolfellows. The injuries indeed that David sustained, if he sustained any, were not of a very serious character. There might be occasionally an angry word or a hasty blow; but he had sometimes given provocation, and in nine cases out of ten the offender was soon sorry for what he had said or done, and was ready to acknowledge it; so that David used often to think that it was no very hard matter to forgive, and would wonder to hear the clergyman exhorting his congregation so earnestly to do what seemed to him quite easy and natural.

One day, however, it happened that David was speaking rather warmly to some of his schoolfellows about the sin and folly of using bad language, when Caleb Dickson happened to pass by. Caleb was the most unfortunate boy in the parish. His parents were dead, and he lived with an uncle, who was a very bad man, and was harsh and cruel to his nephew. Caleb learnt nothing good from his uncle; and from hearing him constantly uttering profane oaths, soon began to imitate his bad language, and was

quite notorious in the village as a common swearer. David was not indeed thinking particularly of Caleb when he spoke about bad language; but Caleb took it to himself, and fiercely declared with an oath that he would be revenged. David did not think much of this, but went to school as usual, and after school returned home. But as he came to his father's house, what was his astonishment to see the corner of the garden which belonged to him, and which he cultivated entirely himself, in complete confusion. A strawberry-bed, which he had weeded and watered and watched with the utmost care, was utterly ruined. He had intended his first dish for his mother, and had been anxiously expecting the time when he should gather them. The blossoms had been abundant, and the fruit had set, so that in a few days he had every reason to hope that he should be able to enjoy the long-expected pleasure. There would be no strawberries this year. Every plant was torn up, and the mischief-maker seemed to have taken the utmost pains to make his work complete. Poor David was at first utterly astounded by this unlooked-for misfortune. He thought of the labour he had bestowed on this garden, and how often he had reckoned upon the pleasure his mother would have in eating fruit of his growing; and he sat down and burst into tears. Just then he heard a noise in the hedge, and looking over it he saw Caleb Dickson creeping stealthily along the ditch from a gap through which he had scrambled. David remembered Caleb's words about revenge, and saw at once who had destroyed his garden.

His first impulse was to run and call for help to catch and punish Caleb. His parents were out at work, so he set off to find some of his neighbours. But while he was hastening to the next cottage, the thought came upon him, "Am I acting up to the maxim, forgive and forget?" He paused awhile. It was a

kind of lime has been mixed up with the rags, and has made the pulp quite white. The pulp is now placed in a large vat and kept warm, while at the same time it is constantly stirred up to prevent the heavier parts settling to the bottom.

A man, called the *dipper*, stands by the vat with a mould in his hands. This mould is made of a piece of wire-cloth, stretched out tight upon a wooden frame. There are no sides to the mould, but it is all quite level. Besides the mould, the dipper holds a very thin frame of wood, without any bottom, which fits close upon the mould, but can be taken away from it. This is called a *deckle;* it is of the size that the sheets of paper are to be made. While the deckle is on, it forms a small rim to the mould; and the mould with its deckle is like a very shallow square wire-sieve.

The dipper dips the mould into the vat, and keeps it flat as he lifts it up. The pulp which is within the deckle cannot flow away. He shakes it to make it lie even upon the mould, and the water drains through the wire. Then he lays the mould on the edge of the vat, and takes off the deckle, which he uses for another mould. The pulp in the first mould is left there two or three seconds to drain, and then another workman, called the *coucher*, shifts the sheet to a flat piece of woollen cloth. By this time another mould with a sheet upon it is ready. So the dipper takes the first mould from the coucher, and uses it again, while the coucher takes the second sheet off as he did the first, and lays it on another piece of cloth, which he has placed upon the first sheet. In this way a pile of sheets is made, and the sheets with the cloths between them are put into a heavy press, where most of the water still in the sheet is pressed out. Then the cloths are taken away, and the sheets are pressed by themselves, and are afterwards hung up, five or six together, to be thoroughly dried in the drying-room.

The wires of the mould leave marks upon the pulp, and the lines, frequently seen in paper, are the marks made by these wires. The owner of the mill often has the wires twisted in such a way as to form his name and other devices on the mould. These we see quite plain in the paper, when it is held up to the light. But some people like paper quite smooth and without lines. In order to make this, the bottom of the mould is formed of very fine wire woven something like cloth, and this kind of paper is therefore called *Wove Paper*.

Writing-paper is dipped five or six times into a tub of size, which is a particular kind of glue. If it were not for this, the ink would run when we write upon it. Printing paper does not require so much size, because the printing-ink does not run so much as writing-ink. Blotting-paper is made without size. After this the sheets are pressed over and over again in various ways, and the imperfect sheets taken out. The edges of the paper are then cut smooth, it is counted into quires of twenty-four sheets and folded; and lastly put up into reams of twenty quires, pressed in the reams, and tied up in wrappers for sale.

This is the way in which paper is made by hand. But it may be easily imagined that to obtain all the paper now constantly in use, we require some quicker way of making it. To do this, many curious machines have been invented by clever men, in which there are wheels and rollers of all kinds. These are so contrived as to be all moved by a steam-engine: a machine is made to tear the rags, to pour out the pulp, to shake the wire-moulds, to press the sheets, and to do all that is necessary to make the pulp into paper; so that the pulp may be seen poured in at one end of the machine, and coming out as paper at the other. In this way more paper can be made by one machine in the course of a day, than could be made by hundreds of

workmen in the same time. Besides this, the sheets can be made of any length in a machine; and this is how we get the paper for the walls of rooms in lengths of thirty yards and more.

LESSON 79.

AUSTRALIA.

Aus-tra-li-a	good-hu-mour-ed	por-cu-pine
cock-a-too	kan-ga-roo	Syd-ney

THIS is the largest island in the world: it is as large as Europe; yet when you look at it upon your map, you see that most of it is a blank, without names of towns, or rivers, or mountains. Englishmen first settled in Australia in the year 1788, and since then they have gone by degrees farther into the country; but still we know very little of any part of the island, excepting those portions which are near the sea. The people whom the English found living in Australia were nearly black; they moved from place to place in search of food, just putting up a few boughs or pieces of bark for a shelter at night. Those who lived on the coast found shell-fish, the others hunted the wild animals with sharp wooden spears, and if they could not find any of these, they fed upon roots and grubs. The women were very badly treated, their husbands looked upon them as mere slaves and beasts of burden; and they fought continually, and feasted upon the dead bodies of their enemies. But it has been found that these wild miserable savages are able to learn quickly, and that they are often very grateful and good-humoured when well treated. There are not now a great many of them. Australia possesses such curious plants and animals as are not met with anywhere else; there are ferns as large as trees, and

tree-nettles, fifteen or twenty feet high. There is also a tree with a tall thick stem, and at the top, instead of branches, there is a tuft of leaves like grass. Most of the Australian trees have stiff dark-green leaves, and do not lose their leaves in the winter. The winter in Australia is in June and July; and Christmas-day comes in the bright hot summer-time, when the gardens are full of fruit and flowers, for the English people have planted the flowers and fruits and vegetables of Europe, and they grow very well in Australia. There are plenty of beautiful wild flowers there, such as are not seen anywhere else, but they do not smell so sweetly as our flowers in England. There are a great many curious birds, but very few of them sing; there are plenty of talking birds, parrots and cockatoos; the English shoot them for food, a parrot pie is a favourite dish. There is also a bird called "the laughing jackass." It laughs three times a day, as regularly as a clock; early in the morning you hear a laugh, then a great many, as if a whole troop were laughing together, then all is still, but the laughing begins again at noon, and once more in the evening. And there are two sorts of creatures, which have the four legs and body of a beast with a bill like a duck; one of them lives upon ants and their eggs, and sleeps all the winter; its body is covered with prickles like a porcupine; the other one has a smooth coat of fur like a mole. There are some creatures too which have a bag under the stomach, in which they carry their young ones, till they are strong enough to take care of themselves. One of them is the kangaroo, a pretty gentle creature, which is often kept as a pet by the English settlers, but it is hard to catch one. It does not run, but usually sits upright on its hind-legs, and the little fore-legs which are very short look something like hands; when pursued, it takes immense leaps, and is soon far off. The kangaroo

feeds upon grass. One wild animal is very troublesome, the dingo, or wild dog, but it looks much more like a fox than a dog. These creatures are the great enemies of the sheep, and mangle them terribly before they kill them. The Englishmen have built towns in several places; they divide their settlements into four: Western Australia, which was also called Swan River, from the black swans which were seen there;—South Australia,—Port Phillip, or Victoria,—and New South Wales. The two last are now famous for the great quantity of gold which is found there; but they are besides rich in fine farms and pastures. South Australia has copper-mines. Besides these there is the fine fruitful island of Van Diemen's Land. Sydney, in New South Wales, is the chief town of Australia.

LESSON 80.

FOREIGN BIRDS.

Al-ba-tross	hum-ming-birds	par-ro-quet
ap-pro-pri-ate-ly	mea-sure	pen-guins
ca-na-ries	mock-ing-bird	pro-nounce

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LESSON 81.

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With garlands gay of various green;
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Shone glorious as a silver shield;
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BISHOP HEBER.

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LESSON 82.

FORGIVENESS.—PART I.

Ac-know-ledge	in-ju-ries	pro-vo-ca-tion
ag-grie-ved	mis-chie-vous	re-sent-ment
con-gre-ga-tion	no-to-ri-ous	re-ven-ged
for-give-ness	play-mate	stealth-i-ly

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The dipper dips the mould into the vat, and keeps it flat as he lifts it up. The pulp which is within the deckle cannot flow away. He shakes it to make it lie even upon the mould, and the water drains through the wire. Then he lays the mould on the edge of the vat, and takes off the deckle, which he uses for another mould. The pulp in the first mould is left there two or three seconds to drain, and then another workman, called the *coucher*, shifts the sheet to a flat piece of woollen cloth. By this time another mould with a sheet upon it is ready. So the dipper takes the first mould from the coucher, and uses it again, while the coucher takes the second sheet off as he did the first, and lays it on another piece of cloth, which he has placed upon the first sheet. In this way a pile of sheets is made, and the sheets with the cloths between them are put into a heavy press, where most of the water still in the sheet is pressed out. Then the cloths are taken away, and the sheets are pressed by themselves, and are afterwards hung up, five or six together, to be thoroughly dried in the drying-room.

The wires of the mould leave marks upon the pulp, and the lines, frequently seen in paper, are the marks made by these wires. The owner of the mill often has the wires twisted in such a way as to form his name and other devices on the mould. These we see quite plain in the paper, when it is held up to the light. But some people like paper quite smooth and without lines. In order to make this, the bottom of the mould is formed of very fine wire woven something like cloth, and this kind of paper is therefore called *Wove Paper*.

Writing-paper is dipped five or six times into a tub of size, which is a particular kind of glue. If it were not for this, the ink would run when we write upon it. Printing paper does not require so much size, because the printing-ink does not run so much as writing-ink. Blotting-paper is made without size. After this the sheets are pressed over and over again in various ways, and the imperfect sheets taken out. The edges of the paper are then cut smooth, it is counted into quires of twenty-four sheets and folded; and lastly put up into reams of twenty quires, pressed in the reams, and tied up in wrappers for sale.

This is the way in which paper is made by hand. But it may be easily imagined that to obtain all the paper now constantly in use, we require some quicker way of making it. To do this, many curious machines have been invented by clever men, in which there are wheels and rollers of all kinds. These are so contrived as to be all moved by a steam-engine: a machine is made to tear the rags, to pour out the pulp, to shake the wire-moulds, to press the sheets, and to do all that is necessary to make the pulp into paper; so that the pulp may be seen poured in at one end of the machine, and coming out as paper at the other. In this way more paper can be made by one machine in the course of a day, than could be made by hundreds of

workmen in the same time. Besides this, the sheets can be made of any length in a machine; and this is how we get the paper for the walls of rooms in lengths of thirty yards and more.

LESSON 79.

AUSTRALIA.

Aus-tra-li-a	good-hu-mour-ed	por-cu-pine
cock-a-too	kan-ga-roo	Syd-ney

THIS is the largest island in the world: it is as large as Europe; yet when you look at it upon your map, you see that most of it is a blank, without names of towns, or rivers, or mountains. Englishmen first settled in Australia in the year 1788, and since then they have gone by degrees farther into the country; but still we know very little of any part of the island, excepting those portions which are near the sea. The people whom the English found living in Australia were nearly black; they moved from place to place in search of food, just putting up a few boughs or pieces of bark for a shelter at night. Those who lived on the coast found shell-fish, the others hunted the wild animals with sharp wooden spears, and if they could not find any of these, they fed upon roots and grubs. The women were very badly treated, their husbands looked upon them as mere slaves and beasts of burden; and they fought continually, and feasted upon the dead bodies of their enemies. But it has been found that these wild miserable savages are able to learn quickly, and that they are often very grateful and good-humoured when well treated. There are not now a great many of them. Australia possesses such curious plants and animals as are not met with anywhere else; there are ferns as large as trees, and

tree-nettles, fifteen or twenty feet high. There is also a tree with a tall thick stem, and at the top, instead of branches, there is a tuft of leaves like grass. Most of the Australian trees have stiff dark-green leaves, and do not lose their leaves in the winter. The winter in Australia is in June and July; and Christmas-day comes in the bright hot summer-time, when the gardens are full of fruit and flowers, for the English people have planted the flowers and fruits and vegetables of Europe, and they grow very well in Australia. There are plenty of beautiful wild flowers there, such as are not seen anywhere else, but they do not smell so sweetly as our flowers in England. There are a great many curious birds, but very few of them sing; there are plenty of talking birds, parrots and cockatoos; the English shoot them for food, a parrot pie is a favourite dish. There is also a bird called "the laughing jackass." It laughs three times a day, as regularly as a clock; early in the morning you hear a laugh, then a great many, as if a whole troop were laughing together, then all is still, but the laughing begins again at noon, and once more in the evening. And there are two sorts of creatures, which have the four legs and body of a beast with a bill like a duck; one of them lives upon ants and their eggs, and sleeps all the winter; its body is covered with prickles like a porcupine; the other one has a smooth coat of fur like a mole. There are some creatures too which have a bag under the stomach, in which they carry their young ones, till they are strong enough to take care of themselves. One of them is the kangaroo, a pretty gentle creature, which is often kept as a pet by the English settlers, but it is hard to catch one. It does not run, but usually sits upright on its hind-legs, and the little fore-legs which are very short look something like hands; when pursued, it takes immense leaps, and is soon far off. The kangaroo

feeds upon grass. One wild animal is very troublesome, the dingo, or wild dog, but it looks much more like a fox than a dog. These creatures are the great enemies of the sheep, and mangle them terribly before they kill them. The Englishmen have built towns in several places; they divide their settlements into four: Western Australia, which was also called Swan River, from the black swans which were seen there;—South Australia,—Port Phillip, or Victoria,—and New South Wales. The two last are now famous for the great quantity of gold which is found there; but they are besides rich in fine farms and pastures. South Australia has copper-mines. Besides these there is the fine fruitful island of Van Diemen's Land. Sydney, in New South Wales, is the chief town of Australia.

LESSON 80.

FOREIGN BIRDS.

Al-ba-tross	hum-ming-birds	par-ro-quet
ap-pro-pri-ate-ly	mea-sure	pen-guins
ca-na-ries	mock-ing-bird	pro-nounce

THE pretty yellow birds, called canaries, which you see in cages, are not found wild in any country of Europe; they belong to some islands, called the Canary Isles, which are near the north-west coast of Africa. But the wild canary-bird has not quite such beautiful feathers as those which you see in cages.

Among the most common of foreign birds are parrots, of all kinds of varieties of beautiful colours. These birds have the singular power of learning to pronounce words: some are much more clever in this respect than others; and though we can scarcely think they know the meaning of what they say, it is

curious to observe how appropriately they bring in many of their expressions. Parrots come principally from South America and Australia: the latter country abounds in birds of this kind; such are the cockatoo and the small parrot, or parroquet.

In America there is a bird called the mocking-bird, because it imitates every sound that it hears. It mews like the cat, barks like the dog, sometimes it screams like a wounded chicken, and the hen comes running up fancying that one of her little ones is hurt; at other times it will whistle like a man, or make a noise as if a wheelbarrow were being trundled along. There are some other American birds which seem to speak quite plainly, but they always say the same thing. One of these will settle quite close to you and say, "Who are you? who, who, who are you?" Another calls out, "Work away, work away!" and one bird says in a mournful voice, "Whip-poor-Will, whip-poor-Will," over and over again. There is one, too, which makes a sound just like the tolling of a church bell, very slow and solemn, and so loud that it can be heard three miles off. It is called the bell-bird. The smallest and the most beautiful birds in the world are the humming-birds; they are found in America, and there are many kinds of them. They feed upon insects and upon the juices of flowers, and make a sound like the buzzing of a large bee, and some of them are no larger than a bee; others are four or five inches long, but all of them are of the most bright and lovely colours, red, yellow, green, blue, and gold. The least of them all is called the fly-bird; its bill and legs are not thicker than a pin, its head shines in green and purple, and its breast is of a bright flame colour. It builds a little mossy nest, only one inch across, and lays in it two white eggs, which are not larger than peas.

There are some birds which are seen at sea much more frequently than on land, one of these is the great white albatross. This bird measures fourteen feet across when its wings are stretched out, nearly five yards that is, so you can suppose how very large it is; but it is not a heavy bird, and it lives almost always on the wing, sailing along like a white cloud, and sometimes descending to the water's edge to catch fish. Their feet are very large and webbed, so that they can walk upon the water when it is smooth, and the noise of their tread is heard by the sailors when they are a great way off. When these great birds want to make a nest, they go to the desolate rocks in the most southern parts of the world, and sometimes they join themselves to some other sea-birds called penguins, so that many hundred birds meet together in the same place. They seem to consult together for a day or two, and then they mark out a great square piece of ground; they leave one side of it open that they may go in and out, and make a wide smooth pathway round the other three sides. Here they walk in the daytime, and a few of the party march up and down the path at night like sentinels. All the middle of the square they clear out very nicely, picking up the stones in their bills and carrying them away, and then they mark the ground out into little squares. When that has been done, the penguins make their nests in the middle, and the albatrosses make theirs at the corners of the little squares. They make very different nests: the penguin only scratches a hole in the earth just big enough to prevent her egg from rolling out, for she only lays one egg; but the albatross throws up a little mound of earth and grass and shells, and places her egg there. The penguins are very odd-looking birds; they walk quite upright, one after another, like a company of soldiers, and they

stretch their necks and hold up their heads very high; their wings are very short indeed, and stick out like arms. These little wings are black, and they have black heads, but the fore-part of their body is beautifully white.

Lesson 81.

THE GLORIES OF ETERNITY.

I PRAIS'D the Earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I prais'd the Sea, whose ample field *
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say
"Our beauties are but for a day!"

I prais'd the Sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I prais'd the Moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky;
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! O Good beyond compare!†
If thus Thy meaner works are fair!
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must those mansions be
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

BISHOP HEBER.

* *Ample field.*] Broad surface. † *Compare.*] Comparison.

LESSON 82.

FORGIVENESS.—PART I.

Ac-know-ledge	in-ju-ries	pro-vo-ca-tion
ag-grie-ved	mis-chie-vous	re-sent-ment
con-gre-ga-tion	no-to-ri-ous	re-ven-ged
for-give-ness	play-mate	stealth-i-ly

DAVID JONES was justly considered one of the most good-natured boys in the village of Esham. If he had any dispute with his playmates, however much he might feel himself aggrieved, he had but one maxim, "Forgive and forget." He practised this rule so well that there was not a single boy in the village-school against whom he felt any grudge; and as good-natured boys are generally liked, he was a universal favourite with his schoolfellows. The injuries indeed that David sustained, if he sustained any, were not of a very serious character. There might be occasionally an angry word or a hasty blow; but he had sometimes given provocation, and in nine cases out of ten the offender was soon sorry for what he had said or done, and was ready to acknowledge it; so that David used often to think that it was no very hard matter to forgive, and would wonder to hear the clergyman exhorting his congregation so earnestly to do what seemed to him quite easy and natural.

One day, however, it happened that David was speaking rather warmly to some of his schoolfellows about the sin and folly of using bad language, when Caleb Dickson happened to pass by. Caleb was the most unfortunate boy in the parish. His parents were dead, and he lived with an uncle, who was a very bad man, and was harsh and cruel to his nephew. Caleb learnt nothing good from his uncle; and from hearing him constantly uttering profane oaths, soon began to imitate his bad language, and was

quite notorious in the village as a common swearer. David was not indeed thinking particularly of Caleb when he spoke about bad language; but Caleb took it to himself, and fiercely declared with an oath that he would be revenged. David did not think much of this, but went to school as usual, and after school returned home. But as he came to his father's house, what was his astonishment to see the corner of the garden which belonged to him, and which he cultivated entirely himself, in complete confusion. A strawberry-bed, which he had weeded and watered and watched with the utmost care, was utterly ruined. He had intended his first dish for his mother, and had been anxiously expecting the time when he should gather them. The blossoms had been abundant, and the fruit had set, so that in a few days he had every reason to hope that he should be able to enjoy the long-expected pleasure. There would be no strawberries this year. Every plant was torn up, and the mischief-maker seemed to have taken the utmost pains to make his work complete. Poor David was at first utterly astounded by this unlooked-for misfortune. He thought of the labour he had bestowed on this garden, and how often he had reckoned upon the pleasure his mother would have in eating fruit of his growing; and he sat down and burst into tears. Just then he heard a noise in the hedge, and looking over it he saw Caleb Dickson creeping stealthily along the ditch from a gap through which he had scrambled. David remembered Caleb's words about revenge, and saw at once who had destroyed his garden.

His first impulse was to run and call for help to catch and punish Caleb. His parents were out at work, so he set off to find some of his neighbours. But while he was hastening to the next cottage, the thought came upon him, "Am I acting up to the maxim, forgive and forget?" He paused awhile. It was a